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LADY JANE GREY.
LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.
THE
COUNTESS OF
HUNTINGDON.
VICOUNTESS GLENORCHY.
VICOUNTESS FALKLAND.

Published by [illegible].

MEMOIRS
OF
Eminently Pious Women
OF
Britain and America.

[illegible]

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[illegible]

NEW HAVEN.

Published by Daniel McLeod.

1833.

MEMOIRS

OF

EMINENTLY PIOUS WOMEN

OF

BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

DAVID FRANCIS BACON.

Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—*Proverbs* xxxi. 30.

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED BY DANIEL McLEOD.

1833.

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PREFACE.

The learned and philosophical Bayle remarks, "Atheism is not the vice of women; they make it a virtue not to enter into deep reasonings, so that they adhere to their catechism, and are more inclined to superstition than impiety." If this is indeed the natural constitution of the sex, it cannot be esteemed at all unfortunate with reference to their destinies in life, but manifests, on the contrary, the wisdom of him who forms and fashions the moral as well as the physical part of humanity. For the business to which women are called in life, is seldom of such a character as to require the boldness and severity of investigation, which in the sterner sex sometimes degenerates into undiscriminating scepticism. The office of training the infant mind, and giving to the young immortal those first principles of thought and feeling that must constitute the character for ever, needs powers and propensities of a different kind from those of him who devotes his life and labor to the discovery of *new* truth. The mother seeks and finds the materials of instruction, in the truths which the experience and opinions of ages or the sanctions of religion have approved and hallowed, and the course of her natural duties can seldom or never lead her to search after those before hidden. The disposition in her to receive the solemn and saving truths of Christianity with more readiness, than the scoffs or sophistry of atheism and error, assures us that rising generations shall learn in their earliest and most susceptible years, that knowledge which is of eternal importance, and that the tender twig shall receive a bent, which shall grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength, till maturity has fixed its character. The mighty and immeasurable influence which mothers exert on the character of an age or a nation must itself be swayed by religious principle, or it will prove a pestilential miasma, poisoning every breath and tainting the whole moral atmosphere. Religious principle early implanted with the solicitude of tender affection, and watered with fervent prayer, will not be fruitless; it will at least operate as a restraint from sin; and, in general, a much happier result may be expected. Few are so far sunk in iniquity as wholly to forget the lessons of their childhood. This is beautifully illustrated in the familiar story which an eminently good man told of himself; that when he was a boy, his mother used to call him to her side at evening, and placing her hand on his forehead, pray over him and for him, teaching him also such prayers as suited his age. The mother died, and the boy, as he grew up to manhood, mixing with the gay and busy world, turned aside from the ways in which that parent had led him, and gave himself up to the pleasures of sin. But wherever he went, in every scene of gayety or splendor, or vice, he always seemed to feel, as in childhood, the gentle pressure of that cold hand on his burning brow, reminding him of prayer; till at last the memory of that mother's early culture, aided by the Spirit of God striving with him, turned him back to the forsaken ways of wisdom, and those low whispered prayers that fell upon his ear in childhood, came to his heart with a more convincing eloquence than all the thunders of homiletic theology.

Our age has produced many bright examples of female excellence, in a literary as well as a religious point of view, who have not only trod the paths of science, but have devoted their time and employed their talents in imparting instruction to all ranks of society; thus consecrating their endowments to the service of him, who so bountifully bestowed them.

It is remarked by our celebrated moralist, Dr. Johnson, "That there has scarcely passed a life, of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not have been useful." If such a remark is generally applicable, much more is it appropriate to the subjects of grace. To observe the past conduct of others may be very useful to pilot us through life, by shewing the rocks upon which they split; but the history of the heirs of glory is full of instruction as well as admonition; it teaches us how to enjoy prosperity, to support adversity, to improve affliction; and, above all, guides our feet to those heavenly mansions where there are joys unspeakable, and everlasting pleasures.

The varied circumstances and situations in life of the subjects of these Memoirs cause a great diversity in their history; some are instances of early maturity in the divine life, and were transplanted into their native soil in the bloom of youth; others were removed in the midst of active usefulness, and some were gathered into the heavenly garner in the evening of life, as shocks of corn fully ripe; some were among the rich and noble, others humble and obscure; some of great talents, cultivated minds, and liberal education; others plain and unlettered; but the same point is discernible in all—experimental, vital religion, manifesting itself in holiness of life and conversation.

The work which afforded the materials for the first half of this volume was Burder's Memoirs of Eminently Pious Women of the British Empire, a book of high reputation, from which have been extracted such of the most valuable memoirs as the limits of this volume would admit. The second part of this volume is a compilation from various sources, in which it has been attempted to include sketches of those who have been most highly distinguished for piety and usefulness in our country. The list, however, is by no means complete; and in the course of the tedious and laborious researches which the Editor has been compelled to make in the preparation of the work, a large mass of materials has been brought to light, which, if the present volume should be well received, will probably hereafter be given to the world in an improved form, with suitable illustrations.

The Editor considers the following Memoirs as exhibiting an interesting picture of genuine Christianity, but certainly does not hold himself responsible for all the sentiments and expressions thus recorded. He would discard every thing which is contrary to godliness, built on sound scriptural knowledge, and a steady, regular walk; and judges the best evidences of a state of salvation to be those which are found in holy dispositions and correspondent deportment.

D. F. B.

New Haven, May, 1833.

MEMOIRS

OF

EMINENTLY PIOUS WOMEN.

LADY JANE GREY,

OTHERWISE LADY JANE DUDLEY, OR QUEEN JANE; SHE HAVING BEEN PROCLAIMED QUEEN OF ENGLAND UPON THE DEMISE, AND IN PURSUANCE OF THE APPOINTMENT, OF HER COUSIN KING EDWARD THE SIXTH.

Lady Jane Grey was of a very noble stock. Her father, Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, descended in a direct line from Sir Thomas Grey, knight of the garter, Lord Harrington, in right of his wife, and created Marquis of Dorset by Edward the Fourth, who married his mother. Her mother was Lady Frances Brandon, the eldest of the two surviving daughters of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by Mary, Queen Dowager of France, youngest daughter of King Henry the Seventh, and sister to King Henry the Eighth.

Lady Jane very early in life gave astonishing proofs of the greatness of her mind; and though there was very little difference in age between her and King Edward the Sixth,* who was thought almost a miracle, yet in learning she was not only equal to him, but his superior. Her person was extremely pleasing; but the beauties of her mind were still more engaging. She had great abilities, and greater virtues; and, as Bishop Burnet says of her, "She was the wonder and delight of all that knew her."

Female accomplishments were not improbably the first part of her education. Her genius appeared in the performances of her needle, and in the beautiful character in which she wrote. She played admirably on various instruments of music, and accompanied them with a voice exquisitely sweet in itself, and assisted by all the graces which art could bestow.

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* We cannot exactly ascertain the time of her birth. Mr. Fuller represents her as *eighteen* when she suffered; and Sir Thomas Chaloner, as but very little beyond that age. If so, it is but counting back eighteen years from February 12, 1553—4, when she was beheaded, and we shall fix her birth in the latter end of the year 1535, or the beginning of the year 1536.—Mr. Foxe expressly says, that there was little difference in age between her and Edward the Sixth, who was born October 12, 1537.

Her father, the Marquis of Dorset, had himself a tincture of letters, and was a patron of learned men. He had two chaplains, Harding and Aylmer, both eminent for their literature, whom he employed as tutors to his daughter. Under their instructions she made a most extraordinary proficiency. She spoke and wrote her own language with peculiar accuracy; and it is said, that the French, Italian, Latin, and especially the Greek tongues, were as natural to her as her own; for she not only understood them perfectly, but wrote them with the utmost freedom; and this, not in the opinion of superficial judges, but of Mr. Ascham, and Dr. Aylmer; men who, in point of veracity, were as much above suspicion, as in respect of abilities they were incapable of being deceived; men, who were, for their learning, the wonder of their own times, and of ours: the former, famous for Roman accuracy; the latter, one of the ablest critics in those learned days. She was also versed in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic, and all this when she was in a manner a child in age. She was remarkable for a sedateness of temper, a quickness of apprehension, and a solidity of judgment, which enabled her not only to become the mistress of languages, but of sciences; so that she thought, reasoned, and spoke upon subjects of great importance in a manner which greatly surprised even persons of the best judgment and abilities. And yet she was in no respect elated by these extraordinary endowments; but was remarkably gentle, humble, and modest in her demeanor.

Her parents, as appears from her own account, were both of them strangely severe in their behavior towards her; and as she was naturally very fond of literature, that fondness was much heightened, as well by the severity of her parents, as by the gentleness of her tutor, Aylmer; and, when mortified and confounded by the unmerited chidings of her parents, she returned with double pleasure to the lessons of her learned preceptor; and sought in Demosthenes and Plato, her favorite authors, that delight which was denied her in all the other scenes of life, in which she very little mingled, and seldom with any satisfaction.

Her alliance with the crown, as well as the great favor in which the Marquis of Dorset stood with Edward the Sixth, necessarily brought her sometimes to court, where she received particular marks of the young king's esteem, who was nearly, as observed before, of the same age with herself, and who took great pleasure in her conversation. But for the most part of her time she seems to have continued at her father's seat, at Broadgate, in Leicestershire, where she was with her beloved books in the summer season of 1550, when the famous Roger Ascham* paid her a visit, as we are informed from himself. "Before I went into Germany," says he, "I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady, Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the duke and dutchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading Phœdo Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight, as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she should lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me; 'I wist all their sport in the park is but a shadow, to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.'—'And how came you, madam,' quoth I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men have attained thereunto?' 'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster; for when I am in the presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted; so cruelly threatened; yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honor I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Aylmer,* who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure, and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and troubles unto me.'—I remember," adds Mr. Ascham, "this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk I ever had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady."

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* Roger Ascham, Esq., two years tutor to the Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth.

What a speech was here from so young a lady! What reader is not melted with it! What a fine taste, and what a noble and enriched mind are here discovered! Mr. Ascham appears (and where is the wonder?) to have been deeply affected with this interview, and to have retained a most pleasant and honorable remembrance of it. In a letter written the December following to his friend Sturmius, having informed him that he had had the honor and happiness of being admitted to converse familiarly with this young lady, and that she had written a very elegant Latin letter to him, he proceeds to mention this visit at Broadgate, and his consequent surprise at what occured there, not without some degree of rapture. Thence he takes occasion to observe, that she both spoke and wrote Greek to admiration, and that she had promised to write him a letter in that language upon condition that he would send her one first from the emperor's court.[*] But this rapture rose much higher, while he was composing a letter addressed to herself, in the month following. There, speaking of his interview, he assures her, "That among all the agreeable varieties he had met with in his travels abroad, nothing had occurred to raise his admiration like that incident in the preceding summer, when he found her, a young maiden, by birth so noble, in the absence of her tutor, and in the sumptuous house of her most noble father, at a time too when all the rest of the family, both male and female, were regaling themselves abroad with the pleasures of the chase, I found," continues he, "the divine virgin diligently studying the divine Phœdo of the divine Plato, in the original Greek. Happier certainly in this respect than in being descended, both on the father's and mother's side, from kings and queens." He then puts her in mind "of the Greek epistle she had promised him, and prompted her also to write another to his friend Sturmius, that what he had said of her, wherever he came, might be rendered credible by such authentic evidence."

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* Dr. John Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London.

If Lady Jane received this letter in the country, yet it is probable that she did not stay there long after, since some changes happened in the family, which it is not unlikely brought her to town, for her maternal uncles, Henry and Charles Brandon, both dying at Bugden, the Bishop of Lincoln's palace, of the sweating sickness, her father was created Duke of Suffolk, in October, 1551; Dudley, Earl of Warwick, being also created Duke of Northumberland at the same time.

These Dukes of Suffolk and Northumberland, upon the fall of the Duke of Somerset, having reached to the pinnacle of power, upon the decline of the king's (Edward the Sixth) health, 1553, began to contrive how to prevent that reverse of fortune they foresaw must happen upon his demise. To accomplish this end, no other method was judged effectual but a change in the succession to the crown, and the transferring it into their own families. The Lady Jane was destined to the principal part in this intended revolution; nay, in reality, the whole of it centered in her. Those most excellent and amiable qualities, which had rendered her dear to all who had the happiness of knowing her, joined with her near affinity to the king, subjected her to become the chief tool of an ambition notoriously not her own. On this very account she was married to the Lord Guilford Dudley, fourth son of the Duke of Northumberland, without any discovery to her of the real design of the match, which was celebrated with great pomp in the latter end of May, 1553, so much to the king's satisfaction, that he largely contributed to the expenses of it from the royal wadrobe.

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[*] Ascham's Epist. lib. i. epist. 4. It is to be observed, that Mr. Ascham, at the time of his making his visit to Lady Jane, was going to London, to attend Sir Richard Morrison on his embassy to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, in Germany.

But the magnificence and splendor attending their nuptials was the last gleam of joy that shone in the palace of King Edward, who grew so weak in a few days after, that the Duke of Northumberland thought it high time to carry his project into execution. Accordingly, in the beginning of June, he communicated the matter to the young monarch, and having first made all such colorable objections as the affair would admit against his majesty's two sisters, Mary and Elizabeth; he observed, that the Lady Jane, who was of the royal line, was a person of extraordinary qualities; that her zeal for the Reformation was unquestioned; that nothing could be more acceptable to the nation than the prospect of such a princess; and, that in this case he was bound to set aside all partialities of blood, and nearness of relation, which were inferior considerations, and ought to be over-ruled by the public good. To corroborate and secure the success of this discourse, care was taken to place about the king those who should make it their business to touch frequently upon this subject, enlarge upon the accomplishments of Lady Jane, and describe her with all imaginable advantages. In the result of the king's affections standing for this disposition of the crown, he yielded to overlook his sisters, and set aside his father's will. Agreeably to which a deed of settlement being drawn up in form by the judges, was signed by his majesty, and all the lords of the council.

This difficult affair being accomplished, and the letters patent having passed the seals before the close of the month, the next step was to concert the properest method for carrying this settlement into execution; and till this was done, to keep it as secret as possible. To this end the Duke of Northumberland formed a project, which, if it had succeeded, might have made all things easy and secure. He directed letters to the Lady Mary, in her brother's name, requiring her attendance at Greenwich, where the court then was; and she had got within a half a day's journey of the place when King Edward expired, July 6, 1553; but having timely notice of his decease, she escaped the snare which had been so artfully laid for her.

The two Dukes, Suffolk and Northumberland, found it necessary to conceal the king's death, that they might have some time to gain the City of London, and get the consent of Lady Jane, who was so far from having any concern in the business, that as yet she was unacquainted with the steps which had been taken to procure her the crown. At this juncture the Princess Mary sent a letter to the privy counsel, in which, though she did not take the title of queen, yet she clearly asserted her right to the throne, and took notice of the concealment of her brother's death, and of the practices into which they had since entered; intimating that there was still room for reconciliation, and that if they complied with their duty in proclaiming her queen, she would forgive and even forget what was past. But, in answer to her letter, they insisted upon the indubitable right of Lady Jane, and their own unalterable fidelity to her as their queen, to whom they urged her to submit.

These previous steps being taken, and the Tower and city of London secured, the council quitted Greenwich and came to London: and on Monday, July the 10th, in the forenoon, the two last-mentioned dukes repaired to Durham House, where the Lady Jane resided with her husband, as part of Northumberland's family. There the duke of Suffolk with much solemnity opened to his daughter the disposition the late king had made of his crown by letters patent, the clear sense the privy council had of her right, the consent of the magistrates and citizens of London; and, in conclusion, himself and Northumberland fell on their knees, and paid their homage to her as Queen of England. The poor lady, somewhat astonished at their discourse, but not at all affected with their reasons, or in the least elevated by such unexpected honors, returned them an answer to this effect: "That the laws of the kingdom and natural right standing for the king's sisters, she would beware of burdening her weak conscience with a yoke which did belong to them; that she understood the infamy of those who had permitted the violation of right to gain a sceptre; that it were to mock God and deride justice, to scruple at the stealing of a shilling, and not at the usurpation of a crown. Besides," said she, "I am not so young, nor so little read in the guiles of fortune, to suffer myself to be taken by them. If she enrich any, it is but to make them the subject of her spoil; if she raise others, it is but to pleasure herself with their ruin; what she adored yesterday, is to-day her pastime: and if I now permit her to adorn and crown me, I must to-morrow suffer her to crush and tear me to pieces. Nay, with what crown doth she present me? A crown which hath been violently and shamefully wrested from Catharine of Arragon, made more unfortunate by the punishment of Anne Boleyne, and others that wore it after her, and why then would you have me add my blood to theirs, and be the third victim from whom this fatal crown may be ravished with the head that wears it? But in case it should not prove fatal to me, and that all its venom were consumed, if fortune should give me warranties of her constancy, should I be well advised to take upon me those thorns, which would dilacerate, though not kill me outright? To burden myself with a yoke which would not fail to torment me, though I were assured not to be strangled with it? My liberty is better than the chain you proffer me, with what precious stones soever it be adorned, or of what gold soever framed. I will not exchange my peace for honorable and precious jealousies, for magnificent and glorious fetters. And if you love me sincerely, and in good earnest, you will rather wish me a secure and quiet fortune, though mean, than an exalted situation exposed to the wind, and followed by some dismal fall."

But notwithstanding the prudence, goodness, and eloquence of this speech, she was at length prevailed upon by the exhortations of her father, the intercession of her mother, the artful persuasions of the Duke of Northumberland, and, above all, the earnest desires of her husband, whom she tenderly loved, to yield her assent to what had been already, and what was still to be done.* And thus, with a heavy, disinclined heart, she suffered herself to be conveyed to the Tower, where she entered with all the state of a queen, attended by the principal nobility; and, what was very extraordinary, with her train supported by the Dutchess of Suffolk, her mother; in whom, if in any of this line, the right of succession lay. About six o'clock in the afternoon she was proclaimed queen with all due solemnities in the city. The same day, also, she assumed the royal title, and afterwards proceeded to exercise some acts of sovereignty. But the royalty of this worthy lady was of very short duration, a sunbeam of glory, which was soon utterly extinguished in clouds and darkness; for on the 19th of the same month, the Princess Mary was proclaimed queen in London, so that the reign of this lady was only a vapor of about nine days continuance.

As soon as the Duke of Suffolk, who now resided with his daughter in the Tower, was informed of the Princess Mary's proclamation, he went to his daughter's apartments, and in the softest terms he could acquainted her that matters had taken such a different turn, that laying aside the state and dignity of a queen, she must fall back into the condition of a private person. To which intelligence she, with a composed and serene countenance, made the following answer. "Sir, I better brook this message than that of my advancement to royalty. Out of obedience to you, and to my mother, I have grievously sinned, and offered violence to myself. I now willingly, and as obeying the motions of my soul, relinquish the crown, and endeavor to salve those faults committed by others if at least so great a fault can be salved, by a willing relinquishment, and ingenuous acknowledgment of them."

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* The mention of the crown, says Bishop Burnet, when her father, with her father-in-law, saluted her queen, did rather heighten her disorder upon the king's death. She said, she knew by the laws of the kingdom, and by natural right, the crown was to go to the king's sisters, so that she was afraid of burdening her conscience, by assuming that which belonged to them; and that she was unwilling to enrich herself by the spoils of others. But they told her, that all that had been done was according to the law, to which all the judges and counsellors had set their hands. This, joined with their persuasions, and the importunity of her husband, at length prevailed with her to submit, of which her father-in-law afterwards said in council, that she was rather by enticement of the counsellors, and force, made to accept of the crown, than came to it by her own seeking and request.—Burnet's *History of the Reformation*, Vol. II. p. 235.

Lady Jane, says the writer of the British Biography, was altogether uninfluenced by any ambitious views, and the settlement of the succession was by no means agreeable to her: Indeed it does not appear that she was at all consulted about it, either by her father, or by the Duke of Northumberland, nor does she seem even to have been acquainted with it till after King Edward's decease.—Vol. II. p. 420.

Thus ended her reign; but with the end of her reign commenced the severest afflictions. She who had been lately a queen in the Tower, soon found her palace turned into a prison. She also saw the father of her husband, with all his family, and many of the nobility and gentry, in the same circumstances, for supporting her claim to the crown; and this grief must have been considerably increased by his being so soon after brought to the block. Before the end of the month she had also the sad mortification of finding her own father, the Duke of Suffolk, in the same circumstances of imprisonment with herself. On the third of November, in the same year, 1553, she and her husband were carried from the Tower to Guildhall, with Archbishop Cranmer, and others, and was there arraigned and convicted of high treason by Judge Morgan, who pronounced sentence of death upon them. However, the strictness of her own and her husband's confinement was mitigated in December, by a permission to take the air in the queen's garden, and other little indulgencies. These circumstances might give some gleam of hope: but Queen Mary at length determined to take off both Lady Jane and her husband. The fatal news made no great impression upon her, the bitterness of death was past, she had long expected it, and was so well prepared for the worst, that she was very little discomposed.

What has been already related concerning the subject of our Memoirs, affords us strong proofs of this lady's fine understanding, her most uncommon proficiency in learning, and her most noble and excellent spirit, that ascended to the highest elevation of human life with sincere reluctance, and descended from it with as sincere pleasure. But the brighter part of her character, her piety and goodness are still behind; of which, that we may have a clear and full view, let us particularly attend in the sunset of life, and collect, if I may so speak, every ray which adorned her in her preparation for death, and even in her last moments.

Lady Jane was early instructed in the principles of the Reformed Religion, which she seriously and attentively studied, and for which she was extremely zealous: and this, together with other excellent and amiable accomplishments, greatly endeared her to King Edward. Her dislike of popery, particularly in one of its worst abominations, that of idolatry, was shown, as it is credibly reported of her, when she was very young. Upon a visit to the Princess Mary, at New-Hall, in Essex, she took a walk with the Lady Anne Wharton. Happening to pass by the chapel, Lady Anne made a low courtesy to the host; at which Lady Jane testified some surprise, and asked whether the Princess Mary was there? Lady Anne answered, "No:

but I made my courtesy," said she, "to Him who made us all." "Why," replied Lady Jane, "how can that which hath been made by the baker be He who hath made us all?" This speech of hers, it is said, being carried to the Princess Mary, gave her a dislike to the Lady Jane, which she retained ever after.

But her attachment to the Reformed Religion, her knowledge of it, and her capacity to defend it, are more especially evinced in a conversation between herself and him who was afterwards Dr. Feckenham, otherwise Howman,* who was sent by the queen but two days before her death, to discourse with Lady Jane, and to use his best endeavors to reconcile her to the Church of Rome.

The conversation was to the following effect.

Feckenham.—Madam, I lament your heavy case, and yet I doubt not you bear out this sorrow of yours with a constant and patient mind.

Lady Jane.—You are welcome to me, sir, if your coming be to give Christian exhortation. And as for my heavy case, I thank God I do so little lament it, that rather I account the same for a more manifest declaration of God's favor towards me, than ever he showed me at any time before. And, therefore, there is no cause why you, or other which bear me good will, should lament, or be grieved with this my case, being a thing so profitable for my soul's health.

Feckenham.—I am here come to you at this present, sent from the queen and her council, to instruct you in the true doctrine of the right faith; although I have so great confidence in you, that I shall have, I trust, little need to labor with you much therein.

Lady Jane.—Forsooth, I heartily thank the queen's highness, who is not unmindful of her humble subject, and I hope likewise that you no less will do your duty therein, both truly and faithfully, according to that you were sent for.

Feckenham.—What is then required of a Christian man?

Lady Jane.—That he should believe in God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; three persons, and one God.

Feckenham.—What! is there nothing else to be required, or looked for, in a Christian, but to believe in him?

Lady Jane.—Yes, we must love him with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our mind, and our neighbor as ourself.

Feckenham.—Why then faith justifieth not, nor saveth not?

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* John de Feckenham was so called because he was born in a cottage near the forest of Feckenham, in Worcestershire, his right name being Howman. He was first admitted into Evesham monastery, and at eighteen years of age he was sent to Gloucester College, in Oxford. After studying there some years, and taking his degree of bachelor of divinity, he became chaplain to Bonner, Bishop of London: and on Queen Mary's accession, was made her chaplain. In May, 1556, he was made doctor of divinity by the University of Oxford; and in September following, appointed Abbot of Westminster Abbey. He is said to have been a generous and benevolent man.

Lady Jane.—Yes, verily; faith, as Paul saith, only justifieth.

Feckenham.—Why St. Paul saith, If I have all faith, without love it is nothing.

Lady Jane.—True it is; for how can I love him whom I trust not? or how can I trust him whom I love not? Faith and love go together, and yet love is comprehended in faith.

Feckenham.—How shall we love our neighbor?

Lady Jane.—To love our neighbor is to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and give drink to the thirsty, and to do to him as we would do to ourselves.

Feckenham.—Why, then it is necessary unto salvation to do good works also, and it is not sufficient only to believe?

Lady Jane.—I deny that; and affirm that faith only saveth; but it is meet for a Christian, in token that he followeth his master Christ, to do good works, yet may we not say that they profit to our salvation; for when we have done all, yet we be unprofitable servants, and faith only in Christ's blood saveth us.

Feckenham.—How many sacraments are there?

Lady Jane.—Two; the one the sacrament of Baptism, and the other the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Feckenham.—No, there are seven.

Lady Jane.—By what scripture find you that?

Feckenham.—Well, we will talk of that hereafter. But what is signified by your two sacraments?

Lady Jane.—By the sacrament of Baptism I am washed with water, and regenerated by the Spirit, and that washing is a token to me that I am the child of God. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper offered unto me is a sure seal and testimony that I am, by the blood of Christ which he shed for me on the cross, made partaker of the everlasting kingdom.

Feckenham.—Why, what do you receive in that sacrament? Do you not receive the very body and blood of Christ?

Lady Jane.—No, surely, I do not so believe. I think that at the supper I neither receive flesh nor blood, but bread and wine; which bread, when it is broken, and which wine, when it is drunken, putteth me in remembrance how that for my sins the body of Christ was broken, and his blood shed on the cross, and with that bread and wine I receive the benefits that came by the breaking of his body, and shedding his blood for our sins on the cross.

Feckenham.—Why, doth not Christ speak these words, Take, eat, this is my body? Require you any plainer words? Doth he not say, it is his body?

Lady Jane.—I grant he saith so; and so he saith, I am the vine, I am the door: but he is never the more the door nor the vine. Doth not St. Paul say, He calleth things that are not, as though they were; God forbid that I should say that I eat the very natural body and blood of Christ; for then either I should pluck away my redemption, or else there were two bodies, or two Christs. One body was tormented on the cross, and if they did eat another body, then had he two bodies; or if his body were eaten, then was it not broken on the cross; or if it were broken on the cross, it was not eaten of his disciples.

Feckenham.—Why, is it not as possible that Christ by his power could make his body both to be eaten and broken, and to be born of a woman without man, as to walk upon the sea having a body, and other such miracles as he wrought by his power only?

Lady Jane.—Yes verily. If God would have done at his supper any miracle, he might have done so; but I say that then he minded no work nor miracle, but only to break his body, and to shed his blood on the cross for our sins. But I pray you to answer me to this one question, Where was Christ when he said, Take, eat, this is my body? Was he not at the table when he said so? He was at that time alive, and suffered not till the next day. What took he but bread? What brake he but bread? Look what he took he brake, and look what he brake he gave, and look what he gave they did eat; and yet all this time he himself was alive, and at supper before his disciples, or else they were deceived.

Feckenham.—You ground your faith upon such authors as both say and unsay with a breath, and not upon the church, to whom ye ought to give credit.

Lady Jane.—No, I ground my faith on God's word, and not upon the church; for if the church be a good church, the faith of the church must be tried by God's word, and not God's word by the church, neither my faith. Shall I believe the church because of antiquity? or shall I give credit to the church because it taketh away from me the half part of the Lord's supper, and will not let any man receive it in both kinds? which thing if they deny to us, then deny they to us part of our salvation. And I say it is an evil church, and not the spouse of Christ, but the spouse of the devil, that altereth the Lord's supper, and both taketh from it and addeth to it. To that church, say I, God will add plagues to it, and from that church will he take their part out of the book of life. Do they learn that of St. Paul, when he ministered to the Corinthians in both kinds? Shall I believe this church? God forbid.

Feckenham.—That was done for a good intent of the church, to avoid an heresy that sprung in it.

Lady Jane.—Why, shall the church alter God's will and ordinance for a good intent? How did King Saul?

The Lord God defend.

With these and such like persuasions, says Mr. Foxe, from whom this conference is transcribed,* he would have had her lean to the church, but it would not be. There were many more things whereof they reasoned, but these were the chief. After this Mr. Feckenham took his leave, saying, "That he was sorry for her; for I am sure," saith he, "we two shall never meet."—"True it is," said Lady Jane, "that we shall never meet, except God turn your heart; for I am assured unless you repent, and turn to God, you are in an evil case; and I pray God, in the bowels of his mercy, to send you his Holy Spirit, for he hath given you his great gift of utterance, if it pleased him also to open the eyes of your heart."*

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* Foxe's Acts and Monuments, Vol. III. p 31, 32.

It has been mentioned before, that Lady Jane's father had two chaplains, Messrs. Harding and Aylmer, who were also her preceptors. Mr. Harding it seems was, in King Edward's days, a zealous protestant, and was not only a preacher of the Reformed Religion, but was very fervent in animating its professors to abide by it in the face of all persecution and danger. But, upon the return of popery in Queen Mary's reign, he renounced his protestantism, and became a papist.† Upon his apostasy Lady Jane wrote him a letter, which will abundantly shew, that however he was qualified to instruct her in the matters of learning, she was no less capable to instruct him in the greater concerns of religion. Should the letter appear to be rather too severe and poignant, let it be remembered, that Lady Jane must have known Mr. Harding well, and was warranted by her intimate acquaintance to deal more freely with him; that she might probably have heard him often represent the Romish errors, and guard others against their infection; and that the good lady might well have a keen edge set upon her mind against popery, as it is in itself such a dreadful corruption, and indeed subversion of the Christian faith, and in her days made such cruel slaughter of the saints of God, for their testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus. Lady Jane's letter is as follows:

"So often as I call to mind the dreadful and fearful saying of God, that he which layeth hold on the plough and turneth back, is not meet for the kingdom of heaven; and on the other side the comfortable words of our Savior Christ to all those that, forsaking themselves, do follow him, I cannot but marvel at thee, and lament thy case, which seemed formerly to be the lively member of Christ, but now the deformed imp of the devil; formerly the beautiful temple of God, but now the stinking and filthy kennel of Satan; formerly the unspotted spouse of Christ, but now the shameless paramour of Antichrist; formerly my faithful brother, but now a stranger and apostate; sometime a stout Christian soldier, but now a cowardly runaway. Yea, when I consider these things, I cannot but speak unto thee, and cry out upon thee, thou seed of Satan, and not of Judah, whom the devil hath deceived, the world hath beguiled, and the desire of life subverted, and made thee from a Christian an infidel. Wherefore hast thou taken the testament of the Lord in thy mouth? wherefore hast thou preached the law, and the will of God to others? wherefore hast thou instructed others to be strong in Christ, when thou thyself dost now so shamefully shrink, and so horribly abuse the testament and law of the Lord? when thou thyself preachest not to steal, yet most abominably stealest, not from men but from God, and committing most heinous sacrilege, robbest Christ thy Lord of his right members, thy body and soul, and choosest rather to live miserably with shame to the world, than to die, and gloriously with honor reign with Christ, in whom even in death is life. Why dost thou now show thyself most weak, when indeed thou oughtest to be most strong? The strength of a fort is unknown before the assault, but thou yieldest thy hold before any battery be made!

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* We must conceive that this was understood as it was spoken, as flowing from a religious zeal, and not from any distaste of contradiction, or any dislike to his person; since we find that Mr. Feckenham, far from deserting, attended her to the very last, and that the Lady Jane shewed a very proper sense of his attention and respect for her in the sight and hearing of all who were upon or near the scaffold.—*Biographia Britannica*, Vol. IV. p. 2421.

† It appears that Mr. Harding, after his embracing popery, persisted in its profession to the end of his days, and accordingly we find him afterwards engaged on the popish side, as a writer against Bishop Jewel.

"Oh wretched and unhappy man! what art thou but dust and ashes? And wilt thou resist thy Maker that fashioned and framed thee? Wilt thou now forsake him that called thee from the custom-gathering among the Romish antichristians, to be an ambassador and messenger of his eternal word? He that first framed thee, and since thy first creation and birth preserved thee, nourished and kept thee, yea, and inspired thee with the spirit of knowledge, (I cannot say of grace,) shall he not now possess thee? Darest thou deliver up thyself to another, being not thine own, but his? How canst thou, having knowledge, or how darest thou neglect the law of the Lord, and follow the vain traditions of men, and whereas thou hast been a public professor of his name, become now a defacer of his glory? Wilt thou refuse the true God, and worship the invention of man, the golden calf, the whore of Babylon, the Romish religion, the abominable idol, the most wicked mass? Wilt thou torment again, rend and tear the most precious body of our Savior Christ with thy bodily and fleshly teeth? Wilt thou take upon thee to offer up any sacrifice unto God for our sins, considering that Christ offered up himself, as Paul saith, upon the cross a living sacrifice once for all? Can neither the punishment of the Israelites, which for their idolatry they so oft received, nor the terrible threatenings of the prophets, nor the curses of God's own mouth, fear thee to honor any other God than him? Dost thou so regard him that spared not his dear and only Son for thee, so diminishing, yea, utterly extinguishing his glory, that thou wilt attribute the praise and honor due unto him to the idols, which have mouths and speak not, eyes and see not, ears and hear not, which shall perish with them that made them?

"What saith the prophet Baruch, where he recited the Epistle of Jeremy, written to the captive Jews? Did he not forewarn them that in Babylon they should see gods of gold, silver, wood, and stone, borne upon men's shoulders to cast a fear before the heathen? But be not ye afraid of them, saith Jeremy, nor do as others do. But when you see others worship them, say you in your heart, It is thou, O Lord, that oughtest only to be worshipped; for as for those gods the carpenter framed them, and polished them, yea, gilded are they, and laid over with silver, and vain things, and cannot speak. He showeth, moreover, the abuse of their dealings, how the priests took off their ornaments, and apparelled their women withal; how one holdeth a sceptre, another a sword in his hand, and yet can they judge it no matter, nor defend themselves, much less any other, from either battle or murder, nor yet from gnawing of worms, nor any other evil thing. These and such like words speaketh Jeremy unto them, whereby he proveth them to be but vain things, and no gods. And at last he concludeth thus: Confounded be all they that worship them. They were warned by Jeremy; and thou, as Jeremy, hast warned others, and art warned thyself by many scriptures in many places. God saith he is a jealous God, which will have all the honor, glory, and worship given to him only. And Christ saith, in the fourth of Luke, to Satan which tempted him, even to the same Satan, the same Beelzebub, the same devil, which hath prevailed against thee: It is written, said he, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

"These and such like do prohibit thee and all Christians to worship any other god than that which was before all worlds, and laid the foundations both of heaven and earth; and wilt thou honor a detestable idol, invented by Romish popes, and the abominable college of crafty cardinals? Christ offered himself up once for all; and wilt thou offer him up again daily at thy pleasure? But thou wilt say, thou dost it for a good intent. Oh sink of sin! Oh child of perdition! Dost thou dream therein of a good intent, where thy conscience beareth thee witness of God's threatening wrath against thee? How did Saul? who, for that he disobeyed the word of the Lord for a good intent, was thrown from his worldly and temporal kingdom. Shalt thou then, that dost deface God's honor, and rob him of his right, inherit the eternal and heavenly kingdom? Wilt thou for a good intent dishonor God, offend thy brother, and endanger thy soul? Wilt thou for a good intent pluck Christ out of heaven, and make his death void, and deface the triumph of his cross, by offering him up daily? Wilt thou, either for fear of death or hope of life, deny and refuse thy God, who enriched thy poverty, healed thy infirmity, and yielded to thee his victory, if thou couldest have kept it? Dost thou consider that the thread of thy life hangeth upon him that made thee; who can, as his will is, either twine it harder to last the longer, or untwine it again to break the sooner?

Dost thou not then remenber the saying of David, a notable king, to teach thee a miserable wretch in his 104th psalm, where he saith thus, When thou takest away thy spirit, O Lord, from men, they die, and are turned again to their dust; but when thou lettest thy breath go forth, they shall be made, and thou shalt renew the face of the earth? Remember the saying of Christ in the gospel, Whosoever seeketh to save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, shall find it. And in the same place, whosoever loveth father or mother above me, is not meet for me. He that will follow me, let him forsake himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. What cross? The cross of infamy and shame, of misery and poverty, of affliction and persecution for his name's sake. Let the oft-falling of these heavenly showers pierce thy stony heart! Let the two-edged sword of God's holy word tear asunder the sinews of worldly respects, even to the very marrow of thy carnal heart, that thou mayest once again forsake thyself, and embrace Christ; and like as good subjects will not refuse to hazard all in the defense of their earthly and temporal governor, so fly not like a white-livered coward from the standing wherein thy chief captain Christ hath set thee in array of this life. *Viriliter age, confortetur cor tuum, sustinet Dominus.** Fight manfully, come life, come death: the quarrel is God's, and undoubtedly the victory is ours.

"But thou wilt say, I will not break unity. What! not the unity of Satan and his members? not the unity of darkness? the agreement of Anti-christ and his adherents? nay, thou deceivest thyself with the fond imagination of such an unity as is among the enemies of Christ. Were not the false prophets in an unity? Were not Joseph's brethren and Jacob's sons in an unity? Were not the heathen, as the Amalekites, the Perizzites, and the Jebusites, in an unity? Doth not King David testify, 'they united against the Lord.' Yea, thieves, murderers, conspirators, have their unity. But what unity? Tully saith of amity: '*Amicitia non est nisi inter bonos.*' But mark my friend, yea, friend, if thou be not God's enemy, there is no unity but where Christ knitteth the knot among such as He is. Yea, be well assured, that where his truth is resident, there it is verified that he himself saith, 'I have not come to send peace on the earth, but a sword, to set one against another, the son against the father, and the daughter against the mother-in-law.' Deceive not thyself therefore with the glittering and glorious name of unity, for Anti-christ hath his unity, not yet in deed, but in name. The agreement of ill men is not an unity, but a conspiracy. Thou hast heard some threatenings, some cursings, and some admonitions out of the Scripture to those that love themselves above Christ. Thou hast heard also the sharp and biting words to those that deny him for love of life. Saith he not, 'He that denies me before men, I will deny him before my Father in heaven?' And to the same effect writeth Paul, Heb. vi. 'It is impossible,' saith he, 'that they which were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted of the good word of God, if they fall and slide away, crucifying to themselves the Son of God afresh, and making of him a mocking stock, should be renewed again by repentance. And again,' saith he, 'if we shall willingly sin, after we have received the knowledge of his truth, there is no oblation left for sin, but the terrible expectation of judgment, and fire, which shall devour the adversaries.' Thus St. Paul writeth, and this thou readest, and dost thou not quake and and tremble?

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* "Go on manfully, let thy heart be strengthened; the Lord sustains."

"Well, if these terrible and thundering threatenings cannot stir thee to cleave unto Christ and forsake the world, yet let the sweet consolations and promises of the Scriptures, let the example of Christ and his apostles, holy martyrs and confessors, encourage thee to take faster hold by Christ. Hear what he saith, 'Blessed are you when men revile you, and persecute you for my sake: rejoice, and be glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you.' Hear what Isaiah the prophet saith, 'Fear not the curse of men, be not afraid of their blasphemies; for worms and moths shall eat them up like cloth and wool, but my righteousness shall endure for ever, and my saving health from generation to generation. What art thou then,' saith he, 'that fearest a mortal man, the child of man, which fadeth away like the flower, and forgettest the Lord that made thee, that spread out the heavens, and laid the foundation of the earth? I am the Lord thy God that make the sea to rage, and to be still, whose name is the Lord of Hosts. I will put my word in thy mouth, and defend thee with the turning of an hand.' And our Savior Christ saith to his disciples, 'They shall accuse you, and bring you before princes and rulers for my name's sake, and some of you they shall persecute and kill: but fear you not,' saith he, 'nor care you what you shall say, for it is the Spirit of your Father that speaketh within you. Even the very hairs of you head are all numbered. Lay up treasure for yourselves,' saith he, 'where no thief cometh, nor moth corrupteth. Fear not them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but fear him that hath power to destroy both soul and body. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.'

"Let these and such like consolations, taken out of the Scriptures, strengthen you towards God. Let not the examples of holy men and women go out of your mind, as Daniel and the rest of the prophets, of the three children of Eleazarus, that constant father, of the seven of the Maccabees children, of Peter, Paul, Stephen, and other apostles and holy martyrs in the beginning of the church. As of good Simeon, Archbishop of Seloma, and Zetrophone, with infinite others under Saphores the king of the Persians and Indians, who contemned all torments devised by the tyrants for their Savior's sake. Return, return again into Christ's war; and as becometh a faithful warrior put on that armor that St. Paul teacheth to be most necessary for a Christian man. And above all take to you the shield of faith, and be you provoked by Christ's own example to withstand the devil, to forsake the world, and to become a true and faithful member of his mystical body, who spared not his own body for our sins.

"Throw down yourself with the fear of his threatened vengeance, for this so great and heinous an offense of apostasy, and comfort yourself on the other part with the mercy, blood, and promise of him that is ready to turn unto you whensoever you turn unto him. Disdain not to come again with the lost son, seeing you have so wandered with him. Be not ashamed to turn again with him from the swill of strangers to the delicates of your most benign and loving Father, acknowledging that you have sinned against heaven and earth: against heaven, by staining the glorious name of God, and causing his most sincere and pure word to be evil spoken of through you. Against earth, by offending so many of your weak brethren, to whom you have been a stumbling-block through your sudden sliding. Be not abashed to come home again with Mary, and weep bitterly with Peter, not only with shedding the tears of your bodily eyes, but also pouring out the streams of your heart, to wash away out of the sight of God the filth and mire of your offensive fall. Be not ashamed to say with the publican, 'Lord be merciful unto me a sinner?' Remember the horrible history of Julian of old, and the lamentable case of Spyra of late, whose case, methinks, should be yet so green in your remembrance, that being a thing of our time, you should fear the like inconvenience, seeing you are fallen into the like offense.

"Last of all, let the lively remembrance of the last day be always before your eyes, remembering the terror that such shall be in at that time, with the runagates and fugitives from Christ, which setting more by the world than by heaven, more by their life, than by him that gave them life, did shrink, yea, did clean fall away from him that forsook not them; and contrariwise, the inestimable joys prepared for them, that fearing no peril, nor dreading death, have manfully fought, and victoriously triumphed over all power of darkness, over hell, death and damnation, through their most redoubted captain Christ, who now stretcheth out his arms to receive you, ready to fall upon your neck and kiss you, and last of all to feast you with the dainties and delicacies of his own precious blood, which undoubtedly, if it might stand with his determinate purpose, he would not wait to shed again rather than you should be lost. To whom with the Father and the Holy Ghost, be all honor, praise, and glory everlasting. Amen.

"Be constant, be constant, fear not for any pain;
"Christ hath redeemed thee, and heaven is thy gain."

We shall next present our readers with a letter from this pious lady written to her father during the time of her imprisonment; her father who, by his solicitations to her to take the crown, became the unhappy instrument of her untimely death.

"*Father*—Although it hath pleased God to hasten my death by you, by whom my life should rather have been lengthened, yet can I so patiently take it, as I yield God more hearty thanks for shortening my woful days, than if all the world had been given unto my possessions with life lengthened to my own will. And albeit I am well assured of your impatient dolors, redoubled manifold ways, both in bewailing your own woes, and especially, as I hear, my unfortunate state; yet, my dear father, if I may without offense rejoice in my own mishaps, meseems in this I may account myself blessed, that washing my hands with the innocency of my fact, my guiltlesss blood may cry before the Lord mercy to the innocent. And yet though I must needs acknowledge, that being constrained, and as you wot well enough, and continually assayed, in taken upon me, I seemed to consent, and therein grievously offended the queen and her laws; yet do I assuredly trust, that this my offense towards God is so much the less, in that, being in so royal estate as I was, mine enforced honor never blended with mine innocent heart. And thus, good father, I have opened to you the state in which I presently stand, whose death at hand, although to you perhaps it may seem right woful, to me there is nothing that can be more welcome, than from this vale of misery to aspire to that heavenly throne of all joy and pleasure with Christ our Savior: in whose steadfast faith, if it may be lawful for the daughter to write to the father, the Lord that hitherto hath strengthened you, so continue you, that at the last we may meet in heaven with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

Another letter of this lady's is preserved, which was written at the end of a Greek Testament, and was sent by her to her sister Catharine,* the night before Lady Jane was beheaded.

"I have sent you here good sister Catharine, a book, which although it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is more worth than precious stones. It is the book dear sister, of the law of the Lord. It is his testament and last will, which he bequeathed unto us wretches, which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy; and, if you with a good mind read it, and with an earnest mind do purpose to follow it, it shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It shall teach you to live, and learn you to die. It shall win you more than you should have gained by your woful father's lands: for, as if God had prospered him, you should have inherited his lands; so, if you apply diligently this book, seeking to direct your life after it, you shall be an inheritor of such riches, as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you, neither thief shall steal, neither yet the moths corrupt. Desire with David, good sister, to understand the law of the Lord God. Live still to die, that you by death may purchase eternal life, and trust not that the tenderness of your age shall lengthen your life; for as soon if God call, goeth the young as the old, and labor always to learn to die, defy the world, deny the devil, and despise the flesh, and delight yourself only in the Lord. Be penitent for your sins, and yet despair not; be strong in faith, and yet presume not; and desire with St. Paul to be with Christ, with whom even in death there is life. Be like the good servant, and even at midnight be waking, lest when death cometh, and stealeth upon you as a thief in the night, you be with the evil servant found sleeping, and lest for want of oil you be found like the five foolish women, and like him that had not on the wedding garment, and then ye be cast out from the marriage. Rejoice in Christ as I do. Follow the steps of your master Christ, and take up your cross. Lay your sins on his back, and always embrace him. And as touching my death, rejoice as I do, good sister, that I shall be delivered of this corruption, and put on incorruption; for I am assured that I shall, for losing of a mortal life, win an immortal life, the which I pray God grant you, and send you of his grace to live in his fear, and to die in the true Christian faith, from the which, in God's name I exhort you, that you never swerve, neither for hope of life, nor for fear of death; for if you will deny his truth for to lengthen your life, God will deny you, and yet shorten your days; and if you will cleave unto him, he will prolong your days, to your comfort and his glory; to the which glory God bring me now, and you hereafter, when it pleaseth him to call you! Fare you well, good sister, and put your only trust in God, who only must help you."

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* The Lady Jane had two sisters younger than herself; this Lady Catharine the eldest, and Lady Mary the younger.

We shall, in a manner, conclude the excellent composures of this worthy lady with a prayer drawn up by her in the time of her trouble, which will open to our readers the state of her mind in the near views of death and eternity.

"O Lord, thou God and Father of my life, hear me poor and desolate woman, which flieth unto thee only in all troubles and miseries. Thou, O Lord, art the only defender and deliverer of those that put their trust in thee; and therefore I, being defiled with sin, encumbered with afflictions, disquieted with troubles, wrapped in cares, overwhelmed with miseries, and grievously tormented with the long imprisonment of this vile mass of clay, my sinful body, do come unto thee, O merciful Savior, craving thy mercy and help, without the which so little hope of deliverance is left, that I may utterly despair of any liberty. Albeit it is expedient, that seeing our life standeth upon trying, we should be visited sometime with some adversity, whereby we might both be tried whether we be of thy flock or no, and also know thee and ourselves the better; yet thou that saidest thou wouldest not suffer us to be tempted above our power, be merciful unto me, a miserable wretch, I beseech thee, that I may neither be too much puffed up with prosperity, neither too much pressed down with adversity, lest I being too full, should deny thee, my God; or being too low brought, should despair, and blaspheme thee, my Lord and Savior. O merciful God, consider my misery best known unto thee, and be thou now unto me a strong tower of defense, I humbly require thee. Suffer me not to be tempted above my power, but either be thou a deliverer to me out of this great misery, either else give me grace patiently to bear thy heavy hand, and sharp correction. It was thy right hand that delivered the people of Israel out of the hands of Pharaoh, which, for the space of four hundred years, did oppress them, and keep them in bondage. Let it, therefore, seem good to thy fatherly goodness to deliver me, sorrowful wretch, for whom thy Son Christ shed his precious blood on the cross, out of this miserable captivity and bondage, wherein I am now. How long wilt thou be absent? For ever? Oh Lord, hast thou forgotten to be gracious, and hast thou shut up thy loving kindness in displeasure? Wilt thou no more be entreated? Is thy mercy clean gone for ever, and thy promise come utterly to an end for evermore? Why dost thou make so long tarrying? Shall I despair of thy mercy, O God? Far be that from me. I am thy workmanship, created in Christ Jesus; give me grace, therefore, to tarry thy leisure, and patiently to bear thy works, assuredly knowing, that as thou canst, so thou wilt deliver me, when it shall please thee, nothing doubting or mistrusting thy goodness towards me, for thou knowest better what is good for me than I do, therefore do with me in all things what thou wilt, and plague me what way thou wilt. Only in the mean time arm me, I beseech thee, with thy armor, that I may stand fast, my loins being girt about with verity, having on the breast plate of righteousness, and shod with the shoes prepared by the gospel of peace; above all things taking to me the shield of faith, wherewith I may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked, and taking the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is thy most holy word, praying always with all manner of prayer and supplication, that I may refer myself wholly to thy will, abiding thy pleasure, and comforting myself in those troubles which it shall please thee to send me, seeing such troubles be profitable for me, and seeing I am assuredly persuaded that it cannot but be well all thou that dost. Hear me, O merciful Father! for his sake, whom thou wouldest should be a sacrifice for my sins: to whom, with thee, and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory. Amen."

These are the principal remains of this most excellent lady. It may not be displeasing to our readers to hear what judgment Bishop

Burnet has passed upon them. "One effect," says he, "of this, that is, of the frustrated rising of Sir Thomas Wiat, was the proceeding severely against the Lady Jane, and her husband, the Lord Guildford, who both suffered on the 12th of February, 1554. The Lady Jane was not much disordered at it, for she knew upon the first jealousy that she must be the sacrifice, and therefore had now lived six months in the constant expectation of death. Feckenham, afterwards Abbot of Westminster, was sent to her by the queen, three days before, to prepare her to die. He had a long conversation with her, but she answered him with that calmness of mind, and clearness of reason, that it was astonishing to hear so young a person of her sex and quality look on death so near her with so little disorder, and talk so sensibly both of faith and holiness, of the sacraments, the Scriptures, and the authority of the church. Feckenham left her, seeing he could work nothing on her, but procured her, as it is said, the continuance of her life three days longer, and waited on her on the scaffold. She wrote to her father to moderate his grief for her death, which must needs have been great, since his folly had occasioned it. She expressed her sense of her sin in assuming the royal dignity, though he knew how unwillingly she was drawn into it, and that in her royal estate her enforced honor had never defiled her innocent heart. She rejoiced at her approaching end, since nothing could be to her more welcome than to be delivered from that valley of misery into that heavenly throne to which she was to be advanced, where she prayed they might meet at last. There was one Harding, who had been her father's chaplain, and that was a zealous preacher in King Edward's days, before whose death he had animated the people much to prepare for persecution, and never depart from the truth of the gospel, but he had now fallen away himself. To him she wrote a letter full of severe expostulations and threatenings for his apostasy; but it had no effect upon him. It is of an extraordinary strain, full of life in the thoughts, and of zeal, if there is not too much, in the expressions. The night before her execution she sent her Greek Testament, which she had always used, to her sister, with a letter, in which, in most pathetic expressions, she sets out the value she had of it, and recommended the study and practice of it earnestly to her. She had also composed a devout prayer for her retirements, and thus had she spent the last moments of her life."*

I cannot restrain myself from adding what the same bishop, in another place, says concerning her, which, if it is a digression in the order of our account of this lady, it will be more than excused for the excellency of the character this celebrated historian draws of her. "She read," says he, "the Scriptures much, and had attained great knowledge in divinity. But with all these advantages of birth and parts, she was so humble, so gentle, and pious, that all people both admired and loved her. She had a mind wonderfully raised above the world; and at the age when others are but imbibing the notions of philosophy, she had attained to the practice of the highest precepts of it. She was neither lifted up with the hope of a crown, nor cast down, when she saw her palace made afterwards her prison, but carried herself with an equal temper of mind in those great inequalities of fortune, that so suddenly exalted and depressed her. All the passion she expressed in it was that which is of the noblest sort, and is the indication of tender and generous natures, being much affected with the troubles into which her husband and father fell on her account."*

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* Burnet's History of the Reformation, Vol. II, pp. 271, 272.

We are now to attend this excellent lady to her closing scene, and view in what a manner she met her violent, though unmerited death. The day finally appointed for her execution, as well as that of her husband Lord Dudley, was the 12th of February, 1554. The fatal morning being come, her husband earnestly desired the officers that he might take his last farewell of her, which, though they willingly permitted, yet upon notice, she advised the contrary, assuring him, "that such a meeting would rather add to his afflictions, than increase that quiet wherewith they had possessed their souls for the stroke of death, that he demanded a lenitive which would put fire into the wound, and that it was to be feared her presence would rather weaken than strengthen him; that if his soul were not firm and settled, she could not settle it by her eyes, nor confirm it by her words; that he would do well to remit this interview to the other world; that there, indeed, friendships were happy, and unions indissoluble, and that their's would be eternal, if they carried nothing with them of terrestrial, which might hinder them from rejoicing." She expressed great tenderness when she saw her husband led out to execution, but soon overcame it, when she considered how closely she was to follow him. All she could do was to give him a farewell out of the window as he passed toward the place of his execution, which he suffered on a scaffold on Tower-hill with much Christian meekness. His dead body being laid in a car, and his head wrapped up in a linen cloth, were carried to the chapel within the Tower, in the way to which they were to pass under the window of the Lady Jane, which sad spectacle she beheld with a settled countenance. After this affecting sight, she wrote three short sentences in her table-book, in Greek, Latin, and English; which book, upon Sir John Bridges's† entreaty, that she would bestow upon him some memorial, she presented to him as an acknowledgment for the civility she had received from him. The sense of the Greek sentence was: "If his slain body shall give testimony against me before men, his most blessed soul shall render an eternal proof of my innocence in the presence of God." The Latin sentence was to this effect: "The justice of men took away his body, but the divine mercy has preserved his soul." And the English sentence ran thus: "If my fault deserved punishment, my youth at least, and my imprudence, were worthy of excuse. God and posterity will show me favor." She was led out by the lieutenant of the Tower to the scaffold that was prepared upon the green, over against the White Tower. It is said, that the court had once taken a resolution to have had her beheaded upon the same scaffold with her husband, but, considering how much they were both pitied, and how generally Lady Jane was beloved, it was determined, to prevent any commotions, that her execution should be performed within the Tower. She was attended to and upon the scaffold by Mr. Feckenham, but she was observed not to give much heed to his discourses, keeping her eyes steadily fixed on a book of prayers she had in her hand. After some short recollection she saluted those who were present, with a countenance perfectly composed; then taking her leave of Mr. Feckenham, she said, "God will abundantly requite you, good sir, for your humanity to me, though your discourses gave me more uneasiness than all the terrors of my approaching death." She next addressed herself to the spectators in the following speech: "My lords, and you good Christian people which come to see me die. I am under a law, and by that law, as a never-erring judge, I am condemned to die, not for any thing I have offended the queen's majesty, for I will wash my hands guiltless thereof, and deliver to my God a soul as pure from such tresspass, as innocence from injustice, but only for that I consented to the thing I was forced unto, constraint making the law believe I did that which I never understood. Notwithstanding I have offended Almighty God in that I have followed over-much the lust of my own flesh, and the pleasures of this wretched world; neither have I lived according to the knowledge that God hath given me, for which cause God hath appointed to me this kind of death, and that most worthily according to my deserts; howbeit I thank him heartily that he hath given me time to repent of my sins here in this world, and to reconcile myself to my Redeemer, whom my former vanities had in a great measure displeased. Wherefore, my lords, and all you good Christian people, I most earnestly desire you all to pray with me, and for me, while I am yet alive, that God of his infinite goodness and mercy will forgive my sins, how numberless and grievous soever, against him; and I beseech you all to bear me witness that I here die a true Christian woman, professing and avouching from my soul that I trust to be saved by the blood, passion, and merits of Jesus Christ, my Savior, only, and by no other means, casting far behind me all the works and merits of mine own actions, as things so short of the true duty I owe, that I quake to think how much they may stand up against me." Having delivered this speech, she kneeled down, and repeated the fifty-first psalm in a most devout manner from beginning to end; after which he stood up, and gave her gloves and her handkerchief to her women, Mrs. Eliz. Tilney and Mrs. Helen, and her prayer book to Sir John Bridges. On her untying her gown the executioner offered to assist her, but she desired him to let her alone, and turning herself to her woman they helped her off with it, and gave her an handkerchief to bind about her eyes. The executioner kneeling down requested her forgiveness, which she most willingly gave him. Upon this he desired her to stand upon the straw, which bringing her within sight of the block, she said, "I pray dispatch me quickly." Then kneeling down, she asked, "Will you take it off before I lay me down?" To which the executioner replied, "No, madam." She then tied her handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block said, "What shall I do? where is it?" Upon which, one of the standers-by guiding her to it, she laid her head down upon the block, and then stretched herself forward, and said, "Lord, into thine hands I commend my spirit," and immediately the executioner at one stroke severed her head from her body.

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* Burnet's History of the Reformation, Vol. II, pp. 234, 335, folio edit.

† This Sir John Bridges, the ancestor of the present noble family of that name, dukes of Chandos, was lieutenant of the Tower at this time, and was present with Lady Jane in her apartment, from the windows of which she had the last sight of her husband living and dead.

Thus fell this most accomplished lady, resigning her life in a manner worthy of her employing and improving it; "and a true Christian faith," as one observes, "having uniformly produced a Christian life, with what triumph did it trample on the sting of death, and spread a glory round the Lady Jane, that eclipsed the faint lustre of the superstitious and cruel Queen Mary on her throne?"*

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* Glocester Ridley's Life of Bishop Ridley, p. 427.

CATHARINE PARR.

CATHARINE, WIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH, COMMONLY CALLED CATHARINE PARR.

SHE was born about the beginning of the reign of King Henry the Eighth, who succeeded to the throne of England April 22, 1509. She was the eldest of the two daughters of Sir Thomas Parr, of Kendal, by Dame Maud his wife, who bestowed on her a learned education, as the most valuable addition he could make to her other accomplishments. Her progress in literature fully answered her father's culture and expectations, so that she soon became celebrated not only for her good sense, but her learning, and made a most excellent use of her abilities in the employment of them for the best purposes in every stage of her future life.

She was first married to John Nevill, Lord Latymer and after his decease her perfections both in body and mind so powerfully attracted the affections of King Henry, that she was married to him at Hampton Court, July 12, 1543.

She always took great delight in conversing with the sacred writings, and the investigation of divine truths, which soon dissipated the clouds of ignorance, and set before her in a true light the nature of the gospel. She seems, indeed, to have had a religious tincture from her infancy, but the religious duties she so carefully practised in early life were according to the blind devotion of that age. These errors she not only afterwards retracted, but forwarded the Reformation, and advanced and encouraged the Protestant cause. She pursued these good designs as far as the mutable and perverse disposition of an arbitrary prince, and the iniquity of the times, would admit, and even further than she could go without exposing herself to the utmost danger; for though her laudable attempts were carried on with all proper prudence, and as much secrecy as the nature of the thing would allow, yet they were maliciously observed by Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who, with the Chancellor Wriothesley and others, conspired against her so artfully, that at length, having drawn up articles, they procured a warrant subscribed by the king's own hand to remove her to the Tower, which being accidentally dropped, was happily found by a person who conveyed it to her majesty. The sight of it, and the reflections upon the hard fate of other queens, threw her into a violent disorder, which confined her to her bed. The king hearing of her illness, made her a very kind and seasonable visit, spoke all the comfortable things imaginable to her, and sent her one of his physicians, Dr. Wendy, as is believed, to take care of her health. The doctor, it seems, was apprized of the design, and guessed from outward symptoms the cause of the queen's indisposition; upon which, well knowing her singular prudence, and relying upon her fidelity, he ventured to open the matter to her. The king himself being at the same time a little indisposed, the doctor advised the queen to make his majesty a visit, not doubting but that by her good sense, and prudent management, she might avert the impending danger. The queen took the doctor's advice, and soon after made his majesty a visit, attended only by her sister, the Lady Herbert, and the Lady Lane. She found the king sitting and talking with some gentlemen of his chamber. He seemed pleased with her visit, and addressed her in a very obliging manner; and, breaking off his discourse with his attendants, he began of his own accord, contrary to his usual custom, to confer with her about matters of religion, seeming as it were, desirous to be resolved by the queen of certain doubts, which he then proposed to her. The queen, instantly perceiving the tendency of his discourse, answered with great humility and submission:

"Your majesty doth know right well, neither am I myself ignorant, what great imperfection and weakness by our first creation are allotted to us women, so as to be ordained and appointed as inferior and subject to men as our head, from which head all our directions ought to proceed; and that as God made man to his own shape and likeness, whereby he being endowed with more special gifts of perfection, might rather be stirred to the contemplation of heavenly things, and to the earnest endeavor to obey his commandments, even so also made he woman of man, of whom and by whom she is to be governed, commanded, and directed: whose womanly weakness and natural imperfections ought to be tolerated, aided, and borne withal, so that by his wisdom such things as be wanting in her, ought to be supplied.

"Since, therefore, that God hath appointed such a natural difference between man and woman, and your majesty being so excellent in gifts and ornaments of wisdom; and I, a simple poor woman, so much inferior in all respects of nature unto you, how then comes it now to pass that your majesty in such diffuse causes of religion, will seem to require my judgment? which, when I have uttered, and said what I can, yet must I, and will I refer my judgment in this and all other cases to your majesty's wisdom, as my only anchor, supreme head, and governor here in earth, next under God, to lean unto."

"Not so, by St. Mary!" replied the king, "you are become a doctor, Kate, to instruct us, as we take it, and not to be instructed or directed by us."

"If your majesty take it so," answered the queen, then hath your majesty very much mistaken me, who have ever been of the opinion to think it very unseemly and preposterous for the woman to take upon her the office of an instructer, or teacher, to her lord and husband, but rather to learn of her husband, and be taught by him: and where I have, with your majesty's leave, presumed heretofore to discourse with your majesty, in which I have sometimes seemed to dissent from you, I did it not so much to maintain my opinion, as to minister discourse, not only to the end that your majesty might with the less grief pass over this painful time of your infirmity by this kind of engagement, which I fancied might afford you some relief, but also that I, hearing your majesty's learned arguments, might from thence gain to myself great advantage: and I assure your majesty, I have not missed any part of my desired end in that behalf, always referring myself, in all such matters, unto your majesty, as by ordinance of nature it is convenient for me to do."

"And it is even so, sweetheart?" said the king, "and tended your arguments to no worse an end? then are we now perfect friends again, as ever we were before." And, as he sat in his chair, embracing her in his arms, and saluting her, he declared, "That it did him more good at that time to hear these words from her own mouth, than if he had heard present news of an hundred thousand pounds in money having fallen to him." Afterwards, having entertained the queen and attendants with some diverting conversation, he gave her leave to depart, and in her absence gave her the highest commmendation.

The day, and almost the hour appointed, being come in which the queen was to be conveyed to the Tower, the king went into his garden, with only two gentlemen of the bedchamber, and sent for the queen, who immediately came to wait upon his majesty, attended by Lady Herbert, Lady Lane, and Lady Tyrwhyt, who were all to have been apprehended with the queen. The king seemed in high spirits, and entertained them with all imaginable gayety. In the midst of their mirth the lord chancellor approached his majesty's presence, with forty of the king's guards at his heels. The king looked upon him with a very stern countenance, and walking a small distance from the queen called the chancellor to him, who, upon his knees, spoke softly to his majesty. The king in great anger, called him *knave*, *arrant knave*, *beast*, and *fool*, and commanded him instantly to be gone out of his presence. Being gone, the king immediately returned to the queen, who, perceiving him to be much chagrined, employed all the powers of her eloquence to soften his displeasure, humbly entreating his majesty, if the chancellor's fault were not too heinous, to pardon him for her sake.

"Ah, poor soul," says the king, "thou little knowest how evil he hath deserved this grace at thy hands. Of my word, sweetheart, he hath been to thee an arrant knave, and so let him go." To which the queen returned an answer expressive of her charitable disposition.

Thus, remarkably, did Divine Providence defend her from the snares and malice of her enemies, and rescue her from this most imminent danger, which being over, she passed safely through the remainder of this tempestuous reign.

This dreadful alarm seems to have awakened all the faculties of her soul, and to have put her upon the employment of her thoughts in pious meditations and prayer, and upon making due preparation for eternity.

She saw, very plainly, that the principles of religion she had first imbibed, did not correspond with the inspired writings. But though she had a considerable share of learning, joined to an excellent understanding, yet her great modesty would not permit them to be her only guide in matters of such great importance, for she kept several eminent divines constantly with her to solve her doubts, and instruct her in the true religion. With these learned men, who were her chaplains, she used to have private conferences, as often as opportunity would permit, about the doctines of the Reformation, and the abuses which were then crept into the church, but particularly in Lent. She had a sermon preached to her every day in the afternoon, in her chamber, which generally lasted about an hour, at which time the ladies and gentlemen of her privy-chamber, and others who were disposed to hear, were present. To all this she added great application and industry in the study of books of divinity, particularly of the Holy Scriptures. Being thus qualified, she began to commit some of her own thoughts to writing. Her first composition seems to have been that entitled, 'Queen Katharine Parr's Lamentation of a Sinner, bewailing the ignorance of her blind life.' This discourse was found among her papers after her death, and was published by Secretary Cecil, who prefixed to it a preface of his own writing. In it she acknowledges the sinful course of her life for many years, in which she, relying on external performances, such as fasts and pilgrimages, was all the time a stranger to the true internal power of religion, which she came afterwards to experience by the study of the Scriptures, and prayer to God for the assistance of that Holy Spirit, by whose direction they were indited. She explains, clearly, the ideas she had of justification by faith, so that holiness was its necessary consequence, and lamented the great scandals given by many Gospellers, a name by which they were distinguished who gave themselves to the reading of the Scriptures.

She also drew up psalms, prayers, and pious discourses, which she herself published. The psalms were in number fifteen, each of considerable length, and composed in imitation of the Psalms of David, being digested into versicles, of which many were borrowed from the book of Psalms, and other portions of Scripture. Each Psalm had its proper subject. The first was 'for the remission of sins,' beginning, "O Lord of lords, God Almighty, great and dreadful, which by thy word hast made heaven, earth, the sea, and all things contained in them! nothing is able to resist thy power: thy mercy is over all thy works: all things be under thy dominion and rule, both man and beast, and all living creatures: thou art merciful to whom thou wilt, and hast compassion on whom it pleaseth thee," &c.

The second Psalm also was 'for remission of sins," beginning,

"O most mighty God of angels and men, whose judgments be unsearchable, and whose wisdom is profound and deep;

"Hear the prayers of thy servant, and cast not away the humble suit of thy poor creature, and handy-work," &c.

The third Psalm was 'for remission of sins' also. The fourth, 'A complaint of a penitent sinner which is sore troubled, and overcome with sins.' The fifth, 'For obtaining of godly wisdom.' The sixth, 'A Christian man prayeth that he may be healed of God.' The seventh, 'For an order and direction of good living.' The eighth, 'A Christian prayeth that he may be delivered from his enemies.' The ninth, 'Against enemies.' The tenth, 'When enemies be so cruel that a Christian cannot suffer them.' The eleventh, 'Of confidence and trust in God.' The twelfth, 'If God defer to help long time.' The thirteenth, 'In which a Christian gives thanks to God that his enemies have not gotten the over-hand of him.' The fourteenth, 'In which the goodness of God is praised.' The fifteenth, 'Of the benefits of God, with thanks for the same." To which were subjoined the twenty second Psalm, entitled, 'The complaint of Christ on the cross,' and 'a Psalm of Thanksgiving.'

Then followed the book of prayer, entitled, 'Prayers or Meditations,' wherein the mind is stirred up patiently to suffer all afflictions here, and to set at nought the vain prosperity of this world, and alway to long for everlasting felicity, collected out of holy works, &c. These prayers were all digested, as were the psalms aforesaid, into verses and sentences, and contain a great spirit of true piety and devotion, sense of God, and dependence upon him; and many of them were excellently suited to her condition. Then follow two prayers for the king, and for men to say entering battle, the latter of which the queen very probably composed upon the king's expedition into France with a great army, when she was left regent at home. In this prayer she has this truly pious petition, "Our cause being now just, and being enforced into war and battle, we most humbly beseech thee, O Lord God of Hosts! so to turn the hearts of our enemies to the desire of peace, that no Christian blood be spilt; or else grant, O Lord! that with small effusion of blood, and to the little hurt and damage of innocents, we may to thy glory obtain victory, and that the wars being soon ended, we may all with one heart and mind knit together in concord and unity laud and praise thee." The next is a devout prayer to be daily said, together with one or two besides.

There was also printed another piece of the devout studies of this good queen, entitled, 'A goodly Exposition of the fifty first Psalm, which Hierom of Ferrary made at the latter end of his days.' This work begins, "Wretch that I am, comfortless and forsaken of all men, which have offended both heaven and earth," &c. Then follow in conclusion other things, as 'Of Faith—The power of Faith—The Work of Faith—Good Works—The Prayer of the Prophet Daniel.'

Before we proceed any further in the Memoirs of this truly excellent person, we shall present our readers with a pious prayer of hers composed in short ejaculations, suited to her condition, which may serve as a specimen of the devout exercises of her soul.

"Most benign Lord Jesu, grant me thy grace, that it may alway work in me, and persevere with me unto the end!

"Grant me that I may ever desire and will that which is most pleasant and acceptable unto thee!

"Thy will be my will, and my will to follow always thy will!

"Let there be alway in me one will, and one desire with thee, and that I have no desire to will or not to will, but as thou wilt!

"Lord, Thou knowest what thing is most profitable, and most expedient for me:

"Give me therefore what thou wilt, as much as thou wilt, and when thou wilt!

"Do with me what thou wilt, as it shall please thee, and as shall be most to thine honor!

"Put me where thou wilt, and freely do with me in all things after thy will!

"Thy creature I am, and in thy hands. Lead me, and turn me where thou wilt!

"Lo! I am thy servant, ready to do all things that thou commandest; for I desire not to live to myself, but to thee.

"Lord Jesu! I pray thee grant me thy grace, that I never set my heart on the things of this world, but that all carnal and worldly affections may utterly die, and be mortified in me!

"Grant me, above all things, that I may rest in thee and fully pacify and quiet my heart in thee!

"For thou, Lord, art the very true peace of heart and the perfect rest of the soul, and without thee all things be grievous and unquiet.

"My Lord Jesu, I beseech thee, be with me in every place, and at all times; and let it be to me a special solace gladly for to love to lack all worldly solace!

"And if thou withdraw thy comfort from me at any time, keep me, O Lord, from separation (desperation) and make me patiently to bear thy will and ordinance!

"O Lord Jesu, thy judgments be righteous, and thy providence is much better for me than all that I can imagine or devise!

"Wherefore do with me in all things as it shall please thee!

"For it may not be but well, all that thou dost. If thou wilt that I be in light, be thou blessed; if thou wilt that I be in darkness, be thou also blessed!

"If thou vouchsafe to comfort me, be thou highly blessed; and if thou wilt I lie in trouble, and without comfort, be thou likewise ever blessed!

"Lord, give me grace gladly to suffer whatsoever thou wilt shall fall upon me, and patiently to take at thy hand good and evil, bitter and sweet, joy and sorrow; and for all things that shall befall unto me heartily to thank thee!

"Keep me, Lord, from sin, and I shall then dread neither death nor hell!

"Oh! what thanks shall I give unto thee, which hast suffered the grievous death of the cross to deliver me from my sins, and to obtain everlasting life for me?

"Thou gavest us a most perfect example of patience, fulfilling and obeying the will of thy Father, even unto death.

"Make me, wretched sinner, obediently to use myself after thy will in all things, and patiently to bear the burden of this corrupt life!

"For though this life be tedious, and as an heavy burthen to my soul, yet, nevertheless, through thy grace, and by example of thee, it is now made much more easy and comfortable than it was before thy incarnation and passion.

"Thy holy life is our way to thee, and by following that, we walk to thee that art our head and Savior: and except thou hadst gone before, and shewed us the way to everlasting life, who would endeavor himself to follow thee, seeing we be yet so slow and dull, having the light of thy blessed example and holy doctrine to lead and direct us?

"O Lord Jesu, make that possible by grace that is impossible by nature!

"Thou knowest well that I may little suffer, and that I am soon cast down, and overthrown with a little adversity: wherefore, I beseech thee, O Lord, to strengthen me with thy Spirit, that I may willingly suffer for thy sake all manner of troubles and afflictions!

"Lord, I will acknowledge unto thee all mine unrighteousness, and I will confess to thee all the unstableness of my heart.

"Oftentimes a very little thing troubleth me sore, and maketh me dull and slow to serve thee:

"And sometimes I purpose to stand strongly, but when a little trouble cometh it is to me great anguish and grief, and of a right little thing riseth a grievous temptation to me;

"Yea, when I think myself to be sure and strong, as it seemeth I have the upper hand, suddenly I feel myself ready to fall with a little blast of temptation.

"Behold therefore, good Lord, my weakness and consider my frailness best known to thee!

"Have mercy on me and deliver me from all iniquity and sin, that I be not entangled therewith!

"Oftentimes it grieveth me sore, and in a manner confoundeth me that I am so unstable, so weak and so frail in resisting sinful motions;

"Which, although they draw me not away to consent, yet nevertheless their assaults be very grievous unto me;

"And it is tedious to me to live in such battle, albeit I perceive that such battle is not unprofitable unto me, for thereby I know myself, and mine own infirmities, and that I must seek help only at thine hands.

"It is to me an unpleasant burthen, what pleasure soever the world offereth me here.

"I desire to have inward fruition in thee, but I cannot attain thereto."

The number as well as piety of these compositions sufficiently show how much of her time and thoughts, amidst all the business and ceremonies of her exalted station, were employed in order to secure her everlasting happiness, and sow the seeds of piety and virtue in the minds of her people. And as she very well knew how far good learning was subservient to these great ends, so she used her utmost endeavors for its establishment and increase. A remarkable proof of which we have in the following authentic piece of history. When the act was made, that all colleges, chantries, and free chapels, should be in the king's disposal, the University of Cambridge were filled with terrible apprehensions; but well knowing the queen's great regard to learning, they addressed letters to her by Dr. Smith, afterwards Sir Thomas Smith, the learned secretary of state to King Edward, in which they intreated her majesty to intercede with the king for their colleges, which accordingly she effectually did, and wrote to them in answer, "That she had attempted the king's majesty for the stay of their possessions, and that, notwithstanding his majesty's property and interest to them by virtue of that act of parliament, he was, she said, such a patron to good learning, that he would rather advance and erect new occasions thereof, than confound those their colleges; so that learning might hereafter ascribe her very original, whole conservation, and sure stay to him; adding, that the prosperous state of which long to preserve she doubted not but every one would with daily invocation call upon Him, who alone and only can dispose all to every creature." In the same letter she tells them, "That forasmuch as she well understood that all kinds of learning flourished among them as it did among the Greeks at Athens long ago, she desired and required them all not so to hunger for the exquisite knowledge of profane learning, that it might be thought that the Greek University was but transported, or now in England again revived, forgetting our Christianity, since the excellency of Greeks only attained to moral and natural things, but that she rather gently exhorted them to study and apply those doctrines (the variety of human learning) as means and apt degrees to the attaining and setting forth the better, Christ's revered and most sacred doctrine, that it might not be laid against them in evidence at the tribunal seat of God, how they were ashamed of Christ's doctrine; for this Latin lesson, she goes on, I am taught to say of St. Paul; "*Non me pudet evangelii*,"* and then adds, to the sincere setting forth whereof I trust universally in all your vocations and ministries you will apply and conform your sundry gifts, arts, and studies to such end and sort, that Cambridge may be accounted rather an university of divine philosophy than of natural or moral, as Athens was."

This so satisfactory an answer to the petition of the University of Cambridge, shows as well the great influence she had over the king, as the good use she made of it; nor can the reader fail of observing from her letter how well she deserved his majesty's favor. Indeed she merited every instance of it she could desire; for, next to the studies of the Holy Scriptures, and the performance of the duties enjoined by them, she seems to have made it her principal care to be obsequious to his will. And as that part of his life which it fell to her lot to share with him was attended with almost continual indispositions, so his ill health joined such a fierceness of manners to his former untractable disposition, as rendered it a task extremely difficult even for his prime favorites to make themselves agreeable to him, and preserve his esteem; yet, such were the amiable qualities of the queen, that by a most obliging tenderness, and charming turn of conversation, she not only secured his affection under all his pain and sickness, but greatly contributed to the alleviation of them; which so cemented the king's affections, and grounded her so firmly in his good graces, that after the Bishop of Winchester was known to have been disappointed in his scheme for her ruin, none of her adversaries durst make any attempts against her.

As a confirmation of what we have said concerning this lady's extraordinary virtues, and the true sense which the king had of them, we shall here exhibit the last testimony of his affection to her from his will, which bears date December the 30th, 1546, but one month before his decease, which is as follows:

——" And for the great love, obedience, chasteness of life, and wisdom being in our aforesaid wife and queen, we bequeath unto her for her proper use, and as it shall please her to order it, three thousand pounds in plate, jewels, and stuff of household, besides such apparel as it shall please her to take, as she hath already; and further we give unto her one thousand pounds in money, with the enjoying her dowry and jointure, according to our grant by act of parliament."

Her great zeal for the Reformation, and earnest desire to have the Scriptures understood by the common people, put her upon the procuring several learned persons to translate Erasmus's paraphrase on the New Testament into the English language for the service of the public. And this she did at her own great expense. She engaged Lady Mary, afterwards Queen Mary, in translating the paraphrase on the Gospel of St. John; upon which occasion she sent the following epistle in Latin to that princess:

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* I am not ashamed of the Gospel.

"Cum multa sint, nobilissima ac amantissima Domina, quæ me facilè invitant hoc tempore ad scribendum, nihil tamen perinde me movit atque cura valetudinis tuæ, quem, ut spero, esse optimam, ita de eadem certiorem fieri, magnoperè cupio. Quare mitto hunc nuntium quem judico fere tibi gratissimum, tum propter artem illam musicæ, quæ te simul ac me oppido oblectari non ignoro; tum quod à me profectus tibi certissimè referre possit de omni statû ac valetudine meâ. Atque sanè in animo fuit ante hunc diem iter ad te fecisse, atque coram salutasse, verùm voluntati meæ non omnia responderunt. Nunc spero hâc hyeme, idque propediem propius nos esse congressuras. Quo sane mihi nihil erit jucundum magis, aut magis volupte.

"Cum autem, ut accepi, summa jam manus imposita sit per Maletum operi Erasmico in Johannem, quod ad tralationem spectat, neque quicquam nunc restet, nisi ut justa quædam diligentia ac cura adhibeatur in eodem corrigendo te obsecro, ut opus hoc pulcherrimum atque utilissimum jam emendatum per Maletum aut aliquem tuorum, ad me transmitti cures, quo suo tempore prelo dari possit; atque porro significes an tuo nomine in lucem felicissime exire velis, an potius incerto autore. Cui operæ meâ sanè opinione injuriam facere videberis si tui nominis autoritate etiam posteris commendatum iri recusaveres in quo accuratissimè transferendo tanto labores summo reipublicæ bono suscepisti, pluresque, ut satis notum est, susceptura, si valetudo corporis permisisset. Cum ergo in hâc re abs te laboriosè admodum sudatum fuisse nemo non intelligat cur quam omnes tibi meritò deferant laudem rejicias, non video. Attamen ego hanc rem omnem ita relinquo prudentiæ tuæ, ut quamcunque velis rationem inire eam ego maximè approbandam censuero.

"Pro crumenâ quam ad me dono misisti ingentes tibi gratias ago. Deum opt. max. precor ut verâ ac intaminatâ felicitate perpetuò te beare dignetur: in quo etiam diutissimè valeas." Ex Hanworthia, 20 Septembris. Tui studiosissima ac amantissima,

KATHARINA Regina K. P.

IN ENGLISH.

"Though there are several considerations, my most noble and beloved lady, which readily invite me at this juncture to write to you, yet there is none that equally induces me with that of my solicitude for your health, which, as I hope it is perfectly enjoyed by you, so I feel myself most earnestly desirous to receive assurance concerning it. It is for this reason that I have dispatched this messenger to you, who I doubt not will be most welcome, both on account of his eminent skill in music, which I know is a most delightful entertainment to both of us, and as he will be able, coming immediately from me, to give you certain information of my health, and all that relates to me. I had it indeed in my intention to have made you a visit, and to have paid my respects to you in person, but things have not fallen out to my mind. I now promise myself that in the winter, before long, we shall have an interview, than which nothing can be more acceptable and pleasant to me.

"As I have been informed that the finishing hand has been put by Dr. Mallet to Erasmus's 'Paraphrase on the New Testament,' so far as it regards its translation into English, and that nothing now remains but an accurate review, and care in its correction, I earnestly request you to transmit me this most elegant and useful work now revised by Dr. Mallet, or some other able person whom you have employed, in order that it may be printed in due time, and that you would also signify to me, whether it is your pleasure, which would indeed be most auspicious to the work, to have it published with your name, or anonymously. Indeed, if I might give my opinion, you will considerably obstruct the work, if it does not go down to posterity under the sanction of your name, by which, in the most accurate translation, you have undertaken a most lasting service for the great benefit of the people, and are ready, as it is well known, to make further additions in the same kind, if your health will permit. For my part, I see no reason, as mankind will undoubtedly ascribe the work to yourself, why you should endeavor, by suppressing your name, to decline the honor which they will so deservedly confer upon you. But I leave the whole affair so entirely to your prudence, that I shall readily fall in with whatever method may seem most eligible to you.

"I give you abundant thanks for the present of the purse you was so kind as to send me. I beseech the all-gracious and almighty God to crown your days with true undisturbed felicity, and to give you a long life for its enjoyment!" From Hanworth, the 20th of September.

Yours in the most attached and affectionate friendship,
CATHARINE Queen K. P.

King Henry dying upon the 28th of January, 1546–7, when she had been his wife three years, six months, and five days, she was, not long after, married to Sir Thomas Seymour, Lord Admiral of England, and uncle to King Edward the Sixth. This unhappy marriage put a stop to all her temporal enjoyments: for between the matchless pride and imperiousness of her sister-in-law the Dutchess of Somerset, and the boundless ambition and other bad qualities of the admiral, such furious animosities ensued, as proved the destruction of both families, and must have interrupted the studies and contemplations of this excellent lady, now embarked with them, so that after this marriage we find no more of the pious productions of her pen, or any thing considerable, besides her procuring the publication of the above-mentioned work, the Translation of Erasmus's Paraphrase on the New Testament into English.

She lived but a short time with this gentleman; for after being delivered of a daughter she died in childbed in the month of September, 1548, not without snspicion of poison, as several of our writers observe. And, indeed, she herself was apprehensive of unfair dealings, and roundly reproached the admiral on her death-bed for his great unkindness to her.

Where she died, or in what place she lies buried, we know not nor can we meet with any information on the head among our historians, though many of them mention her death, and speak of her with such regard as makes the omission of such a circumstance appear somewhat extraordinary; but we have a Latin epitaph composed in memory of her by Dr. Parkhurst, one of her domestic chaplains, and afterwards Bishop of Norwich. It bears the following title and is as follows:

Incomparabilis fœminæ CATHARINÆ, nuper Angliæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ Reginæ, dominæ meæ clementissimæ, epitaphium. Anno 1548.

Hoc Regina novo dormit Catharina sepulchro,
Sexus fœminei flos, honor, atque decus.
Hæc fuit Henrico conjux fidissima Regi,
Quem postquam è vivis Parca tulisset atrox
Thomæ Seymero, (cui tu, Neptune, tridentum
Porrigis) eximio nupserat illa viro.
Huic perperit natam: à partu cum septimus orbem
Sol illustrasset mors truculenta necat:
Defunctam madidis famuli deflemus ocellis;
Humectat tristes terra Britanna genas.
Nos infelices mœror consumit acerbus:
Inter cœlestes gaudet at illa choros.

IN ENGLISH.

An Epitaph on the incomparable Lady CATHARINE, late Queen of England, France, and Ireland, my most amiable mistress.

This new-erected tomb contains
The mortal, but rever'd remains
Of her, who shone through all her days
Her sex's ornament and praise.
To Henry, Albion's mighty King,
With whose renown all nations ring,
She prov'd a most accomplished wife,
The crown and comfort of his life.
Her lord no more, in Hymen's bands
With Seymour next she joins her hands;
Seymour, who o'er the wat'ry plains
Wielding th' imperial trident reigns:
To him a female babe she bore,
But, when the sun had travelled o'er
For sev'n successive days the skies,
A breathless corpse the mother lies.
Her family her loss bemoans,
Britannia echoes to their groans:
In night and griefs we pine away;
She triumphs in the blaze of day,
And with th' angelic choirs above,
Attunes the harp to joy and love.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

MARY, COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

THIS lady was the daughter of Richard Boyle, the first Earl of Cork, who was born a private gentleman, and the younger son of a younger brother, and to no other heritage than what is expressed in the words,

God's Providence is my Inheritance,

which as a motto he inscribed on the magnificent buildings he erected, and indeed ordered to be placed on his tomb.

By that Providence succeeding his unremitting and wise industry he raised himself to such honor and estate, and left behind him such a dignified family, as has very rarely if ever before been known; and all this with such an unspotted reputation for integrity, as that the most envious scrutiny could discover no blemish in it, and that only shone the brighter by the malignant attempts made to obscure and debase it.

The mother of our lady was Catharine, only daughter of Sir Geoffry Fenton, principal secretary of state in Ireland. She was married to Mr. Boyle, July 25, 1603, and obtained this most honorable testimony from her husband: "I never," says he, "demanded any marriage portion, neither promise of any, it not being in my consideration; yet her father, after her marriage, gave me one thousand pounds in gold with her. But that gift of his daughter unto me I must ever thankfully acknowledge, as the crown of all my blessings, for she was a most religious, virtuous, loving and obedient wife unto me all the days of her life, and the happy mother of all my hopeful children, whom with their posterity I beseech God to bless."*

By that excellent lady the Earl of Cork had fifteen children. The Hon. Robert Boyle, famous as a philosopher, more famous as a Christian, was one of them. Mary, the seventh daughter, and who was married to Charles Rich, Earl of Warwick, is the subject of our Memoirs. In opening her character to the public view, we shall begin with that which had the first place in her regard, piety towards God. We shall make some observations on her entrance upon it—on her progress in it—on the various exercises of it—and her holy zeal and industry to promote and encourage religion in others.

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* Birch's Life of the Hon. Robert Boyle, p. 10.

As to her entrance upon religion, or making it her business in good earnest, though she had received a good education, and had been instructed in the grounds of religion in her youth, yet she would confess that she understood nothing of the life and power of godliness upon her heart, and indeed had no spiritual sense of it till some years after she was married. Nay, she declared that she came into the family in which she lived and died with so much honor, with prejudices and strange apprehensions as to matters of religion, and was almost affrighted with the disadvantageous accounts she had received concerning it; but when she came to see the regular performance of divine worship, and hear the useful, edifying preaching of the most necessary, practical and substantial truths, and observe the order and good government maintained in it, and met with the favor of her right honorable father in-law, who had always an extraordinary esteem and affection for her, her groundless prepossessions dispersed like mists before the sun, and were succeeded by the most cordial approbation.

The providence of God made us of two more remote means of her conversion,—*afflictions* and *retirement.* Divine wisdom and grace may be very adorable in adapting suitable means to accomplish the good purposes of God towards men; and afflictions and retirement, in this lady's circumstances, appeared to be admirably chosen out by Providence for her. Her great impediment and difficulty lay in her love of the pleasures and vanities of the world, which she neither knew how to reconcile with the strictness of religion, nor yet could be content to part for that, whose nobler delights she at that time had never experienced. The Lord therefore gradually drew off her mind from the pleasures and vanities of the world, by rendering insipid, through her *afflictions*, what had too much attached her regards; and by granting her an happy *retirement*, to acquaint herself more thoroughly with the things of God; by which she was enabled to set her seal to that testimony which God gives to spiritual wisdom, that "her ways are ways of pleasantnesss, and that all her paths are peace;" Prov. iii. 17; which, indeed, she would frequently and freely do to her friends, by assuring them that she had no cause to repent the exchange of the shadowy and unsubstantial pleasures of this world, for the solid and satisfactory joys she found in religion, thereby inciting and encouraging them to make the experiment, not doubting but that upon the trial they would be of the same sentiments with herself.

Two more immediate helps which God blessed to the good of her soul, were the *preaching of the word*, and *Christian conference.* The pressing the necessity of speedy and true repentance, and shewing the danger of procrastination, the putting off, and stifling convictions, seemed to turn the wavering trembling balance, and to fix the scale of her resolution.

This happy change took place about thirty years before her death; and from this time, (for though her conversation before was by no means vicious, but sweet and inoffensive, yet she would confess that her mind was vain,) she walked most closely, circumspectly, and accurately with God; and very few, if any, from what was seen in her, ever chose the better part with more resolution, or more unreservedly devoted themselves to the love, fear, and service of God, learning to be religious in good earnest, and to increase and grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

To promote and strengthen religion in her soul, she, like the wise man, Matt. vii. 24, dug deep to lay her foundations upon a rock. She made a strict scrutiny into the state of her soul, and weighed the reasons of her choice in the balance of the sanctuary; and with the other builder in the gospel, Luke, xiv. 28, sat down and considered with herself what it might cost to finish her spiritual edifice, and whether she were furnished to bear the charge. She examined whether the grounds of her hope were firm, and such as would not delude and shame her, and whether her evidences for heaven were such as would abide the test, and be approved by Scripture. On this most important and interesting concern she drew up a paper with her own hand, which a good judge, to whom she privately communicated it, declared to be judiciously, modestly, and humbly written. Having put her hand to the plough, she looked not back, but minded religion as her business indeed, and never gave so much as the suspicion of her trifling in so solemn and momentous a work.

As to the various exercises of religion, or the practice of it, it appeared to be her great design to walk worthy of God in all well-pleasing, to adorn her professed subjection to the gospel by a conversation becoming it, and to shew forth his virtues and praises who had called her into his marvellous light.

According she was very careful and circumspect in abstaining from all appearance of evil. In all doubtful cases her rule was to take the safest side, for she would say that she was sure it would do her no hurt to let what was any way dubious as to its lawfulness, alone. While, therefore, none were further from censuring others, or usurping judgment over their liberties, yet for herself she would never allow herself the addition of an artificial beauty, using neither paint nor patches; neither would she play at any games, because, besides many other inconveniences, she thought them great wasters of precious time, of which she was nobly avaricious. There were three things, she said, that were too hard for her, and which she confessed she could not comprehend.

"How those who professed to believe an eternal state, and its dependence upon this inch of time, could complain of time's lying as a dead commodity on their hands, which they were at a difficulty to dispose of.

"How professing Christians, who would seem devout at church, could laugh at others for being serious out of it, and burlesque the Bible, and turn religion into ridicule."

And finally, "How intelligent men could take care of souls, and seldom come among them, and never look after them."

Many years before her death she began to keep a diary, consulting two persons, whom she used to call her *soul friends*, concerning the best manner of performing it. She at first wrote her diary every evening; but finding the evening inconvenient, from her lord's long illness, which occasioned her many inevitable interruptions at that season, she changed it into the quiet, silent morning, always rising early. In this diary, among other things she recorded the daily frame of her own heart towards God, his signal providences to herself, and sometimes to others, the gracious manifestations of God to her soul, answers of prayer, temptations resisted, or prevailing, or whatever might be useful for caution or encouragement, or afford her matter of thankfulness or humiliation.

She used to style prayer *heart's-ease*, as she often experienced it; and, though her modesty was such, and she was so far from a vain ostentation of her gifts, that a minister,* who was long acquainted with her, says, "that he could not name one person with whom she prayed; yet," adds he, "I can say that she was not only constant and abundant in prayer, but mighty and fervent in it; for, as she sometimes used her voice, she hath been overheard in her devotions; and her own lord, knowing her hours of prayer, once conveyed a grave and judicious minister into a secret place within hearing, who much admired her humble fervency." In praying she prayed, and, when she used not an audible voice, her sighs and groans would be heard from her closet. On the very day before she died she shut up herself above an hour, which she spent in fervent private prayer, notwithstanding her indisposition. Indeed prayer was the very element in which she lived, and actually died; or the vital breath of her soul that wafted it immediately to heaven.

But if she exceeded herself in any thing as much as she excelled others in most things, it was in meditation. She usually walked two hours every morning to meditate alone, in which divine art she was a most accomplished proficient, both as to set and occasional contemplations; in set comtemplations choosing some particular subject, which she would press upon her heart with the most intense thought, till she had drawn out its juice and nourishment; and in occasional meditations like a bee extracting honey from all occurrences; whole volumes of which she hath left behind her.

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* Dr. Anthony Walker, rector of Fyfield in Essex. He preached a Sermon at Felsted at the countess's funeral, and afterwards printed it under the title of, "The virtuous Woman found, her Loss bewailed, and her Character exemplified;" to which are annexed, "Some of her ladyship's pious and useful Meditations." To this publication we have been principally obliged for the Memoirs of this excellent lady, as well as her pious compostions.

After she had consecrated the day with reading the Scriptures, prayer, and meditation, a short dressing time, and ordering her domestic affairs, or reading some good book, employed the remainder of the morning, till the season came for chapel prayers, from which she never absented herself, and in which she was ever reverent, and a devout example to her whole family.

She was a strict observer of the Lord's day, which may be truly considered as the best external preservative of religion; for it is very evident that the streams of godliness are deep or shallow, according as this bank is kept up, or neglected.

This lady was a very serious and diligent hearer of the word, and constantly after sermon recollected what she had heard, sometimes by writing, always by thinking, and calling it to mind that she might make it her own, and turn it into practice, not content to be a forgetful, fruitless hearer, but being a doer, that she might be blessed in her deed: James i. 25.

Nor was she less solicitous to make others good than to be good herself. She well remembered our Savior's charge to Peter: "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren:" Luke, xxii. 32. She set herself to build God's spiritual temple, and applied herself to it with all her might. She had a seraphic zeal for the glory of God, and a great love for immortal souls, and hence she was engaged to promote religion with the utmost industry, which, that she might accomplish with greater advantage, she would in company introduce good discourse, to prevent idle, or worse communication. She would drop a wise sentence, or moral or holy apothegm, with which she was richly furnished from her own making, or her collection, that suited with, or was not very remote from, what was talked of, and by commending, or improving, that she would turn the conversation into a useful channel without offense, and even with pleasure. She indeed kept a book of such weighty sayings; much valuing sentences which contained much use and worth in a little compass. The following were a few out of the many.

The almost Christian is the unhappiest of men; having religion enough to make the world hate him, and yet not enough to make God love him.

The servants of God should be as bold for their master, as the servants of the devil are for theirs.

O Lord, what I give thee doth not please thee, unless I give thee myself. So what thou givest me shall not satisfy me, unless thou give me thyself.

O Lord, who givest grace to the humble, give me grace to be humble.

He loves God too little, who loves any thing with him, which he loves not for him.

So speak to God as though men heard thee; so speak to men, as knowing God hears thee.

We should meditate on Christ's cross till we are fastened as close to him as he was to the cross.

By how much the more vile Christ made himself for us, by so much the more precious should he be to us.

He who takes up Christ's cross aright, shall find it such a burden as wings to a bird, or sails to a ship.

It is a great honor to be almoner to the King of heaven. To give is the greatest luxury. How indulgent then is God to annex future rewards to what is so much its own recompense!

To be libelled for Christ is the best panegyric.

Where affliction is heavy, sin is light.

Sin brought death into the world, and nothing but death will carry sin out of it.

The best shield against slanderers is to live so that none may believe them.

He who revenges an injury, acts the part of an executioner; he who pardons it, acts the part of a prince.

Why are we so fond of life that begins with a cry, and ends with a groan?

Where this excellent lady had particular kindness, or personal interest, she would improve the authority of her friendship in free discourses and arguments, and plead the cause of God and their own souls, with such eloquence, that it was hard to resist the spirit with which she spake. "Let me," says the minister who writes her life, and was many years well acquainted with her, "echo from her lips, though alas! too faintly, how she would, with melting charms and powerful strains, make her attempts upon the friends for whom she had a kindness, and whom she longed to rescue from ruin.

"Come, come, my friend, you must be good; you shall be good. I cannot be so unkind, nay, so unfaithful to the laws of friendship, as to let you persist and perish in a way which you know as well as I, leads down to hell. It grieves my very soul to have so good a nature insnared against the dictates of its own light by bad example, custom, or any thing else." If they replied with excuses, she would stop them thus: "Pray, my friend, have patience; hear me out. I know, or guess at least, what you would say, and I would not have you say it. It is bad to commit sin, but it is worse to plead for it, and defend it. None sin so dangerously as those who sin with excuses. The devil then plants a new snare, when he gets into our tongues, to fasten us to our failings, or when he raises an outwork in our own mouths, to secure the fort he possesses in our hearts. I take it for granted, that all other holds were quitted easily, could you conquer such or such a vice, too much by custom prevailing over you. Unhappy custom that dares prescribe against God's law! But, friend, use no arguments that will not hold at the day of judgment; though hand join in hand, you know what follows. No example, custom, number, should have power over us which cannot excuse and secure us. But this is the mischief of sin lived in; it bewitches the heart to love it so, that it cannot leave it. CANNOT! So men love to speak, but it is because they *will not*; that is, will use no endeavors to be rid of it. But, my friend, you must leave it; there is no remedy, though it cost you trouble, smart, and self-denial. There is as much as all this comes to, in cutting off a right hand, and plucking out a right eye. I speak to you as to one in whom I have a party to help me plead, I mean your conscience, and the belief of the Scriptures; for, if you were one of those on whom you know I use to set my mark, I would not give you this trouble, nor esteem myself under more than the laws of general charity to wish you better, and should hardly venture my little skill to make you so. But as for you, who still own God's authority, and believe his word, and attend his worship; why should I despair of making one part of yourself agree with the other, your practice with your convictions, your conversation with your conscience? And not to terrify you with the thunder-claps of wrath and vengeance, and God's judging you know whom—Listen to the still voice. It is your peculiar eminency to be kind and grateful; and because there is a kind of magnetic virtue in these arguments which touches our temper, I shall attack you on that side, hoping the strongest excellency of your nature will prove the weakest defensative for sin, and to keep out God. You therefore who are so good-natured, so kind, so grateful, that you never think you have acquitted yourself sufficiently to those who have been civil, or, as you are pleased to call it, obliging, Oh! how can you be so unkind and so ungrateful to God Almighty, the kindest friend, who is so much beforehand with you, who hath given you so much good, and is so ready to forgive you all your sins? O that you, who, I dare say, would take my word for any thing else, would do me the honor to take my word for him, who, I assure you, upon your sincere repentance, will be fully reconciled to you in Christ, and never so much as upbraid your past neglects, but heal your backslidings, and love you freely. And do not fear you shall have cause to repent of your repentance. No man was ever yet a loser by God, and you shall not be the first. You shall not lose your pleasures, but exchange them; defiling ones, for them which are pure and ravishing. And let it not seem strange, or incredible to you, that there should be such things as the pleasures of religion, because, perhaps, you never felt them. Alas! you have deprived yourself unhappily, by being incapable of them. New wine must be put into new bottles. To say nothing of what the Scriptures speak of a day in God's courts being better than a thousand, and of joys unspeakable, and full of glory, of the great peace they have who keep God's law, and that nothing shall offend them, and that wisdom's ways are pleasantness, let my weakness reason out the case with you. Do you think that God's angels, who excel in all perfection, have no delight because they have no flesh, no sense, no bodies, as men and beasts? Or have our souls, the angels in these houses of clay, which are God's images, and the price of his blood, no objects, no employments, which may yield them delight and satisfaction? Think not so unworthily of God, or so meanly of yourself. Have not the strokes of your own fancy, or the intellectual pleasures of your mind, sometimes transported you beyond all the charms of your senses, when they have chimed all in tune together? And cannot God, think you, who is a spirit, and so fit an object for our souls, give them as great pleasures as any object of our taste and sight? Come, come, my friend, take my word for it, there is more pleasure in the peace of a good conscience, in the well-grounded hope that our sins are pardoned, in serving God, and in the expectation of eternal life, than in all the pleasures in the world. Alas! I was once of your mind; but I assure you, upon my word, I have really found more satisfaction in serving God, than ever I found in all the good things of this life, of which, you know, I have had my share. Try therefore; dare to be good, resolve to be so thoroughly. If you do not find it much better than I have told you, never take my word, or trust me more."

Thus, and much more powerfully, would our lady's zeal for their good, cause her to argue with her friends, that she might by holy violence attract and allure them to be good and happy.

She took great care of the souls of her servants; and if she had any ambition in her, it was to be the mistress of a religious family. This appeared, among others, in the following particulars: in exacting their attendance on the public worship of God, and reverent behavior there: in personal instruction, and familiar persuasion of them: in preparing them for, and exhorting them to the frequent participation of the Lord's Supper: in dispersing good books in all the common rooms and places of attendance, that they who were in waiting might not lose their time, but well employ it: and in making religion in her servants the step to their preferment; for she used to make the hundred and first psalm the rule of her economics; and though she treated all her servants as friends, yet they were her favorites which most remarkably feared the Lord.

The good countess had learned St. Paul's lesson to perfection, "to speak evil of no man." Where she could not speak in commendation, the worst injury she would do was to be silent, unless it was to some single friend, of whose taciturnity she was secured by experience. Nor would she invidiously diminish the just praises of any who deserved them, but would study to extenuate their other failings by presenting the bright sides of their characters to conceal their dark ones.

As a wife, it may be truly said, that the heart of her husband safely trusted in her; and that she did him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. Never was woman more truly a crown or ornament to a man. She always lived with the sense of the covenant of God which was between them, upon her heart. She was an equal mixture of affectionate obedience and obedient affection. She covered and concealed his infirmities, deeply sympathized in his long indispositions, attended and relieved him with the greatest tenderness, and above all loved his soul, and would both counsel him with a prudent zeal, and pray for him with the strongest ardor and fervency. And he was not wanting in her just praises. He hath with vehement protestations declared, "he had rather have her with five thousand pounds, though she brought him much more, than any woman living with twenty." When the torrents of his sorrow were highest for the death of his only son, he made it the deepest accent of his grief, "that it would kill his wife," which, he said, "was more to him than an hundred sons." But actions speak louder than words: he gave her his whole estate, as an honorable testimony of his grateful esteem of her merits towards him, and left her sole executrix. Which trust, though it cost her almost unspeakable labor and difficulties, she discharged with such indefatigable pains, such conscientious exactness, and amazing prudence, that as she failed not of one tittle of his will till all was executed, so she never gave or left occasion for the least complaining from any interested person, but rendered all more than silent, satisfied, more than satisfied, applauding and admiring her prudent and honorable management of that great affair: an event which she owned to God with much thankfulness, as no small mercy and blessing to her. As for that noble estate which was to descend to others after her, she would not have wronged it in the least, to have gained the disposal of the whole; and therefore was at vast expenses in repairs, both of the mansion and the farms, though she herself had them only for a term. It may be also truly said concerning her, that though none were more ready to recede from their own right terminating in personal interests, yet that she was very strict and tenacious in whatever might concern her successors, usually saying, "that, whatever she lost herself, she would never give occasion for them who came after her, to say that she had hurt their estates, or wronged her trust, or them."

She was an incomparable mother, as appeared in the education of her son, the hopeful young Lord Rich*, who went to the grave before her, and afterwards of three young ladies her nieces, to whom she was in kindness an own mother, though she was only an aunt in-law. As they were left with less plentiful portions, she would, even during her son's life, never leave pressing her lord to make noble provisions for them, suitable to their birth and qualities.

She was a most tender and indulgent landlady, and would usually say of her tenants, "Alas! poor creatures, they take a great deal of pains; and I love to see them thrive and live comfortably, and I cannot bear to see them brought into straits, and would therefore, without grudging or difficulty, have all things made convenient for them." And if they had sustained any considerable losses, she would effectually consider them. As for her copyhold tenants, she would urge with warmth the timely finishing the rolls of her courts, and the delivery of their copies, declaring, "that she could not in conscience suffer these things to be neglected, because it was all they had to shew for their estates." A piece of justice this, not more honorable than necessary in lords and ladies of manors.

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* Her historian tells us that she was never the mother of more than two children; a daughter, who died young, and this promising young gentleman, whom he here mentions with honor.

As a neighbor she was so kind and courteous, that it advanced the rent of adjacent houses to be in such a near situation to her. Not only her house and table, but her very countenance and heart, were open to all persons of quality for a considerable circuit; and for the inferior sort, if they were sick, or tempted, or in any distress of body or mind, to whom should they apply but to the good countess for assistance and relief? She supplied them with surgical assistance and physic; and herself, (for she would personally visit the meanest among them,) and the ministers whom she would send to them, were their spiritual physicians.

As her soul was filled with the love of God, so she expressed her love to men in the most exuberant munificence to all who stood in need of it. In her charity she was forward to her power, yea, and beyond her power; for she would even anticipate her revenue and incomes, rather than restrain or suspend her liberality. She would not live poor in good works, to die rich as to this world's goods. She made her own hands her executors, and they were very faithful to her enlarged heart.

When she had, in her lord's life-time, a separate allowance settled by marriage articles, she consulted with a minister, with whom she was well acquainted, what proportion persons are obliged to consecrate to God of their substance. The minister told her, "that it was hard, if not impossible, to fix a rule which should hold universally, and that the circumstances in which persons stood, their qualities, their incomes, their dependencies, must be considered, necessary and emergent occasions inevitably occurring." On her insisting on a more particular answer as to herself, what would be fit and becoming her to do, the minister, who was no stranger to her circumstances, suggested, "that a seventh part, he supposed, would be a fit proportion of her substance for charitable uses." Before he could assign his reasons, she replied, "that she would never give less than the third part." Accordingly she kept her resolution to the full, and with advantage, laying aside constantly that proportion for charity, and even sometimes borrowing from the other proportions to add to it, but never making free with that to serve her own occasions, though sometimes pressing enough.

When she came to the possession of the very large estate her lord bequeathed her for her life, she in good measure realized what a great person was reported to say, "that the Earl of Warwick had given all his estate to pious uses," intending, that by giving it to his countess it would be converted to these purposes. All the satisfaction, as she declared, that she took in such large possessions being put into her hands, was the opportunity they afforded her of doing good; and she averred that she should not accept of, or be encumbered with the greatest estate in England, if it should be offered her, if it was clogged with this condition, that she was not to do good to others with it.

Such was the amiable and exemplary life of the Countess of Warwick. It remains that some account should be given of her death.

What presages she had of its near approach she never discovered, but her preparations for it had been for a long time habitual. Death was one of the most constant subjects of her thoughts; and she used to call her walking to meditate upon it, her going to take a turn with death, so that it could never surprise or take her unprepared, who was always ready for it.

Yet there are some particulars worthy of our remark, of the watchful kindness of Providence over the people of God, alarming them to trim their lamps, as the wise virgins did, against the coming of the bridegroom, and allowing them fit opportunities to do it, as Providence signally did to this good lady.

The following transcript from her diary contains an account of the last Lord's day of her health, being written but the very day before she was taken ill; whence it should seem that the thoughts of her dissolution were impressed upon her soul in a remarkable manner, though at that time there were no visible symptoms of it upon her body.

"*March* 24, 1678.—As soon as I awoke I blessed God. I then meditated and endeavored, by thinking of some of the great mercies of my life, to stir up my heart to give glory to God. These thoughts had this effect upon me, to melt my heart much by the love of God, and to warm it with love to him.

"Next I prayed, and was enabled in that duty to pour out my soul to God. My heart was in it, and was carried out to praise God, and I was large in recounting many of his special mercies to me. While I was thus employed, I found my heart in a much more than ordinary manner excited to admire God for his goodness, and to love him. I found his love make deep impressions on me, and melting me into an unusual plenty of tears.

"Those mercies, for which I was in an especial manner thankful, were the creation and redemption of the world, and for the gospel, and the sacraments, and for free grace, and the covenant of grace, and for the excellent means of it I had enjoyed, and for the great patience God has exercised towards me before and since my conversion, and for checks of conscience when I had sinned, and for repentance when I had done so, and for sanctified affliction, and support under it, and for so large a portion of worldly blessings.

"After I had begged a blessing upon the public ordinances, I went to hear Mr. Woodrooff. His text was, 'Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear.'"—After a summary account of the sermon, she goes on, "In the afternoon I heard again the same person on the same text." This sermon she also concisely and methodically recapitulates, and then proceeds: "I was in a serious frame at both the sermons, and was by them convinced of the excellency of fearing God, and of employing the remainder of the term of my life in his service, and I resolved to endeavor to spend the residue of my time better. At both the minister's prayers I prayed with fervency. Afterwards I retired, and meditated upon the sermons, and prayed them over. I had also this evening large meditations of death and of eternity, which thoughts had this effect upon me, to beget in me an extraordinary awakened frame, in which the things of another life were much realized to me, and made very deep impressions upon me, and my soul followed hard after God for grace to serve him better than ever yet I had done.

"O Lord, be pleased to hear my prayers, which came not out of feigned lips, and to hear the voice of my weeping for more holiness, and for being more weaned from the world, and all in it! After supper I committed myself to God."

Our excellent lady was far from being among their number, whose consciences are such bad and unquiet company that they hate solitude, and dare not be alone, for she loved retirement, and found in it her greatest satisfaction; though, when she was called from it, she would deny her particular inclination to comply with a duty of pressing necessity, or of larger extent. Thus she cheerfully sustained the hurry of business, which was inevitable, in discharging herself of the trust reposed in her by her lord's last will.

But never did bird more joyfully clap its wings when disentangled from a net, or delivered from the prison of its cage, than she solaced herself upon her withdrawment from the bustle and crowd of earthly concerns. And when her dearest sister was, in the beginning of the winter before she died, about to leave her, she took her farewell of her in these words: "Now I have done my drudgery, (intending her attention to worldly affairs,) I will set to the renewing my preparations for eternity;" and accordingly she made it the repeated business of the following winter.

In the beginning of March, 1678, she set to the making of her will anew, and signed and sealed it on the twelfth day of the same month, and on the Tuesday, March 26, was taken with some indisposition, loss of appetite, and aguish distemper, and had four or five fits, which yet, in that season, were judged, both by her physicians and friends, more beneficial to her health, than threatening to her life. She continued afterwards free from her fits till Friday the 12th of April; on which day she rose in tolerable strength, and after sitting up some time, being laid upon her bed, she discoursed cheerfully and piously. One of the last sentences she spoke, having turned back the curtain with her hand, being this most friendly and divine one, "Well, ladies, if I were one hour in heaven, I would not be again with you, as much as I love you."

Having then received a kind visit from a neighboring lady, at her departure she rose from her bed to her chair, in which being set, she said she would go into her bed, but first would desire one of the ministers then in the house to pray with her; and asking the company which they would have, presently resolved herself to have him who was going away, because the other would stay and pray with her daily. He was immediately sent to, and came. Her ladyship, sitting in her chair on account of her weakness, for otherwise she always kneeled, and holding an orange in her hand to which she smelt, almost in the beginning of the prayer was heard to fetch a sigh, or groan, which was esteemed devotional; but a gentlewoman who kneeled by her looking up, saw her look pale, and her hand hang down; at which she started up affrighted, and all applied themselves to assist her ladyship, the minister catching hold of her right hand, which had then lost its pulse, nor ever recovered it more.

Thus died, in the fifty-fourth year of her age, this right honorable lady, this most eminent pattern of zeal for the glory of God, and charity for the good of men: she died in the actual exercise of prayer, according to her own desire, for there were many that could witness that they had often heard her say, "that if she might choose the manner and circumstances of her death, she would die praying."

We shall annex to the Memoirs of this worthy lady, specimens of her own numerous compositions. Among her meditations on various subjects we find the following.

Meditation, on considering the different manner of the working of a Bee and a Spider.

While I am attending to this despicable spider, which, despicable as it is, yet has some of its kind that have the honor to inhabit the courts of the most glorious potentates, for the inspired volumes tell us, that they are in kings' palaces*, I am led to consider that the work he is so busily employed in, while he spins his web, entirely out of his own bowels, without having any help from any thing without him, is when it is finished good for nothing, but is soon brushed down and flung away; while the industrious Bee, who is busily employed in making his useful combs, daily flies abroad to enable him to do so, and, flying from one flower to another, gathers from each of them that which both renews his own strength, and yields sweetness to others.

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* Prov. xxx 28.

By the Spider's work I am minded of a formalist or proud professor, who works all from himself and his own strength, and never goes out of himself to get strength for his performances, or to work by, and therefore his thin-spun righteousness is good for nothing, and will be thrown away.

The Bee's going abroad is an emblem of the real Christian, who is renewed in the spirit of his mind, and, that he may be enabled to work the great work for which he came into the world, he goes out to an ordinance, and to Christ in a promise for strength by which to work, and thus obtains it, and this makes his work yield honey, and turn to advantage.

O Lord, I most humbly beseech thee let me not dare to work for myself, but let me go out daily to thee for ability, with which to work my great and indispensable work, that I may deny my own righteousness, and make mention of thine only, and find such sweetness from every ordinance and promise, that my soul may be like a garden which the Lord hath blessed, and may exceedingly thrive and prosper!

We shall now give one of her pious reflections on several passages of Scripture.

REFLECTION ON PSALM CXIX, 136.

Rivers of waters run down my eyes, because men keep not thy law.

Lord when I read in thy word of the man after thine own heart thus speaking, and yet consider that I am so far from imitating him, that I can many times suffer sin to be upon my brother, without so much as giving him a reproof for it, or advising him so much as to consider whom he offends by it; nay, that I am ready to smile at that which is a grief to thine Holy Spirit, I beseech thee, O Lord! to humble me under this consideration, and to make me, for time to come, to imitate holy David in my charity towards my offending brother, and with thy servant Lot, let my soul be vexed in hearing and seeing the filthy conversation of the wicked.* O let me be so charitable as to weep over the soul of my offending brother; and let me, as much as in me lies, deliver him out of the snare of sin, and by my prayers, and holy example, help him towards heaven!

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* 2 Pet. ii. 8.

LADY ELIZABETH BROOKE.

This lady was born at Wigsale in Sussex, January, 1601. Her father was Thomas Culpepper, of Wigsale, esquire, a branch of an ancient, genteel family of that name, which was afterwards in her brother advanced to the rank of the nobility. He was created a baron by King Charles the First, with the title of John Lord Culpepper, of Thoresway. Her mother was the daughter of Sir Stephen Slaney.

Thus she had the favor of an honorable extraction, and a noble alliance; and as her family conferred an honor upon her, so she reflected an additional glory upon her family by her great virtues, having been one of the most accomplished persons of the age, whether considered as a lady, or a Christian.

While she was in her infancy she lost her mother, and in her childhood her father, so that she came early under the more peculiar care and patronage of God, who is in an especial manner the Father of the fatherless.

Her first education was under her grandmother on the mother's side, the Lady Slaney.

She had rare endowments of nature, an excellent mind, lodged in a fine form, and under a beautiful aspect, the traces of which were discernible even in her old age. She had an extraordinary quickness of apprehension, a rich fancy, great solidity of judgment, and a retentive memory.

She was married very young, about nineteen, to Sir Robert Brooke, knt. descended from a younger brother of the ancient and noble family of the Brookes, formerly Lord Cobham. Sir Robert was a person of good estate, and of virtuous character. He lived with her six and twenty years, and died July 10, 1646. Their children were three sons, and four daughters.

Sir Robert Brooke and his lady continued the two first years of their marriage in London, as boarders in the house of the Lady Weld, her aunt. Thence they removed to Langly in Hertfordshire, a seat which Sir Robert purchased purposely for his lady's accommodation, that she might be near her friends in London. After some years' residence there, they came to Cockfield in Suffolk, his paternal seat, where she passed the residue of her life, excepting the two first years of her widowhood. In all these places she lived an eminent example of goodness, and left a good name behind her, and especially in the last, where she passed the most, and best of her time, and whence her soul was translated to heaven.

She had many accomplishments, which recommended her to all who had the happiness of knowing her. But the greatest glory that shone in her, was that of religion, in which she was not only sincere, but excelled.

To which general head the following particulars may be referred, as the distinct jewels in her crown of righteousness.

She devoted herself to God and religion very early in life, remembering her Creator in the days of her youth, and making haste, and delaying not to keep his commandments. And as she begun, so she continued with great steadiness, her walk with God through the course of a long life; so that she was not only an aged person, but, which is a great honor in the church of God, an old disciple.

As she thus early applied herself to religion in the power and strictness of it, so her good parts, industry, length of time, and the use of excellent books, and converse with learned men uniting together, rendered her one of the most intelligent persons of her sex, especially in divinity and the holy Scriptures, which made her wise unto salvation.

This knowledge of the sacred writings was not confined to the *practical*, but extended also to the *doctrinal* and *critical* part of the book of God, even to the difficulties concerning Scripture-chronology, and the solution of many of them.

She was able to discourse pertinently upon any of the great heads of theology. She could oppose an Atheist by arguments drawn from the topics in natural theology; and answer the objections of other erroneous minds by the weapons provided against them in the holy Scriptures.

Though she was not skilled in the learned languages, she had so great a knowledge in divinity that no scholar could repent the time spent in converse with her, for she could bear such a part in discourses of theology, whether *didactical*, *polemical*, *casuistical*, or *textual*, that some of her chaplains have professed that her conversation has been sometimes more profitable and pleasant than their own studies, and that they themselves learned, as well as taught.

This perhaps may seem incredible to those who were not acquainted with her; but something of the wonder will be abated, by shewing in what manner she attained her treasures of knowledge.

She was an indefatigable reader of books, especially of the Scriptures, and various commentators upon them, the very best our language afforded. She had turned over a multitude not only of practical treatises, but also of learned books; and, among many others, some of those of the ancient philosophers translated into English, gathering much light from those luminaries among the heathens, so that she could interpose with wisdom in a discourse purely *philosophical*.

She was also a most diligent inquirer, and made use of all learned men of her acquaintance, in order to increase her knowledge, by moving questions concerning the most material things, as cases of conscience, hard texts of Scripture, and the accomplishmant of the divine prophecies.

She generally also took notes out of the many books she read, that she might with the less labor recover the ideas without reading the books a second time.

She was very industrious to preserve what either instructed her mind, or affected her heart, in the sermons she had heard. To these she gave great attention, while they were preaching, and had them repeated in her family. After all this, she would discourse of them in the evening, and in the following week she had them repeated, and would discourse upon them to some of her family in her chamber. Besides all this, she wrote the substance of them, and digested many of them into questions and answers, or under heads of common places, and thus they became to her matter for repeated meditation. By these methods she was always enlarging her knowledge, or confirming what she had already known.

Having thus acquired a great treasure of knowledge, she improved it, through Divine assistance, which she was most ready to acknowledge, into a suitable practice, working out her salvation with fear and trembling, and being zealous of good works.

Her piety was exact, laying rules upon herself in all things; and it was also universal, having a respect to all God's commandments, equally regarding the two tables of the law; and it may be truly added, that it was also constant and affectionate. Her whole heart was given up to religion, and an holy zeal accompanied it, which zeal was guided by much wisdom and prudence; her prudence never degenerating into craft, there being nothing apparent in all her conversation contrary to sincerity.

Her piety also was serious, solid and substantial, without any tincture of enthusiasm, though at the same time she had a great regard to the Spirit of God, as speaking in the Scriptures, and by them guiding the understanding and operating upon the heart.

As her own practice was holy, so she endeavored that her family might walk in the same steps, providing for them the daily help of prayer morning and evening, with the reading of the Scriptures, and on the Lord's day the repetition of what was preached in the public congregation. And for their further benefit, she for many years together procured a grave divine to perform the office of a catechist in her house, who came constantly every fortnight, and expounded methodically the principles of religion, and examined the servants. This work was done by her chaplains till the service of God in her family, and the care of the parish, centered in one person. Thus, with Joshua, she resolved that she and her house would serve the Lord.

With her piety was joined much christian love, which was universal, and extended to all mankind, so that she never suffered herself to hate or despise, or overlook, unless in the way of censure for a crime, any persons in the world, abhorring only what was vicious and evil in them.

But this universal charity admitted a difference, so that, as the more Christian and holy any persons were, they had more of her regard. That image of God that shone out in a good conversation she could not overlook in any, though in some respects they might be less acceptable to her; as she valued grace above all the accomplishments of parts, breeding, and agreement in smaller things.

While all were dear to her in whom the fear of God appeared, she had a most peculiar regard for his ambassadors and ministers, the guides of souls, receiving them in their ministrations as angels of God, fearing the Lord, and obeying the voice of his servants, esteeming what they delivered in harmony with the holy Scriptures as his word and message.

She was very exact in matters of justice, and in rendering to all their dues. She could not endure to have any thing without a title in conscience as well as law; and was particularly tender in reference to tithes, giving away all she held by that title to him who took the care of the souls, and reserving only a little portion yearly for repairing the edifices.

Her almsgiving was very great, and drew the admiration of all who observed it, though they were acquainted with only some part of it. Every one who needed it received it in proportion to his necessities, and in the kind that was most suitable to his particular wants. She esteemed herself only as a steward of her estate, and therefore gave away a great portion of it to encourage the ministry, and relieve the indigent. She dispersed abroad, and gave to the poor, and her righteousness remains for ever. She most frequently cast her bread upon the waters, and gave a portion to seven, and to eight, and lent much to the Lord. All this she did cheerfully and willingly, and was so ready to do these good works, that, when there was any occasion that solicited her charity, it was never any question with her whether she should give, or not give, but only in what proportion she should communicate her bounty; and that she might fix the proportion she would many times most frankly refer herself to others, saying, "I will give whatever you think is meet and fit in this case," having in this respect a heart as large as the sand upon the sea-shore, and a most open and bountiful hand.

And as the poor were blessed with her charity in abundance, so her friends, who needed not that kind of benevolence, were witnesses of her great liberality and goodness, by which she adorned religion, and won over many to speak well concerning it.

Her generosity was such, that one would have imagined there was no room for her alms; and her charity was such, that it was matter of wonder that she could so nobly entertain her friends. But her provident frugality and good management, with the divine blessing, enabled her to perform both to admiration.

Her charity was not only extended for the relief of the wants of others' bodies, but she also most readily afforded counsel and comfort to such as applied to her for assistance in the greater concerns of their souls, though of meaner rank and condition in the world. To such she would address herself wisely, such she would hear with patience, and such she would treat with compassion, when under temptations and disquietude of soul. Upon one of her servants coming to her closet on this account, and beginning to open to her the grief of her mind, she required her for that time to forget that she was a servant, and having discoursed to her with great tenderness and prudence in reference to her temptations, she dismissed her relieved, and much revived. Very many others she received with the greatest freedom, ministering spiritual comfort to them.

That part of religion which is particularly styled *devotion*, was the solace of her life, and the delight of her soul. A considerable portion of her time was every day employed in prayer, in searching the Scriptures, and in holy meditations. These exercises were her proper element, and in them she would often profess she found her greatest consolation. In these she conversed with God, and was then least alone when most alone, for she did not merely perform these duties, nor generally engage in them as a task, but she observed the frame of her spirit in them, and commanded the affections of her soul to wait upon God, not being satisfied without some emotions of mind suitable to those holy exercises, as she hath often professed, and as might be gathered from her complaining sometimes of her infirmities, and of the difficulty of praying aright, and of preserving through the duty a due sense of God.

The Christian Sabbath was her delight, and a day in God's courts was better to her than a thousand elsewhere, and her enjoyment of God in the public ordinances and services of that day was to her as a little heaven upon earth. The impressions she received by an attendance on these holy institutions were such as that she longed in the week for the return of the Sabbath, and great was her affliction when her hearing was so impaired, that she could not attend the public worship of God, though few were better furnished to supply the want by private exercises and closet devotions.

What challenges our admiration is, that this lady, in the midst of all these attainments, virtues, and graces, was deeply humble, and clothed with the ornament of a lowly spirit. While many were filled with wonder at the example she exhibited to the world, she herself apprehended that others excelled her in grace, and godliness, and continually reckoned herself among the least of saints; and the writer of her life* declares, "that notwithstanding her quality in the world, her exquisite knowledge, eminent grace, and the high value her friends had justly of her, he could never perceive, in the whole course of eighteen years' converse, the least indication of vain-glory, or self-admiration in her."

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* The Rev. Nathaniel Parkhurst, M. A., vicar of Yoxford, and chaplain to her ladyship.

Her humility appeared to be of an excellent kind, the fruit of great knowledge, proceeding also from a deep sense of the fall, the corruption of human nature, the imperfection of mortification in the present life, and the remains of sin in the souls of them who are sanctified. It was also nourished by a great sight of God, and acquaintance with him, by frequent self-examination, by an observation how sin mingles itself in our best actions and most holy duties, and a diligent trial of herself and her conversation with the exact rules of the Scriptures.

This grace of Christian *humility* was the more illustrious in her by the accession of the virtue of *courtesy*, which she possessed in a high degree, entertaining all persons with civilities proper to their several qualities; so that she obliged all, at the same time being ever careful that nothing in conversation might border upon those freedoms which dishonor God and blemish the Christian profession; in this manner adorning the gospel, and evincing that religion, though it requires great strictness, yet does not involve in it either melancholy or moroseness. And, which is a much greater thing than to be courteous in the highest degree, as a real disciple of Christ she had learned to deny herself, and could abridge her own right, that she might thereby promote the glory of God, do good to others, avoid offense, and maintain love and peace in the church and the world.

And which may be properly subjoined to her self-denial, as a grace equal to it, she industriously avoided *censoriousness*, and endeavored to put the best interpretation of both words and actions, not lightly speaking evil of any, nor readily receiving an evil report. Above all things she abhorred *censoriousness* in reference to preachers and sermons, of which she was a most candid and equal hearer, sufficiently judicious and critical, but not in the least captious. If but truth were spoken, and piety enforced in any ordinary method, she was satisfied so as not to find fault. But the discourses she preferred were either discourses peculiarly rational, or such as particularly illustrated the sense of Scripture, or unfolded the excellency of the gospel, or such as displayed Christ in his person, undertaking, and offices, or such as discovered the difference between the *real* and *almost* Christian, and such as most nearly approached the conscience, and urged the exactest conversation, and the government of the heart, thoughts, and inward affections.

In all her relations she behaved herself as a Christian. She was a faithful, dutiful, affectionate, and prudent wife. She was a watchful mother, restraining her children from evil, and bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, most constantly endeavoring to instil into their minds the principles of justice, holiness, and charity. To them who became her children by marrying into her family, she was most kind, and treated them as her own. To her servants and tenants she was just and good; and to her neighbors she was, in one word, all that they could desire.

To her particular friends she was endeared by her prudence, fidelity, and almost excesses of love, and the improvement of friendship to serve the great puposes of religion, the honoring of God, and the benefiting one another.

Many more things might be added to this account of her attainments, graces, and virtues; but all may be summed up in this short character.

She had the knowledge of a divine, the faith, holiness, and zeal of a Christian, the wisdom of the serpent, and the innocency of the dove. She had godliness in its power, and spread a glory over her profession. She was serious, but not melancholy, and cheerful without any tincture of levity. She was very holy and humble, and thankful to God for all his mercies, having a deep sense of her need of Christ the Mediator, depending entirely upon his merits and satisfaction, and renouncing all her works in the article of justification.

By these excellences she attained a *good*, and, which she never sought, a *great* name.

A person of quality and great learning, who loved to speak much in a few words, having observed her gravity, holiness, prudence, and freedom from all that was little, humorsome, or morose, declared, "that she was a woman of a generous piety."

Another drew up her character in Latin, in these words: "Ingenio mascula, mente theologa, ore gravis, corde sancta, cultu intensa, caritate laeta, crucis patiens, tota moribus generosa; marito SARA, liberis EUNICE, nepotibus LOIS, ministris LYDIA, hospitibus MARTHA, pauperibus DORCAS, Deo ANNA.'

IN ENGLISH.

She had a mind great by nature,
And enriched with the knowledge of a divine.
She was venerable in her aspect,
Pure in heart,
Intense in her devotions,
Cheerful in her charity,
Patient in tribulation,
And in the whole of her behavior a complete
Gentlewoman.

In her concentered the various excellences of the several eminent women on sacred record.

She was a SARAH to her husband,
An EUNICE to her children,
A LOIS to her grandchildren,

A LYDIA to Ministers,
A MARTHA to her guests,
A DORCAS to the poor,
And an ANNA to her God.

As the qualifications of this lady were great and eminent, so were the providences of God towards her, for she had great prosperities and interchangeably great afflictions. The first she received with humility, the last with patience.

To her prosperities may be referred the great kindness of her husband, with a numerous family, and a very plentiful estate during his life, and a competent revenue afterwards in her widowhood; a fine temperament of body, so that she was seldom sick though never strong; the continuance of her powers, the vigor of her intellect, and the firmness of her judgment, even in the last years of her life; the respects and civilities she received from the gentry in her neighborhood; the blessing of long life; the conclusion of some unkind lawsuits, which as she did not begin, so she could not prevent; and the seeing every remaining branch of her family amply provided for, and in a very comfortable condition, before her decease. And, which was more than all these, as the best of her prosperities, she enjoyed much inward peace; which, though it had sometimes the interruptions of doubts and fears, was generally firm and steady, and was sometimes advanced into joys and strong consolation.

Her afflictions were chiefly widowhood, and the loss of children. The sharpest of all her trials was the untimely death of her last son, with the aggravating circumstance of it, that of his being drowned. This great affliction came upon her like an inundation of waters, threatening all the banks of reason and grace; but the presence and power of God supported her so, that she not only lived many years after the death of her son, but recovered in a great measure her former cheerfulness. Her behavior under this sad providence was truly Christian. She did not murmur, though at first she was astonished, and afterwards much depressed by it. Her danger was that of fainting under the correcting hand of God; but she was upheld by him who is able to succor them that are tempted. She often expressed herself in words importing that she justified God, and acknowledged his righteousness in the dispensation. She feared lest some might be scandalized, and reflect upon religion, and decline it, because of her deep affliction, and she most earnestly desired that God would take care of his own name and glory. Afterwards her spirit revived, and she was comforted as before, and rejoiced in the God of her salvation.

The close of her life was a long languishing of several months, which gradually confined her, first to her chamber, then to her couch, and last of all to her bed, accompanied sometimes with great pains, in the endurance of which patience had its perfect work. During this sickness her mind was calm. Her conscience witnessed to her integrity, and she had a good hope in God that he would crown his grace in her with perseverance, and then with glory. She was very apprehensive of her need of Christ, adhered to him, rejoiced in him, and desired to be with him. She expired almost insensibly, and had an easy passage to that happiness, which is the reward of faith and holiness, and the free gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

She left behind her, besides a great number of other writings, a book containing Observations, Experiences, and Rules for Practice, which, being a most lively image of her mind, may supply the defects of the narrative that has been given of her, and extracts from which we have thought proper to subjoin, in hopes that they may be of no little benefit to all pious readers.

OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES, BY THE LADY ELIZABETH BROOKE.

I. *The Vanity of the World.*

All my comforts below are dying comforts. No one creature, nor all the creatures that ever I enjoyed, have given my soul satisfaction.

II. *Good Actions will bear Consideration, but Evil Actions will not.*

Every act of piety and obedience will bear consideration, but so will not any sinful action. If we consider before we attempt any sinful action, either we shall not commit it, or we shall do it with regret, and a conscience half set on fire. But if we consider before any holy action or duty, our revolving thoughts will much animate us to the service. Wherefore I hence conclude, that *sin shames*, and that *religion justifies* itself.

III. *The Worship of God is made pleasant by a Sense of his Presence in it.*

God's presence was formerly manifested by visible signs, as the cloud, fire, and brightness; but though we cannot expect these, yet we have the same especial presence of God with us; and whenever by faith we attain any lively apprehensions of it, how solemn, profitable, and delightful do they make the worship of God! With what joy do they bring us to the public assemblies! and how unwilling are we to be kept from them, when we have this expectation from them! And finding our expectation in this respect answered, how devoutly do we behave ourselves in them! And how joyfully do we return home, as they who have seen God, and conversed with him!

IV. *It is our Interest to be religious.*

It is a most experienced truth, that we shall never be well reconciled to religion, and steady in piety, till we see it is our interest to be religious.

V. *It is difficult to Pray without some wandering Thoughts in Prayer.*

It is very difficult to carry sincerity, and keep up a sense of God through every part of prayer, which is necessary to be endeavored, and is the life of the duty. I find it hard to keep my soul intent, for my thoughts are slippery and swift, and my heart is snatched away sometimes against my will, and before I am aware, yea, even then sometimes when I have made the greatest preparation, and have had the greatest resolutions through grace to avoid wandering thoughts. My best prayers therefore need Christ's incense to perfume them.

VI. *A deep Sense of God in Prayer is desirable and ravishing.*

Could I understand my near approach to God in prayer it would exalt my soul above measure. And why am I not ravished with the thoughts of being in the presence of God, and having the ear, yea, the heart of the King of heaven? It is nothing but want of faith, and the strange power of sense, that weaken my spiritual apprehensions, and keep me from an unspeakable delight in my addresses to God. What an high privilege is this to speak to the great Jehovah, as a child to a father, or a friend to a friend! But how slow of heart am I to conceive the glory and happiness thereof! Could I but manage this great duty as I ought, it would be an heaven upon earth, it would bring God down to me, or carry me up to him. Why should I not be carried above the world, when I am so near to God? Why should I not be changed into the same image from glory to glory? Why am I not even transported beyond myself?

VII. *We ought to be constant in Prayer.*

Inconstancy in prayer is not only sinful, but dangerous. Omission breeds dislike, strengthens corruption, discourages the spirit, and animates the unregenerate part. Constancy in this duty breeds an holy confidence towards God. Inconstancy breeds strangeness. Upon an omission I must never approach God again, or my next prayer must be an exercise of repentance for my last omission.

VIII. *Sincere Prayers are never offered in vain.*

Formality is apt to grow upon our secret prayers. One of the best ways to prevent it, is to come to God with an expectation. This sets an edge upon our spirits. I do not enough observe the returns of prayer, though God hath said, I shall never seek him in vain. But when I observe, I must acknowledge I have daily answers of my prayers in some kind or other. Nay, I think I may say I never offered a fervent prayer to God, but I received something from him, at least as to the frame of my own spirit.

IX. *Prayer promotes Piety, and Godliness, and Acquaintance with God.*

It is the Christian's duty in every thing to pray, and holiness lies at the bottom of this duty. If I in every thing commit myself to

God, I shall be sure to keep his ways, or my prayer will upbraid me. This keeps me from tempting him, and makes me careful to find a clear call in all I undertake, knowing that if I go only where I am sent, the angel of his presence will go before me, and my way will be cleared of all temptations and mischiefs. When our call is clear, our way is safe. Besides, the practice of this leads me into much acquaintance with God. My very praying is an acquainting myself with him; and if in every thing I pray, I shall in every thing give thanks, and this still brings me into more acquaintance with him. By this means my life will be filled up with a going to and a returning from God.

X. *The real Christian loves Solitude.*

Solitude is no burthen to a real Christian. He is least alone when alone. His solitude is as busy and laborious as any part of his life. It is impossible to be religious indeed, and not in some measure to love solitude, for all duties of religion cannot be performed in public. It is also a thing as noble as it is necessary, to love to converse with our own thoughts. The *vain* mind does not more naturally love company, than the *divine* mind doth frequent retirement. Such persons have work to do, and meat to eat, the world knows not of. Their pleasures are secret, and their chief delight is between God and themselves. The most pleasant part of their lives is not *in* but *out* of the world.

XI. *Religion gives us a real Enjoyment of God.*

The true Christian lives above himself, not only in a way of self-denial, but in the very enjoyment of God. His fellowship is with the Father and with the Son. He every where, and in every thing, seeks out God. In ordinances, duties, and providences, whether prosperous or adverse, nothing pleases unless God be found in them, or admitted into them. That is to him an ordinance indeed, in which he meets with God. That is a merciful providence indeed, in which there appears much of the finger of God. God is nearer to the true Christian than he is to others; for there is an inward feeling, an intellectual touch, which carnal men have not. And herein lies the very soul of religion, and the quintessence of it, that it unites us in a nearness to God, and gives us already to enjoy him.

XII. *The Expectation of Death is profitable to a Christian.*

The serious expectation of death, not forgetting judgment, frees us from the afflicting, discomposing apprehensions of it. It is of great service to the Christian, it takes off the soul from carnal pleasures, covetous desires, and ambitious pursuits, and assists patience and contentment. It helps the Christian to redeem his time, prompts him to settle the affairs of his soul, to put his heart and house in order, and to leave nothing to be done to-morrow that may be done to-day.

It excites to frequent examination, quickens repentance, and suffers him not to continue in sin. It assists fervency in prayer, as it drives away worldly cares, and helps against distractions; for death is a solemn thing, and the thoughts of it breed a passion in the mind, and all soft passions cherish devotion. The expectation of death sweetens all labor, work, and duty, because of the everlasting rest to which death leads us.

It moves us to pray for others, to counsel them, and do what we can for them. Thus death in the expectation of it is a blessing if we look for it as certain, and yet uncertain when it shall come, as followed with judgment, and as putting a full end to our state of trial. Thus *death is ours.*

HER RULES FOR PRACTICE.

I. Let love and charity be universal; for no pretence whatever, no, not religion and zeal for God, can justify your not loving any person in the world. Treat all men with kindness, and wish them well. Do them good according to their necessity, and your power and opportunity. If persons be above you, express your love to them, by paying them the honor and observance their place and authority call for. If they are in worldly respects beneath you, manifest your love by kindness, affability, and granting them an easy access to you. If they excel in natural or acquired endowments of mind, express your love to them by a due esteem of them. If they be rather wanting than excelling, shew your love by pitying them, and despise not their weakness. If any be in misery, compassionate them, pray for them, comfort them with your presence if you can reach them, and relieve them according to your power. If any be defamed, shew your love by stopping and rebuking the defamation.

II. Be very careful not to harbor any evil affection in your heart against any person whatever, for though you are far from intending any actual mischief yet you tempt God to let loose your corruption, and his providence to permit an opportunity; and so, ere you are aware, you may be drawn to an act you never before thought of. Besides, by an evil action harbored in your mind you will prevent the blessed illapses of the Spirit of God, and open a wide door for the entrance of the devil into your soul; and indeed an unkind disposition towards any man is so much akin to Satan that if you admit the one, you cannot exclude the other.

III. Despise none, for love never rides in triumph over inferiors.

IV. Look upon all unavoidable temptations as opportunities for an high exercise of grace. Are you injured? be sorry for him who has done the wrong, and bless God for the opportunity of shewing yourself hereby to be a Christian, by patient bearing, forgiving, doing good against evil, treating your adversary with meekness, and breaking his heart with love. Every provocation is *a price in your hand;* get an heart to improve it.

V. Put a due value upon your name and reputation, but be not over solicitious about it, for that discovers some unmortified lust at the bottom.

VI. Pursue piety under the notion of an imitation of God, and then so great a pleasure will result from it, that neither men nor devils shall be able to make you question his being and attributes. This notion will raise an esteem of piety, will render it lovely, will make the several duties of religion more free and easy, and will gradually wear out the remains of unbelief, and unkind jealousies of God.

VII. Let humility be the constant covering of your soul, and let repentance follow all your performances. This will demonstrate your religion is inward, for if religion be suffered to enter deep into the heart, it will always find work for repentance, while we are in the state of imperfection.

VIII. Love nothing above God and Christ, for to love any thing more than God or Christ is the way either never to enjoy it, or to be soon deprived of it, or else to find yourself deceived in it.

IX. Do nothing upon which you dare not ask God's blessing.

X. Esteem time as your most precious talent, which when you bestow it upon any, you give them more than you can understand. All the power of men and angels cannot restore it to you again.

XI. Never speak of religion for the sake of discourse and entertainment, but for the purpose of piety.

XII. Upon the Lord's day consider in private the love of God in the several instances of it to yourself and the world, in Creation and Redemption, the promises of eternal life, the care of his providences and his mercies to you, your friends and family; and stay upon these considerations, till your heart be lifted up in his praise, and you can say with David, "Now will I go to God, my exceeding joy." Consider also your miscarriages in the week past, and industriously endeavor to prevent them in the week to come.

LADY ALICE LUCY.

THIS lady was honorably descended, though the particulars of her pedigree are not related in the Memoirs we have met with concerning her.

She entered early in life into the marriage state, though not sooner than she was qualified for it. To her husband, Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcot, in Warwickshire, she was reverently amiable; and from him, for all the virtues which an husband can wish for in a wife, she received as much honor as she could expect, or desire.

After this honorable pair had lived together in this near relation for thirty years with much endearment and delight, it pleased God to dissolve the tie, by taking away her support and honor, far dearer to her than her very life. But it pleased God also to shew himself very gracious to her, by upholding her, comforting her, and enabling her prudently to manage her great estate, and to order her numerous family with admirable wisdom, especially if we consider that her bodily infirmities for the most part confined her to her chamber, and seldom permitted her to stir abroad.

She continually carried about her the burden of a weak body, but she bore it with an exemplary patience, and improved it to her spiritual advantage. It was her great affliction that she could not visit the house of God, and attend upon the public ordinances, where God hath promised his presence, and where we may expect his blessing. But because she could not go from her own habitation to the house of God she made a church of her own house, where for several years she every Lord's-day in the evening, unless she were prevented by extraordinary weakness, heard the preaching of the word, strictly requiring the presence of all her family, and shewing herself an example of great reverence, and singular attention.

Her first employment every day was her humble addresses to Almighty God in secret. Her next was to read some portion out of the divine word, and of other good and profitable books; and indeed she had a library well stored with most of our excellent English authors. No sooner did she hear of the publication of any pious, book, but she endeavored to make it her own, and to make herself the better by it.

She spent much time in reading, and was able to give a good account of what she read; for she had an excellent understanding, as in secular so in spiritual things. Finding the benefit of this practice as to herself, she recommended it to her children, whom she caused every day to read some portions both of the Old and New Testament in her presence and hearing. In the afternoon she employed some time in the same manner she had done in the morning.

About an hour before supper she appointed some one of her children to read some godly and useful sermon before herself and her other children, frequently taking occasion of instilling into them some pleasant and profitable instruction, and exhorting them to a constant religious walk with God. In the evening, a little before she went to rest, she ordered them all to come into her lodging-room, where they joined in singing a psalm, as the servants did also constantly after supper before they rose from the table; the men-servants in the hall, and the maid-servants in a more private room. After her children had done singing, with many pious exhortations, and her maternal benediction, she dismissed them, and then closed the day with secret duties as she began it. This was her continual course.

By what has been said we may observe, that she was of a pious spirit herself, and as careful to leave the like pious impressions upon her children after her. Some of them tasted death before their dear mother; yet she left ten behind her, five sons and five daughters, who were all present at her funeral, and who all, with the children of Solomon's virtuous woman, Prov. xxxi. 28, "called her blessed."

Next to the golden chain of graces, mentioned by St. Peter, 2 Pet. i. 5, 6, 7, with which she was eminently beautified, and the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, 1 Pet. iii. 4, she accounted her children to be her chief ornaments, and therefore her desires and earnest endeavors were to ennoble and adorn them with all virtuous habits, and to make them the true children of God. She knew, and was solicitous to have them know too, that, if they would be happy, to their *great birth* there must be added the *new birth*, that to great kindred and alliance there must be a relation to the family of heaven, and that to a great estate there must be added the riches of grace, or that else they would wish one day they had never been born. She often inculcated it upon them that true grace is true greatness, and that the more any of them feared and served God, the greater share might they expect in her love.

This elect lady, to adopt the appellation of the Apostle, 2 John, i. was much in those holy exercises by which she might make her calling and election sure. She was much in the duties of piety, and much in the duties of charity. Many coats and garments did this Dorcas provide for the poor. God gave her the blessing of a great estate, and then added even a greater blessing than that, a heart to make a right use of it.

Every day she reached out her hands to the needy. A great number she relieved at her gates, and gave charge to her porter, that when there came any who were very aged, or who complained of great losses in those dismal times of our civil wars, especially if they seemed honest, that he should come and acquaint her, that she might enlarge her charity to such objects, which if at any time he had neglected to do, she would probably have been as much displeased with him, as she once was with another of her servants for neglecting an order she had given him for the relief of some poor persons.

In the times of scarcity she sent every week many loaves to neighboring towns. She caused her corn to be sold in the markets in such small quantities as might not exceed the abilities of the poor to purchase. She allowed certain meals in her house to several poor neighbors, whose want was visible in their pale faces; and, when they had by her bounty recovered their former complexion, and had received, as it were, a new life by her means, she with pleasure declared, "that the sight of such an happy alteration in them did her as much good as any thing which she herself had eaten."

She continually employed many aged men and women in such works as were adapted to their age and strength.

When the physician came at any time to her house, she used to inquire of him whether there were any sick persons in the town, that, if there were any, they might enjoy the same helps with herself. But at all times, if any persons were ill, and she had intelligence of it, she most cheerfully communicated whatsoever she thought most conducive to their recovery, having not only great store of cordials and restoratives always by her, but great skill and judgment in the application of them.

As our Lord said to the woman of Canaan, Matt. xv. 28, "great is thy faith," so we may say of this excellent lady, that great was her charity; for she well knew that faith is but a fancy without the labor of love; that the greater any are, the better they should be; that the more they have, the more good they should do; and "that pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is," James i. 27, "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world." And the whole of this pure and undefiled religion was exemplified in her; for as we have seen that she visited the fatherless and widows, "so she kept herself unspotted from the world." As the Apostle says, Rom. vii. 33, "who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect?" It is God who justifies; so may we say, who can lay any thing to the charge of this elect lady? It was God who sanctified her: not so as to free her from the inherency of sin, for so he sanctifies none in this life, but so as to deliver her from the dominion of it, and from all such acts as would have cast a dishonor and blemish upon her, as all who knew her must acknowledge. Her soul might be compared to a beautiful well-cultivated garden, which was not only free from prevalent weeds, but richly replenished with all manner of fragrant flowers and delicate fruits. Or she might be resembled to the glorious sun, which is not only free from spots, but full of light. As Boaz saith to Ruth, Ruth iii. 11, that all the city knew that she was a virtuous woman; so it might be said, that all the country knew that this was the deserved character of this eminent lady.

At her entrance into her last sickness, which was about a fortnight's continuance, she apprehended that her life would be very short, and accordingly composed and prepared herself for her dissolution; but yet she durst not but make use of her physicians, whose eminent skill and fidelity she had frequently experienced, having been raised up by them, as the instruments in the hands of God, from the very gates of death. But the time was come, when, as the poet says,

> "Non est in medico semper relevetur ut æger;
> Interdum doctâ plus valet arte malum."*

ENGLISHED.

> Sometimes the best physicians cannot heal
> The dire diseases which their patients feel,
> But spite of all their med'cines, all their art,
> Victorious death plants his unerring dart.

The last words of this pious lady were, "My God, I come flying unto thee." Presently after, her soul took its flight hence, and her body quietly slept in the Lord, anno Christi, 1648.

Such were her humility and modesty, that, although in that magnificent monument she erected for her husband, she caused herself to be laid by him in her full proportion, yet she would not suffer her epitaph to bear any proportion to his, conceiving that the most that could be said of him was too little, and that the least that could be said of herself was too much. She was unwilling that any thing at all should be said of herself, but, when that might not be permitted, she would by no means allow of any more to be inscribed concerning her than this, "her observance of her dearest husband, while she enjoyed him, and her remembrance of him by that monument when she had lost him." Only one thing more was added, but much against her will, namely, that her other exquisite virtues were forbidden by her excessive modesty to make their appearance on that marble.

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* Ovidius de Pont.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY FRANCES HOBART.

This noble lady was born in London, in the year 1603. She was the eldest of eight daughters, who all grew up to mature age, with which it pleased God to bless the Right Honorable John Earl of Bridgewater, Viscount Brackley, and Lord Ellesmere, Lord President of Wales, by his noble Lady, Frances, daughter of the Right Honorable Ferdinando, Earl of Derby.

The lady, the subject of our Memoirs, had no sooner passed out of the care of her nurse, and begun to speak, but she was in her father's house intrusted to the tuition of a French governess, from whom she learned to pronounce the French tongue before she could distinctly speak English; an accomplishment which she retained to her dying day: and having her organs of speech so early formed to this language, she so naturally accented it, that the natives of France could hardly be persuaded that she was born in England.

The years of her minority were spent in learning what was proper for that very early age, and that might qualify her for that noble station in which, if Providence spared her life, she was to appear in the world. She was now instructed in playing upon the lute, in singing, &c.; things of which in her after-life she made little or no use, and which were even less in her esteem; but they fitted her for the court, with which she was to be acquainted, before her removal into the country. She was taught also to read, to write, and cast accounts with great skill and exactness, to use her needle, and order the affairs of a family; qualifications which in future time proved of extraordinary advantage both to herself and her husband. She was also in these younger days of her time, partly by the diligence of her governess, partly by the pains of one Mr. Moor, her father's chaplain, and partly by the superintending care of the earl her father, fully instructed in the principles of religion; as to which she would often mention with particular honor her father and her governess, and the last especially, for the good histories she would tell her, and the good counsel she instilled into her. She gratefully remembered how exactly the hours of her days were portioned out for the several kinds of instruction, so that no time was left her except a small allowance for exercise, and what was granted her for her private devotions, as to which her governess was her most faithful monitor, or for the more public religious duties of the family, in which her constant presence was required by her father.

Having attained to riper years, she was frequently at the court of King James and Queen Ann, and was in great favor with the queen, and King Charles the First, then Prince of Wales. She made frequent sad reflections upon this period of her life, for misspending a part of many Lord's-days in masques, and other court pastimes, according to the custom of others in like circumstances. This she would often mention with bitterness, and with a commendation of one of her noble sisters who had in her youth a just sense of the error of such conduct, and courage enough to resist the temptations to it. It was the only thing in which a divine, who was well acquainted with her, declared that he ever heard her repent her obedience to her mother, and her attendance upon her.

The noble soul of this lady was ordained for higher things than balls, and masques, and visits. It was now time for a plant nurtured with so rare a cultivation to be removed into another place, that her God might have the glory, and her generation the fruit of such an education. Her native beauty, and the excellent mind she began to discover, made many noble persons desire her in marriage; but at length, with the approbation of her parents, she chose for her husband Sir John Hobart, of Bricklin, in the county of Norfolk, Bart., who was the eldest son of Sir Henry Hobart, at that time Lord Chief Justice, and Chancellor to the Prince. He was a person, indeed, as to title, in the lowest order of nobility, but his estate bore a full proportion to his quality, and his noble spirit and temper far better suited his excellent lady, than a higher ascent in the scale of honor, with a different spirit and temper, would have done.

In her conjugal relation she had become more conspicuous. She was now, as it were, planted upon an hill, in which those good seeds which had been sown in her ingenuous soul during her minority sprung up, and yielded abundant fruit in the whole of that triple capacity to which this relation, in some little succession of time, brought her, that of a wife to a worthy husband—that of a mother of children—and that of a governess to a numerous family of servants.

If we consider the constituents of a good wife as living in chastity—in the prudent management of the affairs of the household—in respect to her husband's person, a concealment of his weaknesses, and in an obedience to his commands, together with a due sympathy, and patient and cheerful participation with him in the vicissitudes of Providence with which he was exercised, and above all, a serious and tender regard to the salvation of the soul of her husband, this most worthy lady will be found to have deserved the highest praise.

As to chastity, she judged it not enough to be in this respect virtuous, unless she lived above the suspicion of the contrary. She would often mention a saying of her mother's on this head, "that temptations to the violation of the honor of ladies in this particular, took their rise from a carriage too light and familiar in themselves, and *that* man was suffered to come too near who came to be denied."

Her constant behavior, therefore, was that of an affability, ever tempered with gravity; and they both shone in such an inseparable conjunction, as spread a glory upon her character.

As to her prudent management of the affairs of her household, she was not only so vigilant as that it was no easy thing for any servant to impose upon her, but she also extended her regard to concerns which were more extrinsical, and not the ordinary province of women; for finding her husband encumbered with a great debt, she undertook the management of his whole estate, and the auditing of all his accounts, and so happily succeeded in the business, as to diminish several thousand pounds of the sums which he owed.

Her respect to her husband's person, her concealment of his weaknesses, and her obedience to his commands, were evinced not only in words, but in actions; and she shewed that she had learned that precept of sacred writ, Eph. v. 22, "Wives submit yourselves to your own husbands as unto the Lord; for the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church."

Most remarkable was this lady's kind sympathy with her husband, in those bodily afflictions with which it pleased the divine Providence to visit him. From their first marriage he was visited with afflictions, though in different degrees, and his noble consort seemed to be allotted to him as much for a nurse as for a wife. Her care for him, and tenderness of him, was beyond expression, of which the writer* of her Memoirs "declares he was an eye-witness for the seven or eight last months of his life, when his distempers lay heaviest upon him. In the day-time she confined herself to his chamber, seldom leaving him for so much as an hour! unless to attend upon public ordinances, to take her meals, or perform her secret devotions. In the night she watched with him to such a strange excess, as some may deem it, that all about her wondered how her tender frame could bear the continual fatigue, seldom laying herself down to take any rest till two or three o'clock in the morning, and then taking it upon an ordinary couch in his chamber, where she might hear every groan, and be at hand to render her husband every service in her power."

But this is not all. She was as much a meet help for her husband as to the things of eternity, and the salvation of his soul, as in the concerns of the present life. The familiar appellation which her husband generally used in speaking to her was, "My dear saint;" and this not without good reason, from the experience he had had of her in spiritual things. No sooner had God wrought a change in the heart of this noble lady, but there sprung up with it a great solicitude for the best interests of the companion of her life. By her prudent admonitions, and pathetic entreaties, he was recovered from the vanities he had indulged in, in his youth, so as to abhor the things in which he had formerly delighted, and to inquire after, choose, and find his pleasure in those good ways of God, with which formerly he had no acquaintance, and against which, for want of a due knowledge, he had conceived a prejudice. He now unweariedly desired and was present at private fasts, and other religious duties, and admonished his friends, and severely reproved others, and especially his servants, as to those errors which had once been too much his practice and delight. In short, by the blessing of God upon the public ministry of the word, upon which he now diligently attended, and the more private means of his excellent lady, he was brought to so good an hope, through grace, for several months before he died, as without perturbation to view death every day making its near approaches to him, and at last, not without testimony of a true hope in God, quietly to commit his soul into the hands of his blessed Redeemer.

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* Dr. John Collinges. He drew up a piece entitled "The Excellent Woman," discoursed more privately from Prov. xxxi. 29, 30, 31, upon occasion of the death of the Right Honorable the Lady Frances Hobart, and prefixed it with what he calls "A short Account of her holy Life and Death." To this account we are obliged for the Memoirs we are giving of this lady, and in several places have made large quotations from it.

Having viewed this lady in her marriage-relation, we shall next consider her as a parent. She was the mother of nine children, of which only one, a daughter, lived to marriageable years, the rest all dying either in their infancy, or before they had arrived to mature age.

This young lady was married to an honorable and worthy person, Sir John Hobart, Bart., the heir of her father's honors and family, by whom it pleased God, after some years, to give her a son, which she did not long survive, being taken away from our world many years before the death of her mother. The son she left behind soon followed her to the grave; and thus did the good lady, the subject of our Memoirs, live to see God stripping her of every branch that had sprung from her, though he had a better name with which to crown and comfort her, than that of sons and daughters.

"Concerning her deportment," says the writer of her life, "to her other children, while she enjoyed them, I can say nothing, not having had the advantage of knowing her till some years after God had deprived her of them; only I may rationally presume it was not unlike to what she shewed to the only survivor. For her I could say much, if, while she had a being with us, by her pious disposition, affable and ingenuous temper, and most virtuous conversation; in short, by whatsoever accomplishments could perfect and adorn a young and virtuous lady, she had not both approved herself to all to whom she was known, and also commended her by whom she was educated to such a pitch of feminine perfection. The instruction of her father which she heard, and the law of her mother which she did not forsake, proved an ornament of grace unto her head, and as chains of gold and oriental pearls about her neck. And indeed, as there was nothing wanting in nature to accomplish that young and excellent lady, so her virtuous mother had resolved that nothing should be wanting which either her own care, or the art of others, could help her to. Nor did this rare lady shew more of a mother to her while she lived, than of a Christian mother when it pleased God to extinguish this light of her eyes, and quench this only coal which she had left her, taking her death with that due sense which became so tender and indulgent a mother, and yet with that patience and fortitude which became not only her rational spirit, which considered that she had brought forth a mortal daughter, but also a submissive Christian who had learned not to repine against Heaven, but in great measure to melt down her own into the divine will."

We shall next consider this noble person in the relation of a mistress to a numerous family of servants; and it may be truly said of her, that she acquitted herself in it with an equal honor to that with which she adorned her other capacities in life. She behaved herself in such a manner to her domestics as that her carriage would not allow them to be proud and malapert on one side, nor discouraged into a servility and baseness of spirit on the other. After the choice of her servants devolved entirely on herself, her great care in the first place was to procure persons for her household who feared God. She ever preferred the virtuous and sober. She might indeed as to such be once and again deceived, but none were ever suffered to continue in her house when she had once discovered them to be drunkards, unclean persons, profane swearers, or cursers, enemies to religion and godliness, or in any way wicked and scandalous; and her eye was so much upon her family, and her care so much employed in the discipline of it, that it was not easy for any such persons to be long concealed, but they were quickly seen in their true light, either by herself, or her steward.

She not only amply provided for the comfortable maintenance of her servants, but she also bestowed a more than ordinary concern for the better interests of their immortal souls. In short, there were none who served her who would not praise her in the gates; none who ever waited upon her but what would rise up and call her blessed.

We shall now view this excellent lady in the third and last period of her life, when she became a widow. "In this state," says her biographer, "she was indeed best known to me, as I had the happiness of waiting upon her during this whole time, and for some little time before, (about seven or eight months,) whence I shall begin my story. It was in September, 1646,* that I was invited by Sir John Hobart, at that time alive, to take my chamber in his house, while I discharged my ministerial office in the city, (Norwich,) and to take some oversight of his family in the things of God, Sir John himself having been lately a valetudinarian, and the family without any spiritual guide. I found it in some disorder, and the several persons in it, the daughter only excepted, being persons grown in years, I apprehended it no easy matter to reduce it to a due religious order and discipline. My design was, it being a family of much leisure, to bring it into a course of prayer, in conformity to David's pattern, morning, evening, and at noon-time, reading some portion of Scripture every day, and expounding it, as my leisure would allow me, together with catechising once in the week, a stricter observation of the Lord's-day, and repetitions of sermons, both on that, and other days, when we had attended upon the public ordinances. I did not do this as thinking it was what God required of all families, but because I thought God expected more of us to whom he had given more leisure from the distracting concerns of the world, because my hands at that time were not so full of more public employment, but that I could attend this more than ordinary service in the family, and indeed because I thought I saw the family so much behind-hand as to spiritual knowledge, as that ordinary performances in a short time were not likely to reach the end at which I aimed.

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* Dr. Collinges was then only about twenty three years of age. What an excellent spirit, and uncommon endeavors to do good, this man of God discovered so early in life, will be made abundantly evident from the Memoirs of the lady.

"As to the generality of the servants, I feared this alteration might prove like the putting new wine into old bottles, and be judged a yoke that they were not able to bear. I therefore first communicated my thoughts to my lady, Sir John's sickly state not allowing much liberty for discourse at that time. Her ladyship cheerfully approving my thoughts, propounded them to her husband, who, with great expressions of thankfulness, signified his approbation to me, and commanded the servants diligently to attend the duties; and himself, when his infirmities would permit him, was never ordinarily absent for some time at our prayers. At noon and night he was with them. The morning-service was by seven of the clock, rarely after eight, from which her ladyship, unless in a bed of sickness, in eighteen years, I think, was hardly twice absent, and was commonly with the first of the family in the room where they were performed, before her sickly state brought them to her own chamber.

"The business of catechising was more difficult, but yet it was made easy by the parents prevailing with their own daughter to go before the family in a noble example, which she continued till she had attained a competent knowledge in the most necessary principles of religion. From the time I first came into the family it pleased God to keep Sir John Hobart in a dying condition, though he had some more lucid intervals than others, and within less than eight months God removed him into a better life. It was his great satisfaction all along his sickness to see his dear daughter making such a proficiency in the knowledge of the things of God, and so willing to set an example to his family; and he mentioned it as his dying comfort, that he had seen his family, before his death, in a course of reformation, which he doubted not but his lady would bring to perfection."

To come directly to that period of her life, her ladyship's widowhood. Now she sat solitary, mourning as a turtle that had lost her mate, and for a while knew not how to be comforted, because he was not. Having recovered herself from her distress, and learned to hold her peace because it was the Lord's doing, she made it her first request to Dr. Collinges to stay with her, and keep on the course of religious duties in the family, which he had begun, proposing to him a high encouragement from an assurance that he should find her, according to the pattern of the man after God's own heart, endeavoring "to walk in her house with a perfect heart—that those who were of a froward spirit should depart from her—that her eyes should be upon the faithful of the land, that they might dwell with her—that they who wrought deceit should not dwell in her house—that he who told lies should not tarry in her sight."* To which resolutions she afterwards strictly adhered. To give herself the advantage of doing good to the souls of many, she at no small expense converted some less useful lower rooms of her house into a chapel, which would conveniently hold more than two hundred persons. Here she engaged the above mentioned minister to preach a lecture every week, and to repeat one or both of his sermons every Lord's day at night, after the more public sermons were over in the city, which for sixteen years was continued to a very full auditory, and to the great benefit of many younger persons, and of those who had not such advantages as they desired in their own houses, for hearing again what they had been hearing in the day time. This work of piety was the more remarkable, as her ladyship's chapel lying in the way to that field, where young persons had formerly been used to profane the latter part of the Lord's-day, by idle walks and recreations, happily intercepted many of them, and proved, from the example of it, an allurement to them to a further reverence of the Sabbath; and, from the instructions they heard there, the happy means of an acquaintance with God and their duty. After this her ladyship engaged Dr. Collinges, above named, to preach a morning sermon on the Lord's-day, those monthly days only excepted when he was to administer the communion of the Lord's Supper more publicly. This course she continued so long as the good doctor had liberty to preach, or her ladyship had liberty to hear.

This most worthy lady having thus served her generation according to the will of God, her time came when she was to fall asleep, or rather when as a shock of corn she was to be gathered in her season.

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* Psalm ci.

The time of her last sickness, the dropsy, which seized her something more than half a year before her death, afforded no great variety of temper as to her spiritual condition. She kept on her course of religious duties in her house and chamber, as formerly. Her work was finished both as to the present and future life, her house and her soul were set in order, so that she had little to do but to be still, and wait for the salvation of God the remaining days of her appointed time, till her change came. "I do not remember," says Dr. Collinges, "that during her long illness she more than twice discovered to me any conflicts in her spirit, though I constantly attended upon her, and as constantly inquired into the frame of her spirit. She had sown in tears before, and had now nothing to do but to reap in joy. Her death was a long time foreseen both by her, and by ourselves, but as to the particular time we were somewhat surprised, for, when she probably thought the day of her change at some distance, she lost her senses, and her speech, after two or three days quietly fell asleep in the evening of the Lord's day, Nov. 27, 1664.

"Thus lived, thus died," says her worthy Biographer "this twice noble, excellent lady, about the sixty-first year of her age, possibly the brightest example of piety, and truest pattern of honor, liberality, temperance, humility, and courtesy, which it hath pleased God in this last age to shew in that part of the world where he had fixed her. A woman, indeed, not without her infirmities; to assert that, were to discharge her from her relation to human nature; but as they were of no reproachable magnitude, and the products of natural temperature, not of vicious habits, so they were so much outshone by her eminent graces and virtues, as that a curious eye could hardly take notice of them. In a word, none ever lived more desired, or died more universally lamented, by all worthy persons in the city of Norwich, to which she was related.

She was buried in a vault belonging to the family of her dear and noble husband, at Blicklin, in Norfolk, December 1, 1664, therein paying her deceased husband a last obedience, who as I have heard her pleasantly say, made it his first request to her on the day of her marriage."

LADY LETICE,

VISCOUNTESS FALKLAND.

[Written in a Letter to her Mother, the Lady MORISON, at Great Tew, in Oxfordshire.]

MADAM,—It is the desire of some honorable personages to have an exact account of the death of your most dear daughter, the Lady Falkland; they being acquainted with much piety in her life, expect (as well they may) somewhat remarkable in her sickness and death.

For your comfort, and their satisfaction, I have gathered together some scattered particulars of her life, sickness, and death, and have sent them unto you, that the most precious perfume of her name being poured out, (like Mary Magdalen's box of spikenard,) may fill your, and their houses.

And though this relation of so many eminent virtues in her, would not, perhaps, have appeared so delicate from your own pen, (because so deep a share of the praise belongs to you,) yet you need not blush at the delivering of it; it may be consistent with your modesty, to be a witness of the truth of these particulars, though not to be a publisher of them.

And if the memory of that most holy lady continue precious amongst us; and her holy example efficacious with us; and God, who sanctified her here, and now glorifies her in heaven, be magnified and honored for his mercies and graces, I have all I aim at.

I shall relate somewhat remarkable in the very beginning of her Christian race; more, in her progress and proficiency in it; and then come to the last stages, when the crown, at the end of the race, was, as it were, within her view.

This elect lady set out early in the ways of God, in the morning of her age: there was care taken while she was young, that she should be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; she came not from her nurse's arms, without some knowledge of the principles of the Christian religion.

While she was very young, her obedience to her parents (which she extended also to her aunt, who had some charge over her in her father's house,) was very exact; and as she began, so she continued in this gracious and mild temper of duty. I have heard you say, madam, that you cannot remember any one particular, wherein, at any time, she disobeyed her father, or you.

That her time might not be misspent, nor her employments tedious to her, the several hours of the day had a variety of employments assigned to them; and the intermixing of prayer, reading, writing, working, and walking, brought a pleasure to each of them in their courses; so that the day was carried about faster than she would; and she began in this her youth to abridge herself of her sleep, and was oftentimes at a book in her closet when she was thought to be in bed.

You remember well, I presume, the purse her young fingers wrought for her own alms, and how importunately she would beg your loose money to fill it; and as earnest she was in emptying it too; the poor seldom went from the house, without the alms of the young daughter, as well as of the parents.

And how constant she was then, at her private prayer, I know, by what I have heard from the keeper of your house: when strangers were in her own room, where she ordinarily had her retirements, he was called to give her the key of some other chamber for that purpose: at her hour of prayer, she would procure a new oratory, rather than omit or defer that duty.

And how powerful with God the lifting up her pure hands, every where in this her innocent childhood was, soon appeared: for while her holiness was in the bud, a violent attempt was made to blast it. About the thirteenth year of her age there was a storm of temptation raised in her, and some arguments the tempter had suggested to drive her to despair of God's mercy towards her: and this I note the rather, because it is not ordinary at such years to have attained to that growth, as to be thought fit for those encounters: but God upheld this young twig, against such a storm, which hath torn up many a fair tree: for after some anguish of spirit, and patience in the combat, and earnest prayers, God's grace was sufficient for her; and surely it was not the strength of her hands at this age, but the pureness of them, which prevailed for her.

Some there are, whom God leads from the spiritual Egypt to Canaan, not by this way of the Philistines, lest they should repent when they see war, and turn back again into Egypt, Exod. xiii. 17. But her, it seems, God trained up in this military course; and from her youth exercised her in it, that she might be expert at it.

After this conquest, her soul enjoyed much peace and tranquillity, and she went on most cheerfully in holy duties; and tasted much comfort and delight in them: and her heart was ever so full, that out of the abundance of it she would say, "Oh what an incomparable sweetness there is in the music of David's harp! Oh, what heavenly joy there is in those psalms, and in prayers, and praises to God! How amiable are the courts of God's house! how welcome the days of his solemn worship!"

And now, nothing could hinder her from those holy assemblies; every Lord's-day constantly, forenoon and afternoon, she would be with the earliest at them: sometimes (when she wanted a convenience of riding,) she walked cheerfully three or four miles a day, as young and as weak as she was, to them: and at night she accounted the joys and the refreshments, of which her soul had been partaker, a sufficient recompense for the extreme weariness of her body.

And within a short while, by reading good authors, and by frequent converse with learned men, she improved (by God's help) her natural talents of understanding and reason, to a great degree of wisdom and knowledge.

And now these riches, of her piety, wisdom, quickness of wit, discretion, judgment, sobriety, and gravity of behavior, being once perceived by Sir Lucius Cary,* seemed portion enough to him: these were they he prized above worldly inheritances, and those other fading accessions, which most men court.

And she being married to him, riches and honor, and all other worldly prosperity, flow in upon her; and consequently to proceed in holiness and godliness grows an harder task, than before it seemed to be: it being much more difficult when riches and honor thus increase, then, not to set our hearts upon them.

Yet God strengthened her by his grace for this also: for when possession was given her of stately palaces, pleasantly seated, and most curiously and fully furnished, and of revenues and royalties answerable, though your ladyship hath heard her acknowledge God's great goodness towards her, for these temporal preferments, yet neither you, nor any of her friends, could perceive her heart any whit exalted with joy for them.

They were of the Babylonians' retinue, who, when they had seen Hezekiah's riches and treasures, set their hearts upon them, Isaiah xxxix. This true Israelite reserved her affections for those riches which never fade, and for those dwellings which are above, where the city is of pure gold, and the walls garnished with precious stones.

This confluence of all worldly felicities and contentments, did so little affect her, that there were some seemed displeased at it; and then she would attribute much of it to a melancholic disease, which was upon her; and though I deny not but that some worldly delights might fall by the hand of her melancholy, yet, doubtless, where the disease slew its hundreds, grace slew its ten thousands.

In this condition some years passed, during which time she was most constant at prayers and sermons, and frequently received the blessed sacrament; and although now and then she felt not her wonted spiritual comforts, but instead of them had some anguish and bitterness of spirit; yet by the advice of good divines, and by her ordinary help of prayer, she soon recovered her peace and joy.

Thus in the several conditions of youth, and ripe years of virginity, and marriage, and amongst contrary temptations, of adversity and prosperity, affliction and comfort, she continues that course of holy life which she had begun; a great proficiency this, yet I crave leave to reckon it all into her beginning, for this was but slow in respect of that great agility and quick speed she attained unto, in the other part of her spiritual race.

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* See Note at the end of this Memoir.

Her proficiency and progress I shall account from that time when her prosperity began to abate; when her dear lord and most beloved husband, that he might be like Zebulun, a student helping the Lord against the mighty, (Judges v. 14,) went from his library to the camp; from his book and pen, to his sword and spear; and the consequence of that, an inevitable necessity that she must now be separated from him, for a while, whom she loved more than all the things of this world: this was a sad beginning; but that total separation, which, soon after, death made between him and her, that he should be taken away by an untimely death, and by a violent death too,—this, this was a most sore affliction to her: the same sword which killed him pierced her heart also.

And this heavy affliction which God sent upon her, she interpreted for a loud call from Heaven, to a further proficiency in piety and virtue.

And yet she fears it may be a punishment also upon her, for some sin or other, and therefore strictly examines herself, and ransacks every corner of her heart, to find out wherein she had provoked God to lay this great affliction on her; and to make sure, she renews her repentance for all her transgressions; and her godly sorrow for her sins past is as fresh as if it had been for the sins of yesterday.

And now she addresses herself to a divine of great eminence for piety and learning; and from him she takes directions for a more strict course of life in this her widowhood, than formerly; now she forgetting quite what was behind, presses forward to what was before, and, as if she had done nothing yet, she begins anew.

And though the greatest part of her Christian work was locked up close within herself, and some of it very studiously and industriously concealed by her, (that she might be sure no degree of vain glory should creep upon her with it,) yet much of it appeared, by the effects, and is now forced to come abroad before us.

Her first and grand employment was, to read and understand, and then (to the utmost of her strength,) to practice our most blessed Savior's Sermon upon the Mount, in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of St. Matthew's gospel; and having read over a most complete (though compendious) Comment upon that Sermon, she set forthwith upon the work of practising it, and began with those virtues to which the beatitudes are annexed.

And her mercifulness was none of those virtues which she could at all conceal from us; much of her estate (we saw) given yearly to those of her kindred, which were capable of charity from her:

and some of her near neighbors, who were very old, and not able to work; or very young, and not fit for work, were wholly maintained by her: to other poor children she contributed much, both for their spiritual and their temporal well being, by erecting a school for them, where they were to be taught both to read and to work: much care she took, that no man, or woman, or child, should want employment; that their own hands might bring them in a competent subsistence; and accounted that the best arrangement of her estate, which set most poor people on work; for if it were to their profit, she little regarded her own detriment in it.

So that her principal care herein, was to keep them from idleness, that root of all sin and wickedness; for by another method she might have received more profit, and thereby have been better able to relieve them, though by this only she was able to set them at work.

A most eminent piece of mercifulness this, where temporal and spiritual mercy went together, and wisdom guided both.

And for the poor at home, and for strangers at the door, she was very charitable in feeding the hungry, and refreshing the faint and weak; and for clothing the naked. In some extremities you might see this lady herself go up and down the house, and beg garments from her servants' backs, (whom she requited soon after with new,) that the poor might not go naked or cold from her door: so that she was not only a liberal almoner to the poor, but also an earnest solicitor for them: and when it was objected, that many idle and wicked people were by this course of charity relieved at her house, her answer was: "I know not their hearts, and in their outward carriage and speech they all appear to me good and virtuous, and I had rather relieve five unworthy vagrants than that one member of Christ should go empty away." And for harboring strangers, the many inconveniences ordinarily ensuing upon it, could not deter her from it; sometimes for some weeks together they were entertained by her.

And since her death, I hear of plentiful relief, here, at London, and at Oxford, sent privately to prisons, and needy persons, with a strict charge that it should not be known from whence it came; she would not have her left hand know what her right hand gave.

And this, her mercifulness, could not be bounded within the limits of friends, it extended itself to her enemies too: when there were many of them taken prisoners by the king's soldiers, and in great need, she consulted how she might send relief to them: and when it was answered, that such an act would raise jealousies in some, of her loyalty to his majesty, she replied, "No man will suspect my loyalty because I relieve these prisoners, but he would suspect my Christianity, if he should see me relieve a needy Turk, or Jew: however, I had rather be so misunderstood, if this my secret alms should be known, than that any of my enemies, the worst of them, should perish for want of it."

And this one instance, and reason of hers, is ground enough to believe, she failed not to relieve her enemies, as often as occasion required.

But, beyond all, her mercifulness towards the sick was most laudable: her provision of antidotes against infection, and of cordials, and several sorts of physic for such of her neighbors as should need them, amounted yearly to very considerable sums: and though, in distributing such medicinal provisions, her hand was very open, yet it was close enough in applying them: her skill, indeed, was more than ordinary, and her wariness too.

When any of the poor neighbors were sick, she had a constant care, that they should neither want such relief nor such attendance as their weak condition called for; and, if need were, she hired nurses to serve them: and her own frequent visiting of the poorest cottagers, and her ready service to them on their sick bed, argued as great humility, as mercifulness in her; yet the books of spiritual exhortations she carried in her hand to these sick persons, declared a further design she had therein, of promoting them towards heaven, by reading to them, and by administering words of holy counsel to them: "There is no season more fit," she would say, "for sowing good seed, than this; while the ground of their hearts is softened, and melting with sorrow and sickness." And to gain this advantage it was that she was so frequent a visitor of the sick, going day after day to their bed-side. This honorable lady hath been observed sitting in a cottage, waiting the sick woman's leisure, till the slumbers and fits were over, that she might read again to her, and finish the work she had begun.

And of late, when she could not do this good office in her own person, (she growing sickly and weak,) yet she would do it still by proxy; for some of her friends or servants were deputed by her to go to the sick, with her books too, daily; and now and then most of her family, who were fit for such employment, were sent abroad on this errand.

Thus ordinarily in all her works of outward mercy she added works of spiritual mercy too; relieving the wants of the body, and of the soul together, instructing and exhorting, and earnestly persuading the poor and the sick to some virtue or other, for their soul's health.

For meekness, also, she was most eminent. She was second to none of her sex and age, I believe, among us, for perspicuity of understanding and clearness of judgment; yet as far from self-conceit as from ignorance: her way, indeed, was, upon debates, to object till all arguments she could think of to the contrary were satisfied; and when that was once done, no cavil was heard, but her assent readily given; and this ready submission of her judgment to the best reasons, I mention, for the meekness of her understanding:

herein this lady excelled some of the chiefest rabbis, that her knowledge did not puff up, but edify.

And her understanding leading the way in meekness, her will cheerfully followed in it too: as soon as her understanding was satisfied, her will bowed presently and obeyed: she seldom refused to do, what she was convinced was fit to be done.

The greater difficulty was with her affections: her natural temper she would often complain inclined her to anger; and being so well aware of it, she most diligently observed herself, and did, in a great degree, conquer that froward inclination; and that good measure of meekness, in this kind, which she attained to, was the more commendable, because of the many great difficulties she met with in it.

And now after the exercise of all these virtues in this high degree, such a poverty of spirit was apparent in her, as was most admirable: upon all occasions bewailing her weaknesses, and lamenting her spiritual wants: there were some about her who had an holy emulation to be like her, in these, and such like graces and virtues; and she hath now and then overheard them wishing, that they were as forward as she; and her constant reply was, "Oh, ye are not so backward! yet wish yourselves better; ye know not how vile and corrupt my heart is." So that in some respects she accounted herself the greatest of sinners; in no respect would she esteem better of herself, than of the least of saints; a well-wisher towards holiness, and a beginner still.

Thus she daily practised these graces and virtues, to which our Savior annexed such special blessings; and studied to be still more and more perfect in them, with as much diligence as the scholar doth his lesson, and with as much success and good speed too.

And from this sermon of our blessed Savior she learned that duty of prayer; and her chief practice therein she could not conceal from us neither, which was as follows:

First, she spent some hours every day in her private devotions and meditations; these were called, I remember, by those of her family, her busy hours; prayers, her business: Martha's employment was her recreation, she had spare hours for it; Mary's was her business.

Then her maids came into her chamber early every morning, and ordinarily she passed about an hour with them, in praying, and catechising and instructing them; to these secret and private prayers, the public morning and evening prayers of the Church, before dinner and supper; and another form, (together with the reading scriptures, and singing psalms,) before bed-time, were daily and constantly added.

To pray with David seven times a day or with Daniel three times, is expected perhaps only from such persons as have leisure and opportunity: but with the sons of Levi to offer up morning and evening sacrifice every day, this she required from the busiest servant in the house, that at the outgoings of the morning and evening, every one should praise God and call upon his name.

Neither were these holy offices peculiar to her menial servants, others came freely to join with them, and her oratory was as open to her neighbors as her hall was.

On the Lord's-day she rose in the morning earlier than ordinarily; yet enjoined herself so much private duty with her children and servants, examining them in the sermons and catechising, &c. and with her own soul, that oftentimes the day was too short for her; and then I have known her rise two or three hours before day on Monday, to supply what was left undone the day before.

To dispose herself the better for the religious keeping of the Lord's-day, as well as for other spiritual ends, I presume it was, that she so solemnly fasted every Saturday; that day she sequestered herself from company, and from worldly employment, and came seldom out of her closet till towards evening, and then the chaplain must double the sacrifice; prayers she had and catechising both.

And her care to prepare herself for the receiving of the holy Sacrament of our most blessed Lord's Supper was most commendable and most punctual: oftentimes scruples and fears arose in her, tending to keep her back from that heavenly banquet; and she having, upon examination of them, reason enough, as we thought, to conclude that they were temptations from the devil, whom she perceived laboring amain to deprive her of that strength and comfort which she hoped to receive from that sacred ordinance, neglected them all, and presented herself with an humble and trembling heart, at that blessed Sacrament; and these fears and scruples in her occasioned this peremptory resolution from her, that she would not, by God's help, thenceforth omit any opportunity of communication. Thus while the devil was undermining to weaken her, she was countermining to strengthen herself more against him: which resolution she constantly kept at home, and, I am told, at Oxford and London too, the first inquiry almost after her journey thither, was, where and when is there a communion? And sometimes she would go to the other end of the city for it.

At home her servants were all urged to accompany her to the Sacrament; and they who were prevailed with, gave up their names to her two or three days before, and from thence she applied herself to the instructing of them; and she knew well how to administer to every one their particular portion; and several exhortations she had for several persons whom she had power over.

Yet she trusted not in her own instructions of them, but desired the chaplain's help also to examine them, and to instruct them farther; and her care was so to order her domestic affairs, that all those servants, who were to receive the Sacrament, should have the day before it free from their ordinary work, that they might have better leisure for that spiritual work of preparing themselves for that Sacrament.

And after the holy Sacrament, she called them together again, and gave them such exhortations as were proper for them.

And this very care and piety in family duties was so highly esteemed in Abraham, that God made him one of his privy council, (as I may so say,) for that alone, Gen. xviii. 17. And might not the singular wisdom and deep knowledge of divine counsels, and heavenly mysteries, which this daughter of Abraham had, be a reward of that care to instruct her children and household in the ways of God?

Yet while she is thus religiously and piously employed in this good proficiency, and far progress, going on from grace to grace, from virtue to virtue; God hath a further design upon her, another affliction to quicken her yet more.

Her young and most dear son, Lorenzo, whom God had endowed with the choicest of natural abilities, and to whom her affections were most tender, by reason of those fair blossoms of piety she perceived in him, God takes away from her.

This added to her former troubles of the loss of her husband, of her crosses in the world, and of her spiritual affliction, which came often upon her, makes the burthen most heavy; she was bruised with afflictions before, but now she fears being ground to powder.

Now she weeps and mourns all the day long, and at night also waters her couch with tears; and weeping, saith, "Ah! this immoderate sorrow must be repented of, these tears wept over again:" and this quick sense of displeasing God, by this deep grief, soon allayed the vehemence of it. And now she retires herself to listen what the Lord God said unto her, in this louder call of affliction; and she seems to think that she was not yet weaned enough from the things of this world, and that it is expedient for her, that some of those worldly comforts she most delighted in, should be taken away from her, that her conversation may be yet more spiritual and heavenly, and therefore this affliction seemed to call her to a greater disregard of the world, and to a nearer conformity to Christ her Lord.

Yet still her sorrow for her son is somewhat excessive, she fears, and therefore she goes to her chaplain again, and acquaints him with the violence of those fits of sorrow which of late had seized upon her, for the death of her son; and he with his healing counsel and direction, by God's help, cured this her distemper; and antidotes he prescribed too, to prevent a relapse into this malady of excessive grief.

Now she confesses that this very affliction was most fit for her, and that it would prove most beneficial to her, and therefore she labors to put on joy instead of sorrow, and comfort instead of mourning, and returning home with perfect cheerfulness, every one there observed a most notable though sudden change in her; sad Hannah's countenance and conversation not more visibly changed upon the good words of Eli the prophet to her, concerning the Samuel she should obtain. than hers now is, after the loss of one.

Thus God made the medicine most sovereign to her, and the antidote too; for I verily believe she never after felt any fit of that her disease; and though she wept often for her tears so profusely spent formerly upon her son's hearse, yet after this, not a tear more was shed over it.

And with this extraordinary cheerfulness she takes up a most firm resolution of a further progress in holiness and piety, and addresses herself to run these latter stages of her Christian race with greater speed than she had shewed in any of the former: and thereupon she begins with a most diligent endeavor to conform her life exactly and universally to the most holy will of God.

But the devil, who before envied her beginning, and her proficiency much more, is now most violent to hinder her perfection; and therefore upon this her renewed purpose of more exact obedience, presently assaults her with fierceness and rage, strongly tempting her to think that she had deceived herself all this while, and that she had mocked God with a counterfeit repentance, which was no way acceptable to him.

And an argument was brought to this purpose, which was so fully suitable to the tenderness of her own spirit, that it is hard to say whence it proceeded.

And this it was; "my grief for my sins hath not been so vehement, as that, the other day, for the death of my son, I wept not so bitterly for them, as I did for that; and therefore, that my repentance is not acceptable."

And in this anguish of spirit she hastens to her learned friend again, and begs counsel and direction from him, and after devout prayers and holy conferences, received full comfort and thorough satisfaction, and returns home now as visibly lifted up from the deep pit of anguish, and disquiet of spirit, as she was the other day, from the valley of sorrow: and with tranquillity of mind, and joy of heart, shews to her friends, both how she sunk, and how she was raised again.

And now having, by the help of her God, leapt over this wall, and overcome this difficulty, with much cheerfulness of spirit she enters upon the practice of what she had last resolved on. This opposition, though it staid her a while, yet set an edge upon her resolution, and she soon recovered that vigor and keenness. And she begins, by a most sharp mortification, to obey the call of her last affliction.

The vanity of apparel and dress she had cut off long before; and after her husband's death, the richness of them too. These (and her looking-glasses with the women in the law, Exod. xxxviii. 8,) she had laid by, for the service of the tabernacle; what she spared in these, she bestowed upon the poor members of Christ, and now she begins to cut off all worldly pomp also.

In her house, in her retinue, and at her table, and otherwise, she denies herself that state which her quality might have excused, that with Dorcas the widow she might be full of good works; and more delight she takes to see her revenues now spent among a crowd of alms-men and women at her door, than by a throng of servants in her house: it was a greater joy to her that she could maintain poor children at their books and their work, than to have pages and gentlewomen for her attendants: these expenses she knew would be better allowed, in her bill of accounts at the general audit, than those other; it was her pomp and joy to avoid all useless pomp of state, and all delight in courtly vanities.

And now her anger too, which was crushed before, must be wholly subdued; and to that purpose she solicitously avoids all inquiries; and all discourse which she feared would provoke her to immoderate anger; and when she feels it struggling to arise in her, then presently, either by silence or by diverting to another matter, she labors to stifle it.

And while she is suppressing the sinfulness of this passion, she undertakes also that most difficult task of taming the tongue: and as it is necessary with unruly beasts, she begins roughly with it, ties it up with a most strong resolution, and scarce suffers it to speak, lest she should offend with her tongue: thus for some while it was straitened, and then she loosed it a little with these two cautions.

First, that it should never speak evil of any man, though truly, but only upon a design of charity, to reclaim him from that evil: and because it is not ordinary to reclaim any vicious person in his absence, therefore her charge is peremptory to her tongue, that it never should speak evil of any man, were he most notoriously vicious, if he were absent, and not like to be amended by it: a strict rule this; yet verily I persuade myself, that for a long time before her death she most punctually observed it; she accounted it a crime to speak evil falsely of any man; and it went for a slander with her, as well it might, to speak evil truly of any one, unless it were in love.

The second caution her tongue had, was, that, as much as was possible, it should keep in every idle word, and speak out only that which was to edification.

The Thessalonians were famous for speaking to the edification one of another, (1 Thess. v. 11,) and this Thessalonian language our good lady studied with as much diligence and earnestness, as we ordinarily study a deep science, or a gainful mystery: and now she is very slow to speak, as the apostle exhorts; and, where she cannot rule the discourse to edification, she sits silent, and refrains even from good words, though it be pain and grief to her.

And of late she distinguished between civil and spiritual edification, and scarcely allowed herself discourses for civil edification of her friends or neighbors in worldly matters: spiritual edification in heavenly things was all her aim.

And her care was the same in writing as in speaking; not a vain, not an idle word must slip from her pen; she thought not her soul clean, if there were such a blot in her paper. In her letters, no savor of compliment at all; and she judged herself guilty of a trespass if she subscribed herself, Your servant, to whom she was not really so.

And for that other temperance in diet, as well as in speech, she was very eminent. A small quantity of meat or drink, and of sleep and ease, sufficed her.

She was most respectful to her superiors; and most courteous and affable towards inferiors; and very cautious lest she should give offense to one or other, either in word or gesture; and as cautious too, lest any of them should take offense at any speech, or look of hers, towards them; "for either way," said she, "in offenses given or taken, God is offended."

More than once or twice of late she brought her gift to the altar, was in her closet upon her knees towards prayer, and there she remembered that her brother might possibly have somewhat against her, for such a word, or such a look, or a neglective silence a little before; and she left her gift at the altar, and went, and was reconciled; asked pardon, and then came and offered: so that her chief care was still to lift up in prayer pure hands, without wrath; if there were any wrath in her against others, or any in others against her, she would have it allayed before she offered her gift of prayer.

And though all these graces and virtues, by God's help, did thus increase in her, yet a true poverty of spirit increased also in her. The more holy, the more pious she was, the more humbly she walked with God: in her greatest abundance she complained most of spiritual wants. Sure the bright lustre of her virtue gave her an advantage to espy many corruptions in herself which she could not before; and these she lamented more sadly now than heretofore.

And now in the very last stage of her Christian race, she grows so exact, that all times seems tedious to her, which tends not to heaven; and thereupon she now resolves to get loose from the multitude of her worldly employments; and provides to remove from her stately mansion, to a little house near adjoining; and in that house and garden, with a book, and a wheel, and a maid or two, to retire herself from worldly business, and unnecessary visits, and so spend her whole time: and she took as great delight in projecting this humiliation and privacy, as others do, in being advanced to public honors and state employments.

Now toward the end of her race, all her strength seems weakness, and her quickest speed seems slothfulness; therefore at Christmas last she prepared to be at the holy communion with the first; and after that, her soul still wanting the strength and vigor it aimed at, she thinks of coming with the last too, the next Lord's-day: but that very morning she had a very sore conflict, and great anguish in spirit: one time her unworthiness, another time her dulness, and dryness, deterred her from approaching to the holy Sacrament; and then the singularity and unaccustomedness of receiving so often, dissuaded her; after an hour or two, some reason she found to presume this might be from the devil, her grand enemy, who was unwilling that the castle which he now besieged should be double-walled against him, and thereupon she continues her resolution, and came to the blessed Sacrament that second day also, and received with it much comfort and peace. And not many days after, the devil brought his strongest batteries and labored to take this castle by storm; temptations again she had, and those vehement and fierce, to suspect her whole course of life, as so full of weakness at best, and oftentimes so full of gross corruptions; her faith so weak, her repentance so faint, that God would not accept of her: but her shield of faith in Christ's merits soon repelled these darts, and her wonted sanctuary of prayer secured her presently from this storm of temptation.

And in peace and tranquillity of mind, her piety, and zeal of justice, hurry her to London, in the bitterest season of this winter, to take order for the discharge of some engagements: this she knew was her duty, and that she herself should take that journey, was conceived the necessary means to perform that duty, and therefore she ventures upon it and leaves the success to God.

At London she strengthens herself yet more, for the final period of her race, by receiving the holy Sacrament again; but alas! madam, though her inward strength increases, her outward strength decays, and her weak consumptive body, by a cold there taken, grows weaker: yet thence she came homeward; and at Oxford her cough and cold very much increasing, she with most earnest prayers, and holy meditations, which a pious and learned divine suggested to her, prepares herself for death.

After a while, they who were about her fearing the pangs of death to be upon her, began to weep and lament; the whole company grew sad and heavy; she only continued in her former condition, not at all sorrowful, nor affrighted by these messengers of death: then the physician coming, and, upon consideration, saying, "Here is no sign of death, nor of much danger; by God's help she may recover again." The whole company was very much comforted, and cheered; she only in her former indifferency; no alteration at all could be perceived in her, as if she had been the only party in the chamber unconcerned in it; neither fear of death could grieve nor trouble her, nor hopes of life and health rejoice her: "I have wholly resigned up myself to God," said she, "and not mine, but his will be done, whether in life or death." She was not afraid to live, and still endure the miseries of this life, and ever and anon encounter with Satan too, because she had a powerful God able to uphold her; nor yet afraid to die, and appear at God's judgment-seat, because she had a merciful Redeemer, willing to save her.

They who write of perfection, account it an high degree to have "*Vitam in patientiâ et mortem in voto*, To be content to live, but desirous to die:" yet surely, this, "*In æquilibrio ad vitam, et ad mortem*, To be wholly indifferent, and to be most equally inclined to either," to desire nothing, to fear nothing, but wholly to resign ourselves to God, accounting that to be the best, whatsoever it is, which he pleases to send. This, this is to be a strong man in Christ; and this in our most pious lady was a very near approach unto perfection.

It was related for a very great virtue in St. Cyprian, that, "*Maluit obsequi præceptis Christi, quàm vel sic coronari*, He had rather live and obey God, than die and reign in glory:" But this, to have no propensity at all more to one than to the other, to be wholly indifferent, to work on still in God's vineyard, or to be called up to heaven, to receive pay, this may be a greater virtue: and this perfect indifference to do, or suffer God's will, in life, or death, appearing in this servant of God, was such an act of self-denial, which they who observed it in her, could not but set a special character upon, most worthy to be commended to your ladyship.

Thus she was brought from Oxford home; and now being far spent and near her end, she could speak little, yet expressed a great deal of thankfulness to God, who had brought her safe to die in her own house, among her dearest friends.

And there she shewed those friends a rare pattern of patience in the extremity of her sickness.

But the tranquillity of mind, which she had in these her last days, was most observable; that the devil, who had so often perplexed her with violent temptations, should now leave her to rest and ease: she was wont to fear his most violent assaults on her death-bed, as his practice commonly is; but now God, it seems, had chained him up, and enabled her by his grace to tread Satan under her feet, not a word of complaint, nor the least disturbance, or disquiet, to be perceived by her, which is a sufficient argument to us, who knew how open a breast she had to reveal any thing in that kind, especially to divines, whereof she had now store about her, of her exceeding great quietness and peace: and this tranquillity of mind more clearly now appearing at her death, than ordinarily in the time of her health, is a great evidence to me, of God's most tender mercy and love towards her, and of some good assurance in her, of her salvation.

This quiet gave her leave, though now very faint and weak, to be most vigorous, and most instant at prayers: she calls for other help very faintly; but for prayers, most heartily and often, in those few hours she lived at home; and after the office of the morning was performed, she gave strict charge, that every one of her family, who could be spared from her, should go to church and pray for her; and then in a word of exhortation to them who stayed by her, saying, "Fear God, fear God," she most sweetly spent her breath; and so most comfortably yielded up her spirit to him who made it; and was, we doubt not, admitted into heaven, into the number of saints of God, there to reign in the glory of God for evermore.

Your servant in Christ Jesus,
I. D.

April 15, 1647.

Note.—The above beautiful Memoir, supposed to have been written by Lady Falkland's chaplain, gives no account of her family or husband, which of course were well known to those for whom it was first intended. To supply this desideratum, the following sketch of her husband is here subjoined from Lord Clarendon's History.

"In the unhappy battle of Newbury was slain the lord viscount Falkland; a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war, than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.

"Before he came to twenty years of age, he was master of a noble fortune, which descended to him by the gift of a grandfather, without passing through his father or mother, who were then both alive, and not well enough contented to find themselves passed by in the descent. His education for some years had been in Ireland, where his father was lord deputy; so that, when he returned into England, to the possession of his fortune, he was unentangled with any acquaintance or friends, which usually grow up by the custom of conversation; and therefore was to make a pure election of his company; which he chose by other rules than were prescribed to the young nobility of that time. And it cannot be denied, though he admitted some few to his friendship for the agreeableness of their natures, and their undoubted affection to him, that his familiarity and friendship, for the most part, was with men of the most eminent and sublime parts, and of untouched reputation in point of integrity; and such men had a title to his bosom.

"He was a great cherisher of wit, and fancy, and good parts in any man; and, if he found them clouded with poverty or want, a most liberal and bountiful patron towards them, even above his fortune; of which, in those administrations, he was such a dispenser, as, if he had been trusted with it to such uses, and if there had been the least of vice in his expense, he might have been thought too prodigal. He was constant and pertinacious in whatsoever he resolved to do, and not to be wearied by any pains that were necessary to that end. And therefore having once resolved not to see London, which he loved above all places, till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue, he went to his own house in the country, and pursued it with that indefatigable industry, that it will not be believed in how short a time he was master of it, and accurately read all the Greek historians.

"In this time, his house being within ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university; who found such an immenseness of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge, that he was not ignorant in any thing, yet such an excessive humility, as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted, and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air; so that his house was a university in a less volume; whither they came not so much for repose as study; and to examine and refine those grosser propositions, which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation.

"Many attempts were made upon him by the instigation of his mother, (who was a lady of another persuasion in religion, and of a most masculine understanding, allayed with the passions and infirmities of her own sex,) to pervert him in his piety to the church of England, and to reconcile him to that of Rome; which they prosecuted with the more confidence, because he declined no opportunity or occasion of conference with those of that religion, whether priests or laics; having diligently studied the controversies, and exactly read all, or the choicest of the Greek and Latin fathers, and having a memory so stupendous, that he remembered, on all occasions, whatsoever he read. And he was so great an enemy to that passion and uncharitableness, which he saw produced, by difference of opinion, in matters of religion, that in all those disputations with priests, and others of the Roman church, he affected to manifest all possible civility to their persons, and estimation of their parts; which made them retain still some hope of his reduction, even when they had given over offering further reasons to him to that purpose. But this charity towards them was much lessened, and any correspondence with them quite declined, when, by sinister arts, they had corrupted his two younger brothers, being both children, and stolen them from his house, and transported them beyond seas, and perverted his sisters: upon which occasion he wrote two large discourses against the principal positions of that religion, with that sharpness of style, and full weight of reason, that the church is deprived of great jewels in the concealment of them, and that they are not published to the world."

"He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear, that he was not without appetite of danger; and therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops, which he thought, by the forwardness of the commanders, to be most like to be furthest engaged; and in all such encounters he had about him a strange cheerfulness and companionableness, without at all affecting the execution that was then principally to be attended, in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it, where it was not, by resistance, necessary: insomuch that at Edgehill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril, by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away: insomuch as a man might think, he came into the field only out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier; and shortly after he came to his fortune, and before he came to age, he went into the Low Countries, with a resolution of procuring command, and to give himself up to it, from which he was converted by the complete inactivity of that summer: and so he returned into England, and shortly after entered upon that vehement course of study we mentioned before, till the first alarum from the north; and then again he made ready for the field, and though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the earl of Essex."

"When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press any thing which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word *Peace*, *Peace;* and would passionately profess, "that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart." This made some think, or pretend to think, "that he was so much enamored of peace, that he would have been glad the king should have bought it at any price;" which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man, that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience or honor, could have wished the king to have commited a trespass against either. And yet this senseless scandal made some impression upon him, or at least he used it for an excuse of the daringness of his spirit; for at the leaguer before Gloucester, when his friends passionately reprehended him for exposing his person unnecessarily to danger, (as he delighted to visit the trenches, and nearest approaches, and to discover what the enemy did,) as being so much beside the duty of his place, that it might be understood against it, he would say merrily, "that his office* could not take away the privileges of his age; and that a secretary in war might be present at the greatest secret of danger;" but withal alleged seriously, "that it concerned him to be more active in enterprises of hazard than other men; that all might see, that his impatience for peace proceeded not from pusillanimity, or fear to adventure his own person."

"In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of the lord Byron's regiment, who was then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when, there was some hope he might have been a prisoner; though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four and thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the business of life, that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence: whosoever leads such a life, need not care upon how short warning it be taken from him."

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* He was secretary of war, under King Charles I.

MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

The Almighty Author of all beings, in his various providences, whereby he conducts the lives of men from the cradle to the tomb, exercises no less wisdom and goodness than he manifests power and greatness in their creation; but such is the stupidity of blind mortals, that instead of employing their studies in these admirable books of providence, wherein God daily exhibits to us glorious characters of his love, kindness, wisdom, and justice, they ungratefully regard them not, and call the most wonderful operations of the great God the common accidents of human life, especially if they be such as are usual, and exercised towards them in ages wherein they are not very capable of observation, and whereon they seldom employ any reflection; for in things great and extraordinary, some perhaps will take notice of God's working, who either forget or believe not that he takes as well a care and account of their smallest concerns, even the hairs of their heads.

Finding myself in some kind guilty of this general neglect, I thought it might be the means to stir up my thankfulness for things past, and to encourage my faith for the future, if I recollected, as much as I have heard or can remember, the passages of my youth, and the general and particular providences exercised towards me, both in the entrance and progress of my life. Herein I meet with so many special indulgences as required a distinct consideration, they being all of them to be regarded as talents intrusted to my improvement for God's glory. The parents by whom I received my life, the places where I began and continued it, the time when I was brought forth to be a witness of God's wonderful workings in the earth, the rank that was given me in my generation, and the advantages I received in my person, each of them carries along with it many mercies which are above my utterance; and as they give me infinite cause of glorifying God's goodness, so I cannot reflect on them without deep humiliation for the small improvement I have made of so rich a stock; which, that I may yet by God's grace better employ, I shall recall and seriously ponder; and first, as far as I have since learnt, set down the condition of things in the place of my nativity at that time when I was sent into the world. It was on the 29th day of January, in the year of our Lord $16\frac{19}{20}$, that in the Tower of London, the principal city of the English Isle, I was about four of the clock in the morning, brought forth to behold the ensuing light. My father was Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower of London; my mother, his third wife, was Lucy, the youngest daughter of Sir John St. John, of Lidiard Tregoz, in Wiltshire, by his second wife, My father had then living a son and a daughter by his former wives, and by my mother three sons, I being her eldest daughter. The land was then at peace, it being towards the latter end of the reign of King James, if that quietness may be called a peace, which was rather like the calm and smooth surface of the sea, whose dark womb is already impregnated of a horrid tempest.

Whoever considers England, will find it no small favor of God to have been made one of its natives, both upon spiritual and outward accounts. The happiness of the soil and air contribute all things that are necessary to the use or delight of man's life. The celebrated glory of this Isle's inhabitants, ever since they received a mention in history, confers some honor upon every one of her children, and with it an obligation to continue in that magnanimity and virtue which hath famed this Island, and raised her head in glory higher than the great kingdoms of the neighboring Continent. Britain hath been as a garden enclosed, wherein all things that man can wish, to make a pleasant life, are planted and grow in her own soil, and whatsoever foreign countries yield to increase admiration and delight, are brought in by her fleets. The people, by the plenty of their country, not being forced to toil for bread, have ever addicted themselves to more generous employments, and been reckoned, almost in all ages, as valiant warriors as any part of the world sent forth; insomuch that the greatest Roman captains thought it not unworthy of their expeditions, and took great glory in triumphs for imperfect conquests. Lucan upbraids Julius Cæsar for returning hence with a repulse, and it was two hundred years before the land could be reduced into a Roman province; which at length was done, and such of the nation, then called Picts, as scorned servitude, were driven into the barren country of Scotland, where they have ever since remained a perpetual trouble to the successive inhabitants of this place. The Britons that thought it better to work for their conquerors in a good land, than to have the freedom to starve in a cold and barren quarter, were by degrees fetched away, and wasted in the civil broils of these Roman lords, till the land, almost depopulated, lay open to the incursions of every borderer, and were forced to call a stout warlike people, the Saxons, out of Germany, to their assistance. These willingly came at their call, but were not so easily sent out again, nor persuaded to let their hosts inhabit with them, for they drove the Britons into the mountains of Wales, and seated themselves in those pleasant countries, which from the new masters received a new name, and ever since retained it, being called England; on which the warlike Dane made many attempts, with various success; but after about two or three hundred years' vain contest, they were for ever driven out, with shame and loss, and the Saxon Heptarchy melted into a monarchy, which continued till the superstitious prince, who was sainted for his ungodly chastity, left an empty throne to him that could seize it. He who first set up his standard in it, could not hold it, but with his life left it again for the Norman usurper, who partly by violence, partly by falsehood, laid here the foundation of his monarchy in the people's blood, in which it hath swam about five hundred years, till the flood that bore it was ploughed into such deep furrows as had almost sunk the proud vessel. Of those Saxons that remained subjects to the Norman conqueror, my father's family descended; of those Normans that came in with him my mother's was derived; both of them, as all the rest in England, contracting such affinity, by mutual marriages, that the distinction remained but a short space, Normans and Saxons becoming one people, who by their valor grew terrible to all the neighboring princes, and have not only bravely quitted themselves in their own defense, but have shewed abroad how easily they could subdue the world, if they did not prefer the quiet enjoyment of their own part above the conquest of the whole.

Better laws and a happier constitution of government no nation ever enjoyed, it being a mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, with sufficient fences against the pest of every one of those forms, tyranny, faction, and confusion; yet it is not possible for man to devise such just and excellent bounds, as will keep in wild ambition, when princes' flatterers encourage that beast to break his fence, which it hath often done, with miserable consequences both to the prince and people; but could never in any age so tread down popular liberty, but that it rose again with renewed vigor, till at length it trod on those that trampled it before. And in the just bounds wherein our kings were so well hedged in, the surrounding princes have with terror seen the reproof of their usurpations over their free brethren, whom they rule rather as slaves than subjects, and are only served for fear, but not for love; whereas this people have ever been as affectionate to good, as unpliable to bad sovereigns.

Nor is it only valor and generosity that renown this nation; in arts we have advanced equal to our neighbors, and in those that are most excellent, exceeded them. The world hath not yielded men more famous in navigation, nor ships better built or furnished. Agriculture is as ingeniously practised; the English archery were the terror of Christendom, and their clothes the ornament; but these low things bounded not their great spirits, in all ages it hath yielded men as famous in all kinds of learning, as Greece or Italy can boast of.

And to complete the crown of all their glory, reflected from the lustre of their ingenuity, valor, wit, learning, justice, wealth and bounty, their piety and devotion to God and his worship, hath made them one of the most truly noble nations in the Christian world; God having, as it were, enclosed a people here, out of the vast common of the world, to serve him with a pure and undefiled worship. Lucius, the British king, was one of the first monarchs of the earth that received the faith of Christ into his heart and kingdom: Henry the Eighth, the first prince that broke the antichristian yoke off from his own and his subjects' neck. Here it was that the first Christian emperor* received his crown: here began the early dawn of gospel light, by Wickliffe and other faithful witnesses, whom God raised up after the black and horrid midnight of antichristianism, and a more plentiful harvest of devout confessors, constant martyrs, and holy worshippers of God, hath not grown in any field of the church, throughout all ages, than those whom God hath here glorified his name and gospel by. Yet hath not this wheat been without its tares. God, in comparison with other countries, hath made this as a paradise; so, to complete the parallel, the serpent hath in all times been busy to seduce, and not unsuccessful, ever stirring up opposers to the infant truths of Christ.

No sooner was the faith of Christ embraced in this nation, but the neighboring heathens invaded the innocent Christians, and slaughtered multitudes of them; and when, by the mercy of God, the conquering pagans were afterwards converted, and that there were none left to oppose the name of Christ with open hostility; then the subtile serpent put off his own horrid appearance, and comes out in a Christian dress, to persecute Christ in his poor prophets, that bore witness against the corruption of the times. This intestine quarrel hath been more successful to the devil, and more afflictive to the church, than all open wars; and I fear, will never happily be decided, till the Prince of Peace come to conclude the controversy, which at the time of my birth was working up into that tempest, wherein I have shared many perils, many fears, and many more mercies, consolations, and preservations, which I shall have occasion to mention in other places.

From the place of my birth I shall only desire to remember the goodness of the Lord who hath caused my lot to fall in a good ground, who hath fed me in a pleasant pasture, where the well springs of life flow to all that desire to drink of them. And this is no small favor, if I consider how many poor people perish among the heathen, where they never hear the name of Christ; how many poor Christians spring up in countries enslaved by Turkish and antichristian tyrants whose souls and bodies languish under miserable slavery! None knows what mercy it is to live under a good and wholesome law, that have not considered the sad condition of being subject to the will of an unlimited man; and surely it is too universal a sin in this nation, that the common mercies of God to the whole land are so slightly regarded, and so inconsiderately passed over: certainly these are circumstances which much magnify God's loving kindness and his special favor to all that are of English birth, and call for a greater return of duty from us than from all other people of the world.

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* Constantine.

Nor is the place only, but the time of my coming into the world, a considerable mercy to me. It was not in the midnight of popery, nor in the dawn of the gospel's restored day, when light and shades were blended and almost undistinguished, but when the Sun of truth was exalted in his progress and hastening towards a meridian glory. It was indeed early in the morning, God being pleased to allow me the privilege of beholding the admirable growth of gospel light in my days: and oh! that my soul may never forget to bless and praise his name for the wonders of power and goodness, wisdom, and truth, which have been manifested in this my time.

The next blessing I have to consider in my nativity is my parents, both of them pious and virtuous in their own conversation, and careful instructors of my youth, not only by precept but example: which, if I had leisure and ability, I should have transmitted to my posterity, both to give them the honor due from me in such a grateful memorial, and to increase my children's improvement of the patterns they set them; but since I shall detract from those I would celebrate, by my imperfect commemorations, I shall content myself to sum up some few things for my own use, and let the rest alone, which I either knew not, or have forgotten, or cannot worthily express.

My grandfather by my father's side was a gentleman of a competent estate, about seven or eight hundred pounds a year, in Sussex. He being descended of a younger house, had his residence at a place called Pulborough; the family out of which he came was an Apsley of Apsley, a town where they had been seated before the conquest, and ever since continued, till of late the last heir male of that eldest house, being the son of Sir Edward Apsley, is dead without issue, and his estate gone with his sister's daughters into other families. Particularities concerning my father's kindred or country I never knew much, by reason of my youth at the time of his death, and my education in far distant places only in general I have heard that my grandfather was a man well reputed and beloved in his country, and that it had been such a continued custom for my ancestors to take wives at home, that there was scarcely a family of any note in Sussex to which they were not by intermarriages nearly related; but I was myself a stranger to them all except my Lord Goring, who living at court, I have seen with my father, and heard of him, because he was appointed one of my father's executors, though he declined the trouble. My grandfather had seven sons, of which my father was the youngest: to the eldest he gave his whole estate, and to the rest, according to the custom of those times, slight annuities. The eldest brother married a gentlewoman of a good family, and by her had only one son, whose mother dying, my uncle married himself again to one of his own maids, and by her had three more sons, whom, with their mother, my cousin William Apsley, the son of the first wife, held in such contempt, that a great while after, dying without children, he gave his estate of inheritance to my father, and two of my brothers, except about £100 a year to the eldest of his half brothers, and annuities of £30 a piece to the three for their lives. He died before I was born, but I have heard very honorable mention made of him in our family. The rest of my father's brothers went into the wars in Ireland and the Low Countries, and there remained none of them, nor their issues, when I was born, but only three daughters, who bestowed themselves meanly, and their generations are worn out except two or three unregarded children. My father at the death of my grandfather being but a youth at school, had not patience to stay the perfecting of his studies, but put himself into present action, sold his annuity, bought himself good clothes, put some money in his purse, and came to London; and by means of a relation at court, got a place in the household of Queen Elizabeth, where he behaved himself so that he won the love of many of the court but being young took an affection to gaming, and spent most of the money he had in his purse. About that time the Earl of Essex was setting forth for Cales voyage, and my father, who had a mind to quit his idle court life, procured an employment from the victualler of the navy, to go along with that fleet: in which voyage he demeaned himself with so much courage and prudence, that after his return he was honored with a very noble and proper employment in Ireland. There a rich widow, that had many children, cast her affections upon him, and he married her; but she not living many years with him, and having no children by him, after her death he distributed all her estate among her children, for whom he ever preserved a fatherly kindness, and some of her grandchildren were brought up in his house after I was born. He, by God's blessing, and his fidelity and industry, growing in estate and honor, received a knighthood from King James soon after his coming to the crown, for some eminent service done to him in Ireland, which having only heard in my childhood, I cannot perfectly set down. After that, growing into a familiarity with Sir George Carew, made now by the king, Earl of Totness, a niece of this Earl's, the daughter of Sir Peter Carew, who lived a young widow in her uncle's house, fell in love with him, which her uncle perceiving, procured a marriage between them. She had divers children by my father, but only two of them, a son and daughter, survived her, she died whilst my father was absent from her in Ireland. He led all the time of his widowhood a very disconsolate life, careful for nothing in the world but to educate and advance the son and daughter, the dear pledges she had left him, for whose sake he quitted himself of his employments abroad, and procured himself the office of victualler of the navy, a place then both of credit and great revenue. His friends considering his solitude, had procured him a match of a very rich widow, who was a lady of as much discretion as wealth; but while he was upon this design, he chanced to see my mother at the house of Sir William St. John, who had married her eldest sister, and though he went on his journey, yet something in her person and behavior he carried along with him, which would not let him accomplish it, but brought him back to my mother. She was of a noble family, being the youngest daughter of Sir John St. John, of Lidiar Tregoz, in the county of Wilts; her father and mother died when she was not above five years of age, and yet at her nurse's, from whence she was carried to be brought up in the house of Lord Grandison, her father's younger brother, an honorable and excellent person, but married to a lady so jealous of him, and so ill-natured in her jealous fits to any thing that was related to him, that her cruelties to my mother exceeded the stories of step-mothers: the rest of my aunts, my mother's sisters, were dispersed to several places, where they grew up till my uncle Sir John St. John being married to the daughter of Sir Thomas Laten, they were all again brought home to their brother's house. There were not in those days so many beautiful women found in any family as these, but my mother was by most judgments preferred before all her elder sisters, who, something envious at it, used her unkindly, yet all the suitors that came to them still turned their addresses to her, which she in her youthful innocency neglected, till one of greater name, estate, and reputation than the rest, happened to fall deeply in love with her, and to manage it so discreetly, that my mother could not but entertain him; and my uncle's wife, who had a mother's kindness for her, persuaded her to remove herself from her sister's envy, by going along with her to the Isle of Jersey, where her father was governor; which she did, and there went into the town, and boarded in a French minister's house, to learn the language, that minister having been, by the persecution in France, driven to seek his shelter there. Contracting a dear friendship with this holy man and his wife, she was instructed in their Geneva discipline, which she liked so much better than our service, that she could have been contented to have lived there, had not a powerful passion in her heart drawn her back. But at her return she met with many afflictions; the gentleman who had professed so much love to her, in her absence had been, by most vile practices and treacheries, drawn out of his senses, and into the marriage of a person whom, when he recovered his reason, he hated: but that served only to augment his misfortune; and the circumstances of that story not being necessary to be here inserted, I shall only add, that my mother lived in my uncle's house, secretly discontented at this accident, but was comforted by the kindness of my uncle's wife, who had contracted such an intimate friendship with her, that they seemed to have but one soul. And in this kindness she had some time a great solace, till some malicious persons had wrought some jealousies, which were very groundless in my uncle, concerning his wife; but his nature being inclinable to that passion, which was fomented in him by subtile, wicked persons, and my mother endeavoring to vindicate her injured innocence, she was herself not well treated by my uncle, whereupon she left his house, with a resolution to withdraw herself into the island, where the good minister was, and there to wear out her life in the service of God. While she was deliberating, and had fixed upon it in her own thoughts, resolving to impart it to none, she was with Sir William St. John, who had married my aunt, when my father accidentally came in there, and fell so heartily in love with her, that he persuaded her to marry him, which she did, and her melancholy made her conform cheerfully to that gravity of habit and conversation, which was becoming the wife of such a person, who was then forty eight years of age, and she not above sixteen. The first year of their marriage was crowned with a son, called after my father's name, and born at East Smithfield, in that house of the king's which belonged to my father's employment in the navy: the next year they removed to the Tower of London, whereof my father was made lieutenant, and there had two sons more before me, and four daughters and two sons after: of all which, only three sons and two daughters survived him at the time of his death, which was in the sixty third year of his age, after he had three years before languished of a consumption that succeeded a fever which he got in the unfortunate voyage to the Isle of Rhe.

He died in the month of May, 1630, sadly bewailed by not only all his dependants and relations, but by all that were acquainted with him, for he never conversed with any to whom he was not at some time or in some way beneficial; and his nature was so delighted in doing good, that it won him the love of all men, even his enemies, whose envy and malice it was his custom to overcome with obligations. He had great natural parts, but was too active in his youth to stay the heightening of them by study of dead writings, but in the living books of men's conversations he soon became so skilful, that he was never mistaken but where his own good would not let him give him credit to the evil he discerned in others. He was a most indulgent husband, and no less kind to his children; a most noble master, who thought it not enough to maintain his servants honorably while they were with him, but for all that deserved it provided offices or settlements, as for children. He was a father to all his prisoners, sweetening with such compassionate kindness their restraint, that the affliction of a prison was not felt in his days. He had a singular kindness for all persons that were eminent either in learning or arms; and when, through the ingratitude and vice of that age, many of the wives and children of Queen Elizabeth's glorious captains were reduced to poverty, his purse was their common treasury, and they knew not the inconvenience of decayed fortunes till he was dead: many of those valiant seamen he maintained in prison, many he redeemed out of prison, and cherished with an extraordinary bounty. If among his excellencies one outshined the rest, it was the generous liberality of his mind, wherein goodness and greatness were so equally distributed, that they mutually embellished each other. Pride and covetousness had not the least place in his breast. As he was in love with true honor, so he contemned vain titles; and though in his youth he accepted an addition to his birth, in his riper years he refused a baronetcy, which the king offered him. He was severe in the regulating of his family, especially would not endure the least immodest behavior or dress in any woman under his roof. There was nothing he hated more than an insignificant gallant, that could only make his legs and prune himself, and court a lady, but had not brains to employ himself in things more suitable to man's nobler sex. Fidelity in his trust, love and loyalty to his prince, were not the least of his virtues, but those wherein he was not excelled by any of his own or succeeding times. The large estate he reaped by his happy industry, he did many times over as freely resign again to the king's service, till he left the greatest part of it at his death in the king's hands. All his virtues wanted not the crown of all virtue, piety and true devotion to God. As his life was a continued exercise of faith and charity, it concluded with prayers and blessings, which were the only consolations his desolate family could receive in his death. Never did any two better agree in magnanimity and bounty than he and my mother, who seemed to be actuated by the same soul, so little did she grudge any of his liberalities to strangers, or he contradict any of her kindnesses to all her relations; her house being a common home to all of them, and a nursery to their children. He gave her a noble allowance of 300*l.* a year for her own private expense, and had given her all her own portion to dispose of how she pleased, as soon as she was married, which she suffered to increase in her friend's hands: and what my father allowed her she spent not in vanities, although she had what was rich and requisite upon occasions, but she laid most of it out in pious and charitable uses. Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Ruthen being prisoners in the Tower, and addicting themselves to chemistry, she suffered them to make their rare experiments at her cost, partly to comfort and divert the poor prisoners, and partly to gain the knowledge of their experiments, and the medicines to help such poor people as were not able to seek to physicians. But these means she acquired a great deal of skill, which was very profitable to many all her life. She was not only to these, but to all the other prisoners that came into the Tower, as a mother. All the time she dwelt in the Tower, if any were sick she made them broths and restoratives with her own hands, visited and took care of them, and provided them with all necessaries; if any were afflicted she comforted them, so that they felt not the inconvenience of a prison who were in that place. She was not less bountiful to many poor widows and orphans, whom officers of higher and lower rank had left behind them as objects of charity. Her own house was filled with distressed families of her relations, whom she maintained and supplied in a noble way. The care of the worship and service of God, both in her soul and her house, and the education of her children, was her principal care. She was a constant frequenter of week-day lectures, and a great lover and encourager of good ministers, and most diligent in her private reading and devotions.

When my father was sick she was not satisfied with the attendance of all that were about him, but made herself his nurse, and cook, and physician, and, through the blessing of God and her indefatigable labors and watching, preserved him a great while longer than the physicians thought it possible for his nature to hold out. At length, when the Lord took him to rest, she showed as much humility and patience, under that great change, as moderation and bounty in her more plentiful and prosperous condition, and died in my house at Owthorpe, in the county of Nottingham, in the year 1659. The privilege of being born of and educated by such excellent parents, I have often revolved with great thankfulness for the mercy, and humiliation that I did not more improve it. After my mother had had three sons she was very desirous of a daughter; and when the women at my birth told her I was one, she received me with a great deal of joy; and the nurses fancying, because I had more complexion and beauty than is usual in so young children, that I should not live, my mother became fonder of me, and more endeavored to nurse me. As soon as I was weaned, a French woman was taken to be my dry nurse, and I was taught to speak French and English together. My mother, while she was with child of me, dreamed that she was walking in the garden with my father, and that a star came down into her hand, with other circumstances, which, though I have often heard, I minded not enough to remember perfectly; only my father told her, her dream signified she should have a daughter of some extraordinary eminency; which thing, like such vain prophecies, wrought, as far as it could, its own accomplishment:* for my father and mother fancying me then beautiful, and more than ordinarily apprehensive, applied all their cares, and spared no cost to improve me in my education, which procured me the admiration of those that flattered my parents. By the time I was four years old I read English perfectly, and having a great memory, I was carried to sermons, and while I was very young could remember and repeat them exactly, and being caressed, the love of praise tickled me, and made me attend more heedfully. When I was about seven years of age, I remember I had at one time eight tutors in several qualities, languages, music, dancing, writing, and needlework; but my genius was quite averse from all but my book, and that I was so eager of, that my mother thinking it prejudiced my health, would moderate me in it; yet this rather animated me than kept me back, and every moment I could steal from my play I would employ in any book I could find, when my own were locked up from me. After dinner and supper I still had an hour allowed me to play, and then I would steal into some hole or other to read. My father would have me learn Latin, and I was so apt that I outstripped my brothers who were at school, although my father's chaplain, that was my tutor, was a pitiful dull fellow. My brothers, who had a great deal of wit, had some emulation at the progress I made in my learning, which very well pleased my father, though my mother would have been contented I had not so wholly addicted myself to that as to neglect my other qualities: as for music and dancing I profited very little in them, and would never practise my lute or harpsichord but when my masters were with me; and for my needle, I absolutely hated it; play among other children I despised, and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe, that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company, to whom I was very acceptable, and living in the house with many persons that had a great deal of wit, and very profitable serious discourses being frequent at my father's table and in my mother's drawing room, I was very attentive to all, and gathered up things that I would utter again to the great admiration of many that took my memory and imitation for wit. It pleased God, that through the good instructions of my mother, and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myself to it, and to practise as I was taught. I used to exhort my mother's maids much, and to turn their idle discourses to good subjects; but I thought, when I had done this on the Lord's day, and every day performed my due tasks of reading and praying, that then I was free to any thing that was not sin; for I was not at that time convinced of the vanity of conversation which was not scandalously wicked; I thought it no sin to learn or hear witty songs and amorous sonnets or poems, and twenty things of that kind, wherein I was so apt, that I became the confident in all the loves that were managed among my mother's young women; and there was none of them but had many lovers, and some particular friends beloved above the rest.———

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* This is an ingenious way of accounting for the fulfilment of superstitious predictions and expectations, which might frequently, with close attention, be traced to their source, as is here done. It is clear that in the present case it occasioned a peculiar care to be taken of her education; and this again caused her mind and disposition to take that singular stamp which attracted the notice of Mr. Hutchinson, and led her to the highest situation that she could wish for.

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Here Mrs. Hutchinson's story of herself abruptly breaks off; but, from the memoirs of Col. Hutchinson, we learn some further interesting particulars. Mr. Hutchinson was in his twenty second year when he conceived a romantic prepossession in favor of Miss Apsley, from what he heard of her in a large party; and at their first interview, this prepossession became a fixed and ardent attachment. Mrs. Hutchinson piously refers the impression made on his mind to Divine Providence. That he should have so strong impulses towards a stranger whom he never saw, was "certainly," she says, "of the Lord, though he perceived it not." It were dangerous, in many cases, to draw such a conclusion; but, in this instance, the event justifies such a view of the whole transaction. The passage in which Mrs. Hutchinson, speaking of herself in the third person, describes the warmth of Mr. Hutchinson's attachment, and ascribes to his influence the formation of her own character, is too beautiful and characteristic to be passed over.

"Never was there a passion more ardent and less idolatrous. He loved her better than his life, with inexpressible tenderness and kindness, had a most high obliging esteem of her, yet still considered honor, religion, and duty above her; nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him from marking her imperfections. These he looked upon with such an indulgent eye, as did not abate his love and esteem of her, while it augmented his care to blot out all those spots which might make her appear less worthy of that respect he paid her. And thus indeed he soon made her more equal to him than he found her; for she was a very faithful mirror, reflecting truly, though but dimly, his own glories upon him, so long as he was present; but she that was nothing before his inspection gave her a fair figure, when he was removed, was only filled with a dark mist, and never could again take in any delightful object, nor return any shining representation. The greatest excellency she had, was the power of apprehending, and the virtue of loving his: so, as his shadow, she waited on him every where, till he was taken into that region of light, which admits of none, and then she vanished into nothing. 'Twas not her face he loved; her honor and her virtue were his mistresses, and these (like Pygmalion's) images of his own making; for he polished and gave form to what he found with all the roughness of the quarry about it; but meeting with a compliant subject for his own wise government, he found as much satisfaction as he gave, and never had occasion to number his marriage among his infelicities."

They were married July 3, 1638. In October, 1641, they took up their residence at Mr. Hutchinson's seat at Owthorpe in Nottinghamshire, where they had passed but a few peaceful and happy months, when "the kingdom began to blaze out with the long-conceived flame of civil war." From this period, the life of Mrs. Hutchinson is identified with the narrative she has given of the public transactions in which the Colonel, her husband, took so distinguished a part. Although her own brother, Sir Allen Apsley, and the greater part of her relations, took part with the King, Mrs. Hutchinson warmly concurred in the patriotic devotion of her husband to the cause of his country. When Sir Richard Byron, his relative, endeavored, through the medium of a friend, to gain over the Colonel, then governor of Nottingham Castle, to the royal interest, using as an argument, that the loss of his whole estate was inevitable if he persisted in the engagement he was in, the Governor returned the following answer: "That except he found his own heart prone to such treachery, he might consider there was, if nothing else, so much of a Byron's blood in him, that he should very much scorn to betray or quit a trust he had undertaken; but the grounds he went on were such, that he very much despised such a thought as to sell his faith for base rewards or fears, and therefore could not consider the loss of his estate, *which his wife was as willing to part with as himself*, in this cause, wherein he was resolved to persist, in the same place in which it had pleased God to call him to the defence of it." On many occasions, the heroic, and at the same time amiable character of this extraordinary woman, was illustriously displayed, too often in contrast with the spirit of those dark and troubled times. The following passage from the Memoirs, affords a striking instance.

"There was a large room, which was the chapel, in the castle. This they had filled full of prisoners, besides a very bad prison, which was no better than a dungeon, called the Lion's Den. And the new Captain Palmer, and another minister, having nothing else to do, walked up and down the castle-yard, insulting and beating the poor prisoners as they were brought up. In the encounter, one of the Derby captains was slain, and five of our men hurt, who, for want of another surgeon, were brought to the Governor's wife; and she, having some excellent balsams and plasters in her closet, with the assistance of a gentleman that had some skill, dressed all their wounds, whereof some were dangerous, being all shots, with such good success that they were all cured in convenient time. After our hurt men were dressed, as she stood at her chamber door, seeing three of the prisoners sorely cut and carried down bleeding into the Lion's Den, she desired the marshal to bring them in to her, and bound up and dressed their wounds also; which while she was doing, Captain Palmer came in and told her, his soul abhorred to see this favor to the enemies of God. She replied, she had done nothing but what she thought was her duty, in humanity to them, as fellow creatures, not as enemies. But he was very ill-satisfied with her, and with the Governor presently after, when he came into a large room where a very great supper was prepared, and more room and meat than guests; to fill up which, the Governor had sent for one Mr. Mason, one of the prisoners, a man of good fashion, who had married a relation of his, and was brought up more in fury than for any proof of guilt in him, and I know not whether two or three others the Governor had called to meat with him. For which Captain Palmer bellowed loudly against him, as a favorer of malignants and cavaliers. Who could have thought this godly, zealous man, who could scarce eat his supper for grief to see the enemies of God thus favored, should have after entered into a conspiracy against the Governor, with those very same persons who now so much provoked his zeal? But the Governor took no notice of it, though he set the very soldiers a muttering against him and his wife for these poor humanities."

Mrs. Hutchinson's singular magnanimity appeared on another occasion, when, having discovered a conspiracy against the Colonel, during his absence from Owthorpe, in which the family chaplain, her own waiting-woman, and two more servants, were implicated, she contented herself with taking active measures to defeat the plot, dismissing the principal accomplices with impunity. Ivie, the author of the plot, had attended on the Colonel. Him, Mrs. Hutchinson, not being willing to cast him into prison as he deserved, took with her immediately to London, and said nothing till he came there. "Then she told him how base and treacherous he had been; but, to save her own shame for having entertained so false a person, and for her mother's sake, whom he had formerly served, she was willing to dismiss him privately, without acquainting the Colonel, who could not know but he must punish him. So she gave him something, and turned him away, and told her husband, she came only to acquaint him with the insurrection, and her own fears of staying in the country without him." On their return, having ascertained that the chaplain had been Ivie's confederate, Mrs. Hutchinson "told him privately of it, and desired him to find a pretence to take his leave of the Colonel, that she might not be necessitated to complain, and procure him the punishment his treason deserved. He went away thus, but so far from being wrought upon, that he hated her to the death for her kindness." Conduct like this stands in no need of comment: it shewed her to be indeed one who had drunk deep into the spirit of the Gospel.

At the Restoration, Colonel Hutchinson was chiefly indebted to the exertions of his admirable wife, and the good offices of her brother, Sir Allen Apsley, for the favor extended to him in the first instance. She saw that he was ambitious of being a public sacrifice, and "herein only in her whole life, resolved to disobey him, and to improve all the affection he had to her for his safety." In compliance with her entreaty, he concealed himself, till she had, by a letter written in his name to the Speaker, ascertained the temper of the House of Commons, who voted the Colonel free without any engagement; his only punishment being a discharge from the present parliament, and disqualification for any office, civil or military. "Although he was most thankful to God, yet he was not very well satisfied in himself for accepting the deliverance. His wife, who thought she had never deserved so well of him, as in the endeavors and labors she exercised to bring him off, never displeased him more in her life, and had much ado to persuade him to be contented with his deliverance." But all her solicitude for his safety could not induce her to listen for a moment to any measure which would secure it at the expense of honor. When a kinsman of hers, of the court party, after disclosing to her the secret resolution of the ministry to exclude the Colonel from the benefit of the indemnity, told her, "to draw her in by examples, how the late statesmen's wives came and offered all the information they had gathered from their husbands, and how she could not but know more than any of them, and that, if yet she would impart any thing that might shew her gratitude, she might redeem her family from ruin;" Mrs. Hutchinson disdained to turn informer, replying, that "she perceived any safety one could buy of them, was not worth the price of honor and conscience; that she knew nothing of state managements, or, if she did, she would not establish herself upon any man's blood and ruin." She tried, indeed, to persuade the Colonel to leave England, which, if he had done, he would probably have lived to see the happy re-establishment of our constitutional liberty, and to be again a blessing to his country; but he considered that his flight would betray a distrust of God's providence, and would not take this timely step. They retired to Owthorpe, where they were suffered to pass a winter and a summer, unmolested, observing the greatest privacy, enjoying themselves "with much patience and comfort, not envying the glories and honors of the court, nor the prosperity of the wicked." But, on the 11th of October, 1663, the Colonel was put under arrest, by order of the Duke of Buckingham, upon alleged suspicion of being concerned in a treasonable plot. After eight days, he was set at liberty, on engaging to stay a week at his own house; but was again taken up on the 23d, and after a week's illegal close imprisonment, was brought up to London, and committed, without having undergone any examination, to the Tower. After making an ineffectual personal application to Secretary Bennet, afterwards Earl of Arlington, to obtain for the Colonel leave to see persons on private business, Mrs. Hutchinson now submitted to suffer with her high-minded husband, according to his own will and express injunctions, in patient resignation. On his being transferred, still without trial or legal cause of imprisonment, to Sandown Castle, his wife, when she "understood his bad accommodation, made all the means she could by her friends, to procure liberty that she might be in the Castle with him; but that was absolutely denied; whereupon she and her son and daughter went to Deal, and there took lodgings, from whence they walked every day on foot to dinner, and back again at night, with horrible toil and inconvenience; and procured the captain's wife to diet them with the Colonel, where they had meat good enough, but, through the poverty of the people, and their want of all necessaries, and the faculty to order things as they should be, it was very inconvenient to them. Yet, the Colonel endured it so cheerfully that he was never more pleasant and contented in his life. His wife bore all her own toils joyfully enough for the love of him, but could not but be very sad at the sight of his undeserved sufferings; and he would very sweetly and kindly chide her for it, and tell her, that if she were but cheerful, he should think this suffering the happiest thing that ever befel him." On the 3d of September, Mrs. Hutchinson being gone to Owthorpe, to fetch her children, the Colonel was seized with the ague which carried him off. His wife had left him "with a very sad and ill-presaging heart:" she returned only to see his corpse, and to receive through his brother his dying message: "Let her, as she is above other women, shew herself on this occasion a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary women." He expired on Lord's day evening, Sept. 11, 1664, and was buried at Owthorpe; being, to use Mrs. Hutchinson's words, "brought home with honor to his grave through the dominions of his murderers, who were ashamed of his glories, which all their tyrannies could not extinguish with his life."

Of her feelings on this trying occasion, Mrs. Hutchinson observes a silence which speaks more loudly than the most impassioned language. Here closes the record, nor is it known how long she survived this overwhelming calamity. The Owthorpe estate she sold, with the concurrence of her eldest son, to Charles Hutchinson, Esq. a half-brother of the Colonel's; but there is reason to believe, that, after selling the estates, the sum to be divided, left each member of the family in straitened circumstances. Col. Hutchinson left four sons, of whom the youngest only, John, left issue two sons. One of these emigrated to America, where his descendants yet venerate the memory of their great ancestor. The other is said to have gone out as commander of a ship of war given by Queen Anne to the Czar Peter, and to have been lost at sea. Of the four daughters who also survived Colonel Hutchinson, the youngest lies buried at Owthorpe, in the same vault with her father, whom probably she soon followed to the grave. Little more is known of her sisters, than that one, to whom Mrs. Hutchinson addressed one of her books of devotion, married a gentleman of the name of Orgill.

The "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson," have raised his biographer to a high niche among the literary and moral ornaments of her country. The eminent qualities of heart and mind which are displayed in that work, have won the admiration of the public, notwithstanding what many persons regard as the Puritanic cast of her piety. In her religious writings,* the same qualities are not less conspicuous, united with a degree of acquaintance with the learning then most in vogue, reputable to a scholar, and distinguishing in a female, together with a considerable superiority to the prejudices of the times. Those which have been published by the Editor of the "Memoirs," are, a tract "On the Principles of Religion," addressed to her daughter, Mrs. Orgill; and one "On Theology," composed apparently for her own improvement, and, it is conjectured, at an earlier period of her life. The latter is the more labored and scholastic of the two, abounding with learned references to the Greek and Roman classics, and to Jewish as well as Christian writers; but it is less practical than the other, and though it contains abundant proofs of the Author's intuitive good sense, and many very striking passages, is less generally interesting. The former treatise displays all the simplicity, genuine humility, liberality, and exalted piety of the writer's character. Some extracts from this work will form the most appropriate conclusion to the present memoir.

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* "On the Principles of the Christian Religion; and, On Theology. By Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson. 8vo. London, 1817.

In the dedication to her daughter, Mrs. Hutchinson thus states her design in the work.

"If any attempts have been made to shake you in principles, I bewail it as my neglect of fixing them by precept and example, and have written this little summary for you; not that I think it is any thing but what you may, more methodically collected, find in many books already writen, and as usefully gather for yourself out of the same spiritual garden where I had them; but that it may lie by you as a witness of those sound truths I desired to instruct you in, and, as my last exhortation, that you take heed you be not seduced to factions and parties in religion, from that catholic faith and universal love, wherein all that are true Christians must unite.

"There never was a time when the truth was more clouded with the mists of error, than at this day; so that it is very difficult for young converts not to be infected with some of them; all the old ones, against which the Church of God in and immediately after Christ's time so powerfully contended, being renewed in our days, and many new stalks growing upon every old poisonous root, the broachers and sect-masters coming, many of them, forth in the appearance of angels of light. And it is Satan's policy at this day, when the gilded baits of the world, and the sweet allurements of the flesh will not prevail, then to tempt with a wrested scripture, as he dealt even with Christ himself; and if some one opinion draw men into a sect, for that they espouse all the erroneous practices and opinions of that sect, and reject the benefit they might have by spiritual converse with Christians of other judgments; at least receive nothing from them without it pass the verdict of that sect they incline to. But I must, having been very much exercised concerning this thing, hold forth to you the testimony that I have received of God, whether you will receive it from me or not. Sects are a great sin, and Christians ought all to live in the unity of the Spirit; and though it cannot be but that offences will come in the Church, yet, wo be to them by whom they come. Love is the bond of perfectness, and they that break the communion of saints, walk not charitably, and will be highly accountable to God for it. Those that make divisions, and those that follow dividing seducers, keep not close to the indisputable precept of Christ. In his name, therefore, I beg of you to study and exercise universal love to every member of Christ, under what denomination soever you find them.

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"You may, perhaps, when you have read these common principles and grounds which I have here collected for you, think I might have spared my pains, and sent you a two-penny catechism, which contains the substance of all this; and it is true, here is nothing but what in substance you will find in every catechism. But though we ought to be taught these things the first that we are taught, yet they will hold us learning all our lives, and at every review we shall find our understanding grow in them. The want of having these grounds well laid, is the cause of so many wavering and falling into various sects. The Apostle reproaches the weakness of our sex more than the other, when, speaking of the prevalency of seducers, he says, 'they lead about silly women, who are ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.' Therefore, every wise and holy woman ought to watch strictly over herself, that she become not one of these. But, as our sex, through ignorance and weakness of judgment, (which in the most knowing women is inferior to the masculine understanding of men,) are apt to entertain fancies, and pertinacious in them, so we ought to watch over ourselves in such a day as this, and to embrace nothing rashly; but, as our own imbecility is made known to us, to take heed of presumption in ourselves, and to lean by faith on the strength of the Lord, and beg his protection, that we may not be led into error. I have had many distractions in spirit and interruptions in setting down these things, which I send you as a testimony of my best and most tender love to you, who cannot consider the age and temptations you are cast upon, without great thoughts of heart and earnest prayers for you many times when you sleep, and dream not of the spiritual loving care I have for you.

"It is life, not notion, that God requires. If you live in your first light, God will enlarge it, and give you eternal light and life in our Lord Jesus, which is the most fervent prayer of your truly affectionate mother."

We shall give two extracts from the body of the work; one on the love of God, the other on the fear of God.

"As faith apprehends God to be the chiefest good, and not only so in himself, but our sovereign and only felicity, we cannot so believe, but our souls must love him above all, and long after him, and seek their supreme joy in the fruition of him; which since we can no way arrive to but by Christ, hence he becomes the chiefest of ten thousand to our poor souls, exceeding precious, excellent, and admirable, far above all that the tongues of men and angels can express him.

"All men pretend a love to God, but there are few in whom it is sincere. Therefore, to discern our love, I shall only here insert a few notes of true love:

"1. None truly love God, but those who love God only: they that let any creatures share their heart with God, deceive themselves, and give God none of it.

"2. As God is to be loved only, so he is to be loved constantly; as well when he strikes as when he strokes; as well when he takes as when he gives. Whom Christ loved, he loved to the end; and they that love Christ, love him to the end.

"3. He that truly loves God, loves him for himself, more than for the good he expects from him.

"4. He that loves God, loves all things that are his as his, and those most that have most impression of his holiness.

"5. He that loves God, loves all those that love him, and delights in their conversation, especially when they contend in the praises of God, and endeavor to magnify his name.

"6. The love of God makes true believers to love all his ordinances, to love his word, and the messengers of it.

"7. Further, the love of God makes a true believer to love all his dispensations, even his chastisements, so far as they are destructive to that sin which hath procured them.

"8. Again, the love of God makes believers love his interest, and be willing to part with all things that are dear to them for the advancement of his glory.

"9. The love of God makes true believers to hate all things that are contrary to his holiness, even in themselves and their most beloved relations.

"10. He that truly loves God, delights to meditate of him, and to discourse of him, and to hear the mention of his name, and is weary of that conversation where God is seldom, slightly, or never remembered. Do we not see that even in creature loves, whatever the heart is set on, men take all occasions to admire it, to consult how to attain the enjoyment of it, and delight to hear the object of their love praised and commended by others; love those that love it, and hate those that hate it, and use all endeavors to make others admire and love what they do? And are we not ashamed to pretend to the love of God, when a little discourse of him is tedious to us; when those that hate the mention of him, whose mouths are full of lies and vanity, whose hearts are full of the world, and whose conversations savor nothing of God, are our beloved and delightful companions? This is a sore evil, and deserves a deep consideration and reflection. Even the saints themselves, in their conferences of God at this day, are rather fortifying each other in particular opinions that they affect, than magnifying the name of God for his excellency and his wonders manifested to the sons of men in his great works of creation, providence, redemption, sanctification. Wh odeclare to each other the goodness of God daily exercised to their souls, and call on their friends and neighbors to bless the Lord with them and for them? Ah! we live in such a world, that a true lover of God cannot do it, without casting pearls before swine that would turn and rend them; and therefore are fain almost in all company to keep silence, or else have their hearts disturbed from the contemplation of the dear object of their souls, and led astray in the wilderness of the world."

The other passage occurs in speaking of the slavish fear of God felt by the wicked.

"This fear, bondage, and terror, believers and true worshippers of God are delivered from, through the redemption that is in Christ; but that gentle curb which the love of God puts, as a bridle, on our wild affections, is the delight of the saints, who count the service of God perfect freedom. These are affected with a reverential, filial awe in his presence. They dread his displeasure more than hell, and seek his face and favor more than heaven. Heaven would not be heaven to a true child of God, if God were not there in his grace and favor; and were it possible there could be a hell where God's favor could be enjoyed, a true lover of God would choose it before paradise without him. But God cannot be separated from heaven: he is the heaven of heaven; and where he is present in grace and favor, there is no hell in the greatest tortures imaginable. This made Lawrence's gridiron a bed of roses. This made the stones that were hurled at Stephen, only to beat away the gross air from about him, and bring the glorious heaven into his view, with the sight of which he was so ecstasied, he felt not the pain of the strokes. This reverential fear begets a holy care and watch in the soul, suspecting and crying out to God to keep his citadel there, at every small motion and appearance of the enemy, in any suggestion or any rising mist. 'Tis a holy frame of spirit that keeps us always in a reverent awe and dread of the majesty of God, and in a humble posture of soul before him, yet cuts not off, but aggravates our delight in him, our joy and our singing before him: it is our wall of defense, and not our prison; our badge of honor, and not our chain of bondage; herein our love is exercised; and this is one of God's sweet embracings, whereby he holds in our souls, and keeps them close to him. He that fears not God, loves him not; as 'tis to be suspected too many do, that unreverently approach his throne in all their filthy pollutions, and dread not to come so undecently into his presence."

MRS. CATHARINE CLARKE,

WIFE OF THE REV. SAMUEL CLARKE.

Catharine Overton (for such was her former name) was born at Bedworth, in the county of Warwick, four miles from Coventry, Feburary 25, 1602, of religious parents. Her father was Mr. Valentine Overton, Rector of Bedworth, where he lived a constant and diligent preacher of God's holy word, till he was almost 82 years of age. Her mother was Mrs. Isaverton, a most excellent woman, who took the whole burthen of family affairs, both within and without doors, from off her husband, that he might with more freedom attend his holy calling.

It pleased God betimes to plant the seeds of grace in her heart, which first discovered themselves when she was about fifteen years old; at which time God discovered to her the corruption of her nature, and some common miscarriages which are incident to youth. These made such a deep impression upon her tender years that whereas she was naturally of a cheerful, sanguine constitution, she now became serious, and somewhat melancholy. Hereupon Satan, that old serpent and enemy of our souls, assaulted her with many and various temptations, whereby he sought to quench these heavenly sparks, and to stifle this new creature in its first conception. But by frequent reading the sacred Scriptures, diligent attending to the word preached, and secret prayer, it pleased the all-wise God to support and strengthen her against him and all his devices. Yet did these conflicts continue the longer, because she had none to whom she durst unbosom herself, and make her case known.

When she was about seventeen years old, she was, by her parents, sent to Siwel, in Northamptonshire, to wait upon a young lady that was somewhat related to her.

But this kind of life was so tedious and irksome to her, that at the end of six months she prevailed with her parents to send for her home again. Hear the narrative of it in her own words, as they were found written in her cabinet after her decease. "When," saith she, "I was but young, my father being at prayers in his family, I many times found such sweetness, and was so affected therewith, that I could not but wish that my heart might oftener be in such a frame. But childhood, and the vanities thereof, soon cooled these heavenly sparks. But my father caused me to write sermons, and to repeat the same; as also to learn Mr. Perkins's catechism, which I often repeated to myself when I was alone, and therein especially I took notice of those places wherein he had set down the signs and marks of a strong and weak faith, being convinced in my conscience that without faith I could not be saved, and that every faith would not serve turn to bring me to heaven.

"Hereupon I fell to examination of myself, and though I could not find the marks of a strong, yet, through God's mercy, I found the marks of a true, though but weak faith, which was some comfort and support to me. And that God which began this good work in me, was pleased to quicken and stir me up to a diligent use of such means as himself had ordained and appointed for the increase thereof, as hearing the word preached, receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and use of other private duties.

But when I was about seventeen years old my parents sent me to wait upon a young gentlewoman in Northamptonshire, the only daughter of Sir W. W.; at which time, being sent so far from my near and dear relations, and meeting with some other discouragements in the family, through want of the means of grace which I formerly enjoyed, I grew very melancholy. I began also to have great workings of conscience in me; and Satan that deadly enemy to the health and welfare of our souls, who like a roaring lion walks about continually, seeking whom he may devour, took his advantage, through my ignorance of his devices, to raise up fears, doubts, and terrors of conscience in me, by reason of my manifold sins, and for walking so unworthy of God's mercies whilst I did enjoy them, and for being so unfruitful under the means of grace, and so unable to obey God, and to keep his commandments; and by reason hereof I had no peace nor rest in my soul, night nor day, but was persuaded that all the threatenings contained in the book of God against wicked and ungodly men did belong unto me, and were my portion, as being one of them against whom they were denounced; insomuch as when I took up the Bible to read therein, it was accompanied with much fear and trembling; yet being convinced that it was my duty frequently to read God's word, I durst not omit or neglect it.

"Thus I continued a great while, bearing the burden of grievous temptations and inward afflictions of conscience, yet durst I not open the wound, nor, reveal my condition to any, as thinking and judging my condition and case to be like no body's else; but God, who is rich and infinite in mercy, and Jesus Christ, who bought his elect at so dear a rate, would not suffer any of his to be lost, and therefore he was graciously pleased to preserve, strengthen, and uphold me by his own power from sinking into hell through despair, and from running out of my wits. Thus, by reason of my continual grief and anguish of heart night and day, I was so weakened and changed within the compass of these six months, that when I came home my dear parents they scarce knew me."

Some years after her return, she, for the most part, continued in her father's family, where by a diligent and conscientious use of the means, both public and private, she did thrive and grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, as she increased and grew in days and years; and therewith also learned and exercised all parts of housewifery, which might fit her for government of a family, when God should call her thereto.

February 2, 1625, which was the same day on which King Charles the First was crowned, she was, with the consent of parents on both sides, married to Mr. S. Clarke, who at that time was minister at Shotwick, four miles beyond West Chester, who looked upon this match as the greatest outward temporal blessing that ever God bestowed upon him; whereby he could experimentally say, "that a prudent wife is the gift of God," and that in the possession of her he enjoyed more mercies than he could well enumerate. But we must descend to particulars, and to take notice of some of those virtues and graces wherewith God had beautified and adorned her soul.

Her piety was signal and exemplary: from her first conversion to the hour of her death, her life was not stained with any scandalous sin, which might be a blemish either to her person, profession, or relations. She was a constant and diligent attendant upon the public ministry of God's holy word; and when she lived where she had the opportunity of hearing lectures in the week day, she made choice to attend upon those who were most plain, practical, and powerful preachers: from whose sermons, and God's blessing upon them, she always sucked some spiritual nourishment, and came home refreshed; and when days of humiliation or thanksgiving came, she never failed to make one among God's people in the celebration of them.

The Lord's-days she carefully sanctified, both in public and in private, rising earlier upon them than upon others, especially when she had many young children about her, that so she might have opportunity as well for secret as for family duties, before she was called away to the public. She was, like David's door-keeper, one of the first in and last out of God's house. Her constant gesture at prayer was kneeling, thinking that she could not be too humble before God. Her usual manner was to write sermons, to prevent drowsiness and distractions, and to help memory; whereof she hath left many volumes; and her practice was to make good use of them, by frequent reading and meditating upon them; and if at any time she was cast into such places and company as were a hindrance to her in the strict sanctification of this holy day, it was a grief and burden to her.

There was no day that passed over her head, except sickness or some other unavoidable necessity prevented, wherein she did not read some portions of the Sacred Scriptures, both in the Old and New Testament, and of the Psalms; and in reading, she took special notice of such passages as most concerned herself: she was frequent and constant in secret prayer and meditation: she also read much in other good books, especially in the works of those eminent and excellent divines, Mr. Ambrose and Mr. Reyner: and in reading of them, she used to transcribe such passages as most warmed her heart.

She never neglected any opportunity of receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and before her coming to it was very strict and serious in the duty of self-examination; and for her furtherance therein, at such times, she read some of those books that treated upon that subject. The fruits of her holiness manifested themselves in the exercise of those graces which God required of her: she was not a wordy, but a real Christian; a true Israelite, in whom was no guile. Her endeavor was to yield universal, constant, cheerful, and sincere obedience to all God's commandments, and wherein she failed and came short it was her grief and burden. Her meditations upon what she heard and read were frequent; and her heart having "indited a good matter, her tongue was as the pen of a ready writer," taking opportunities to speak to the edification of those with whom she conversed.

She filled every relation with the exercise of such graces and duties as were suitable thereto, knowing that where relative duties are neglected, and not made conscience of, there also our pretended religion is in vain. As a wife, she was singular and very exemplary in that reverence and obedience which she yielded to her husband, both in words and deeds. She never rose from the table, even when they were alone, but she made a courtesy; she never drank to him without bowing; his word was a law to her; she often denied herself, to gratify him; and when in her sickness and weakness he mentioned her case in particular to God in his prayers, the duty being ended, she would make him a courtesy, and thank him. In case of his absence she would pray with her family morning and evening, the like she would do in his presence, in case of his sickness and inability to perform the duty himself. Her modesty and chastity were rare and remarkable; but fitter to be conceived by those who know what belongs to them, than to be expressed in words; for there is a conjugal as well as a virginal chastity.

In case of her husband's sickness, she was a tender and diligent nurse about him, skilful and careful in making him broths and what else was needful for him. If at any time she saw him in passion, with sweet and gentle words she would mollify and moderate it. She was often a spur, but never a bridle to him in those things which were good. She was always well pleased with such habitations, as in their many removes, he provided for her; and with such apparel and diet as his means, which was sometimes short would allow. She never murmured at any of those dispensations which God's all wise Providence carved out to them.

As a mother to her children, whereof God gave her nine, four sons and five daughters, she nourished them all with her own breasts; and knew how to order them both in health and sickness. She loved them dearly without fondness; was careful to give them nurture as well as nourishment, not sparing the rod when there was just occasion; and as soon as they were capable, she was vigilant and diligent to season their tender years with grace and virtue, by instilling into them the first grounds and principles of religion: and as they grew up, she did more freely discover her tender affection to them, by instruction, advice and good counsel, as there was occasion; and when they were disposed of abroad, by her gracious letters, and hearty instructions at their meetings, she labored to build them up in grace and godliness; and God was pleased to let her see to her great joy and comfort, the fruit of her prayers, and pains in keeping them from scandalous courses, and in working grace in most of their hearts. When they were married and had children, she was frequently making one thing or other for them.

As a mistress she was careful, as far as she could, to bring such as were religious, at least seemingly, into her family; and having occasion to be much in their company, she would take all occasions and opportunities to manifest her love and care of their souls, by frequently dropping in good counsel and wholesome instructions, by catechising, inquiring what they remembered of the sermons they heard, reading her notes to them, encouraging them in what was good, and with the spirit of meekness blaming them for what was evil: and, for housewifery and household affairs, she instructed their ignorance, commended and encouraged what they did well; and herself being of an active disposition, and having her hand in most businesses, set them a pattern and gave them an example how to order the same. She was careful, so far as possibly she could, to prevent all spoil, and to see that they did not eat the bread of idleness.

Towards her friends, and her own and her husband's relations, she was courteous and amiable in her deportment, free and hearty in their entertainment. She would have plenty without want, and competency without superfluity; and all so neat and well ordered, that none who came to her table, wherof some were persons of honor and quality, but commended her cookery, and were well pleased with their entertainment.

In her household furniture she loved not to want nor desired more than was needful. It was, though not costly, yet cleanly, and she was frequent in repairing and mending decays and what was amiss. For her apparel she was never willing to have that which was costly for the matter, or showy for the manner; rather under than above her rank. For the fashion of it, it was grave and exemplary, without levity. She followed Peter's directions which he gave to Christian women in his time, 1 Peter, iii. 3, &c. "whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For after this manner, in old time, the holy women who trusted in God adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands."

She was very charitable to the poor wherever she lived, according to that estate wherewith God had intrusted her. She was ready to relieve such as were objects of charity with meat or drink, and to lend them money, and to minister some physical things, whereof her closet was never empty, according as their necessities required. She had a very melting heart, and truly sympathized with the church and people of God, whether at home or abroad, in all their sufferings and rejoiced in their prosperity.

Her humility was not inferior to her other graces. She had always a very low esteem of herself, and was ready to prefer others before herself, and would not take it ill when her inferiors were set above her. She well remembered the Apostle Peter's charge: "All of you be subject to one another, and be clothed with humility. For God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." And that of St. Paul, Rom. xii. 10. "In honor prefer one another."

Her love to God, to his ordinances, and to his children was hearty and without dissimulation. "She abhorred that which was evil, and clave to that which was good." She was of so sweet and meek a disposition, that she never used to speak evil of any, but was ever prone to forgive and forget wrongs.

She was very prudent in managing her household affairs to the best advantage. She would have divers dishes of meat with little cost, yet so dressed and ordered as made them grateful and pleasing to all. She was careful to see that nothing was lost or spoiled. By her wise and frugal managing her household, though her husband had never much coming in, yet at the year's end he could always save something: so that her price to him was far above rubies. His heart trusted in her: for she did him good, and not evil, all the days of her life." Prov. xxxi. 10, 11, 12.

In her younger days she was healthful, of a cheerful and active spirit, and abhorring idleness; she would have her hand in every business. In her old age, though she was infirm, yet whilst she could stand she would be about one kind of work or other. She bore her weakness and afflictions with much patience and holy submission to the will and good pleasure of God: she was so uniform in the frame of her spirit, and so maintained her peace with God through her holy and humble walking, that when death, many times in her sickness, threatened to seize upon her, she feared it not, as knowing that it would be gain and advantage to her. Concerning which, hear what she herself left in writing, which was found after her decease.

"In my younger days my spiritual afflictions and inward troubles continued long before I could attain to any assurance of my salvation; but of late years it hath pleased God, of his infinite mercy and free grace, to give me more assurance of his unchangeable love through faith in his rich and free promises of life and salvation, through Jesus Christ, who is precious to my soul, and who is the author and finisher of my faith, God blessed for evermore: to whom be praise and glory, world without end. Amen."

In her converse with her friends "she opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness," Prov. xxxi. 26, which made her company grateful to all, and burdensome or undervalued by none. Divers years before her death, upon catching cold, she had many fits of sickness and weakness, and some of them were so violent as brought her near unto death; yet the Lord had mercy upon her husband and family, in raising her up again almost beyond hope and expectation: and she was always a gainer by her afflictions, God making good that promise to her, Rom. viii. 28. "All things shall work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose:" for after those fits she walked more humbly, holily, fruitfully and faithfully, both in her general and particular calling, as one that waited daily for the appearing of her Lord and Master. The winter before her death she enjoyed better health than she had done for some years before.

May 25, 1675, some friends came from London to dine with her; and that morning according to her usual custom in such cases, she was careful and busy in providing for their kind entertainment: but it pleased God, whilst they were at dinner, to strike her with a kind of shivering, which made her look paler than ordinary; and after dinner her distemper continued, so that she was soon confined to her chamber, and not long after, for the most part to her bed. But herein God shewed her great mercy, and had respect to her weakness, in that during all the time of her languishing she was free from sickness and pain, only sometimes she was troubled with some stitches, which yet were tolerable, not violent; she was also troubled with some vapors, which made her breath very short; yet had she a pretty good appetite, and relished her food well till about two days before her death; but then though she did eat yet she found little taste in her meat. Her sleep was pretty good, and always very quiet; she was never ill after food or sleep: only two days before her departure she slept little, by reason of the continual rattling of phlegm in her throat, when she wanted strength to expectorate.

As to the state of her soul, during all the time of her sickness she enjoyed constant peace and serenity, and had, through God's mercy, much joy and peace by believing; Satan, that roaring lion, who uses to be most strong when we are most weak, being so chained up by God that he had no power to molest her. She often cried out, "Hold out, faith and patience." She told her nearest relation, when she saw him mourning over her, that she was going to be joined to a better husband.

Her youngest son taking his leave of her the day before her death, she gave him much heavenly counsel for the good of his soul, and blessed him, and all his, as she did the rest of her children and grand-children. She earnestly desired to be dissolved, and breathed after a fuller enjoyment of Jesus Christ, which she accounted best of all. She would sometimes say, "that it was a hard thing to die;" and "this is a hard work." Her understanding, memory, and speech continued till within two minutes of death; and a little before, her daughter speaking to her of Jesus Christ, she replied, "My God and my Lord;" and so, June 21, 1675, about five o'clock in the morning, she fell asleep, exchanging this life for a better, without any alteration in her countenance, but only that her color was gone. She closed up her eyes herself, as who should say, "It is but winking, and I shall be in heaven." She "changed her place, but not her company." She was seventy-three years old and about four months, and had been married almost fifty years.

Thus did this holy woman wear out, not rust out: she served God in her generation, and then retired into that place where is health without sickness; day without night; plenty without famine; riches without poverty; mirth without mourning; singing without sighing; life without death; and these, with infinitely more, to all eternity. There is unspotted chastity; unstained honor; unparalleled beauty; there is the tree of life in the midst of this paradise: there is the river that waters the garden: there is the vine flourishing, and the pomegranate budding: there is the banqueting-house, where are all those delicacies and rarities wherewith God himself is delighted. There shall the saints be adorned as a bride, with rare pearls, and sparkling diamonds of glory, a glory fitter to be believed than possible to be discoursed: "an exceeding, excessive, eternal weight of glory," 2 Cor. iv. 17. Even such a weight, as if the body were not upheld by the power of God, it were impossible but that it should faint under it, as an eminent divine speaketh.

After Mrs. Clarke's decease, there was found in her cabinet a paper which, by frequent using, was almost worn out. It contained a collection of these several texts of Scripture, which she had recourse to in times of temptation or desertion.

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord; that obeyeth the voice of his servant; that walketh in darkness and hath no light: let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." Isa. l. 10.

"For the name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous run unto it, and are safe." Prov. xviii. 10.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." Isa. xxvi. 3.

"Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust." Psal. xl. 4.

"Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not sin." Psal. xxxii. 2.

Though our hearts may fail us, and our flesh may fail us, yet God will never fail us. Psal. lxxiii. 26. "For he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Heb. xiii. 5.

And again: "I will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." 2 Cor. vi. 18.

"I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." Isa. xliv. 25.

"My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." 2 Cor. xii. 9.

"By grace you are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves." Eph. ii. 8.

"I give unto them eternal life, and they shall not perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." Job, x. 28.

"Who are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation." 1 Peter, i. 5.

"The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal: the Lord knoweth who are his." 2 Tim. ii. 19.

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit." Rom. viii. 1.

"Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." Rom. iv. 10.

"It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth?" Rom. viii. 33, 34.

"The promise is to you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off; even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Acts, ii. 39.

"The gifts and calling of God are without repentance." Rom. xi. 29.

These texts of Scripture having been as so many cordials to her in times of temptation, it is hoped that they may prove so to others, and therefore for their sakes they are here set down. And hereby it appears that she was not without some shakings; but, through God's mercy, they were such as made her strike root the faster: and by her prudent and seasonable holding forth the shield of faith, and the sword of the Spirit, she became more than a conqueror through him that had loved her.

In another little book, which was found after her death, she gives this account of herself, and of God's gracious dealing with her.

From the beginning of God's shewing me mercy in my conversion, I here set down God's gracious dealings with me, not for mine own praise, but for the glory of God, and to stir up my heart to true thankfulness for such invaluable mercies. And then she set down the time, manner, and means of her conversion, and afterwards proceeds thus:—

"What have been my experiences of God's gracious dealings with me at several times, under afflictions?"

"As when personal afflictions have lain upon me, in regard of bodily sickness or spiritual distempers. Or, family afflictions, when God hath taken away my dear children. Or, when I have been under fears that God would take away my dear husband, by some dangerous sickness which he lay under. Or when I have been under great fears, in the time of our civil wars. Or, when I have been under spiritual desertion, by God's hiding his face and favor from me. Or, by reason of weakness and wants in grace. Or, by reason of strong and prevailing corruptions. Or, by reason of Satan's temptations." In all which cases she left a memorial of God's gracious dispensations towards her. I shall set down only a few of them.

"It pleased God for many years to keep me for the most part in a sad and disconsolate estate and condition, not clearly evidencing the certain assurance of his love to my soul; so that many times I questioned whether I was a child of God or no; whether I had part in Jesus Christ or no; whether I should ever attain to life and salvation or no: and this made me walk with a drooping and disconsolate spirit, so that I could take no true comfort in any thing. But though 'heaviness endured for a night, yet joy came in the morning,' when the Lord caused the light of his countenance to shine upon me, which was better than life.

"It pleased God upon the death of my youngest child that it lay very heavy upon my spirit, insomuch that I was brought oft upon my knees to beg support from God, and to crave his grace and assistance that I might not break out to speak or act any thing whereby God's name might be dishonored, or the gospel discredited; and that he would be pleased to make up this outward loss with some more durable and spiritual comforts. And I found a seasonable, gracious, and speedy answer to these my requests: for though I lay long under the burden of that loss, yet in this time did the Lord sweetly manifest his special love to my soul, assuring me that he was my gracious and reconciled Father in Christ, whereby my love to him was much increased, and even inflamed; so that, by his grace, it wrought in me more diligence and carefulness to maintain and preserve these evidences of his love, and to yield a holy submission unto his will, as well in suffering as in doing; as also by avoiding whatsoever might provoke him to withdraw the evidences of his love from me, without the sense whereof I could take little or no comfort in any thing.

"And furthermore I bless God for it, and speak it to the praise and glory of his rich and free grace, my prayers and earnest desires have been answered by God's giving me comfortable assurance, both from the testimony of his holy word and the witness of his blessed Spirit, of my eternal and everlasting salvation, in and by Jesus Christ. Yet have I not been without fears and doubtings many times, through want of looking over my evidences, or by neglecting to keep a narrow watch over my heart; or from weakness of my faith; and all through my own fault and negligence. The Lord pardon it, and make me more circumspect for the time to come."

By all these I have gained this experience:

"First: That God is true and faithful in making good all his promises seasonably unto us; as, that all things shall work together for our good: and that God will never fail us nor forsake us, &c.

"Secondly: That it is not in vain to wait upon God, and to seek unto him in our straits, who is more ready to hear than we are to ask.

"Thirdly: That I desire to see, yea, and the Lord hath shewed me the vanity and uncertainty of the most satisfying comforts that this world can afford, and what an emptiness there is in them, that so I may, and I desire so to do, keep weaned affections towards them, and to sit loose from them, that I may be ready to part with them when God calls them from me, or me from them."

Again, in regard of bodily weakness and sickness, my experiences have been these:

"First: That as a broken shoulder can bear no burden, so the least distemper, when the heart is not in an holy frame and temper, is a burden insupportable. If God hides his face from us, and withdraws the evidences of his love, and denies to assist us by his strength, we can neither do nor suffer any thing: and on the contrary I found, by experience, that I could with much cheerfulness, holy submission and willingness, bear great distempers, when I enjoyed the favor of God in them; so that then I could readily say, good is the work of the Lord as well as his word. And, 'I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him.' Micha. vii. 9. And, 'though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' Job, xiii. 15.

"Secondly, I found by experience also, that by my pains and sickness I was the better able to sympathize with, and to pity and pray for others, in the like case.

"Thirdly, hereby I learned the more to prize health; and that, because in health we have liberty and opportunity to enjoy the public ordinances with others of God's people, whereby the graces of God's people are quickened, strengthened, and increased in us; which otherwise, by reason of our corrupt natures, are apt to grow cold and languish, as will our bodies when they want food. Because in health we enjoy the benefit and comfort of sweet and quiet sleep, which much refreshes and cheers, and which commonly we want in sickness. Because in health we find sweet satisfying comfort in the use of God's good creatures; whereas in sickness the daintiest food is loathsome and troublesome. The consideration of these things made me the more to prize health; to be very thankful for it, and the more careful to employ and improve health and strength to God's glory, and the furtherance of mine own salvation."

In regard of public dangers I have had a great deal of experience of God's goodness towards me and mine, several ways, and at several times. For, "First, When in the beginning of our civil wars and distractions I was sometimes overwhelmed with base and distrustful fears, occasioned by my not acting faith upon the promises, and not remembering my former experiences, nor considering God's love, power, and fidelity to his children, in performing his so many gracious promises, made unto them in all estates and conditions, and to me among the rest: hereupon I resolved, by God's grace and assistance, not to give way to this distrust and diffidence, praying God to assist me therein, and found more courage than formerly, so far as I know mine own heart; though truly the heart is very deceitful, as I have found by sad experience. The Lord teach and enable me to rely upon him with more courage and constancy, and more to live by faith upon his promises than formerly I have done.

"Indeed I have been apt to fall into new fears upon approaching dangers; yet upon successes and glorious deliverances, I have oft resolved never to distrust God again, and yet my naughty heart hath deceived me and made me ready to faint. But this I found by experience, to the praise of my God's free grace, that as troubles have abounded, my consolations have much more abounded: for God brought seasonably into my mind many precious promises, which were as so many sweet cordials, which much supported and comforted my heart, and upheld my spirit: when also new storms have arisen and unexpected deliverances have followed, I have resolved, and do by God's grace, not to distrust him any more. Yea, though more and greater dangers shall arise, yet will I trust in and stay myself upon him, though, as Job said, 'he should slay me.' The good Lord establish my heart in this good and holy resolution, who is able to keep us to the end, and hath promised that he 'will preserve us by his power, through faith, to the salvation of our souls.'"

In regard to Satan's temptations, especially concerning my coming to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, my experiences have been these:

"Finding often that I was very unable to fit and prepare myself for a comfortable approach to that sacred ordinance, I used to desire the prayers of the congregation unto God in my behalf, and I used the best endeavors I could in private, as God enabled me, though I came far short of what was required, and of what I desired; so that I did trust and hope, through God's mercy, to find a comfortable day of it, and to have it a sealing ordinance to my soul. But, on the contrary, I found much deadness and little spiritual taste, relish, and comfort in the use of it; so that my spirit was oft much troubled and cast down in me, fearing lest I had some secret sin undiscovered and unrepented of, which caused the Lord thus to hide his face from me.

"But then my gracious God brought this into my mind, that the Lord doth sometimes afflict us for the exercise and improvement of our graces, as well as to humble us for our sins. I also considered, that as the Lord doth tender great mercies to us in this Sacrament, renewing his covenant of grace, and sealing unto us the pardon of our sins in the blood of Christ; so he gives us leave to engage ourselves, by renewing our covenant with him, to believe in him, and to trust upon Christ for life and salvation: and it pleased God to give me faith to apply this in particular to my own soul; and a while after to shew me and to make good to my soul that precious and comfortable promise, that though 'he hide his face from us for a little moment, yet with mercy and loving kindness he will return to us again.' This was a wonderful comfort and support to my dejected heart: blessed be the Lord for ever, I desire to treasure up these experiences, that for the future I may resolve in the like case to put my whole trust and confidence in him, that so Satan may not entrap me in his snares through unbelief, but that I may resist 'him steadfast in the faith:' for I am not altogether ignorant of his devices. God's promise is, that 'in all these things we shall be more than conquerors, through him that hath loved us; and hath said, that 'this is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith.'" 1 John, v. 4.

In the year 1669, there came to us the sad news of the death of my second son, Mr. John Clarke, a godly and faithful minister, rector of Cotgrave, in Nottinghamshire, who died the 18th of September.

Thus as the waves of the sea follow one another, so God is pleased to exercise his children with one affliction after another. He sees that whilst we carry about with us this body of sin, we have need of manifold trials and temptations, as saith the Apostle. 1 Pet. i. 6, "Now for a season ye are in heaviness, if need be, through manifold temptations;" to keep us under, and to make us the better to remember ourselves.

Indeed it hath been the Lord's course and dealing with me ever since he stopped me in the way as I was posting to hell, to raise up one affliction or other, either inward or outward, either from Satan, the world, or from mine own corrupt heart and nature, not having grace and wisdom to behave and carry myself as I ought under his various dispensations and providences, as appeared at this time by his laying so great and grievous an affliction upon me, in taking away so dear a son, from whom I had much soul-comfort, and ardent affections, which he manifested by his fervent prayers for me, and by his spiritual letters and writings to me, wherein he applied himself suitably to my comfort in those inward troubles of heart and spirit which lay upon me. This caused my grief and sorrows to take the greater hold of me, upon the loss of one who was so useful to me: yet hereby I do not derogate from my elder son, from whom I have the like help, and comfort.

Upon this sad occasion my grief grew so great that I took no pleasure of any thing in the world: but was so overwhelmed with melancholy, and my natural strength was so abated, that little food served my turn, and I judged that I could not live long in such a condition.

Here I began to examine my heart why it should be so with me, and whether carnal and immoderate affections were not the great cause of my trouble, which I much feared; and having used many arguments, and laid down many reasons to myself to quiet and moderate my passions, and yet nothing prevailed to quiet and calm my heart, and to bow me to the obedience of his revealed will: and withal, considering that it was God only that could quiet the heart, and set our unruly and carnal affections into an holy frame and order, and that he was a "present help in times of trouble," I often and earnestly sought unto the Lord with many prayers and tears, beseeching him to quiet my heart, and to overpower and tame my unruly affections, so as to be willing to submit unto him, and to bear his afflicting hand patiently and fruitfully, and to be ready and willing to submit, either in doing or suffering, to whatsoever he pleased to impose upon me, and to be ready to part with the best outward comfort I enjoyed, whensoever he should please to call for the same.

And it pleased God seasonably to hear my prayer, to regard my tears, and to grant my requests, by calming and quieting my heart and spirit, and by giving me much more contentedness to submit to his holy will and good pleasure, who is a "God of judgment," and knows the fittest times and seasons to come in with refreshing comforts, and who "waits to be gracious" unto those that trust in him. Yet surely I was not without many temptations in this hour of darkness, from that subtle adversary, who always stands at watch, to insinuate and frame his temptations answerable to our conditions, and like a "roaring lion walks about continually, seeking to devour" poor, yet precious souls. Then I "called upon the Lord in my distress, and he answered me and delivered me."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me praise his holy name!" For he hath remembered me in my low and troubled estate, because "his mercy endureth forever."

Having thus had new experience of God's readiness to hear and help when I called upon him; and having found that it is not in vain "to seek to and to depend upon God in all" our straits, I could not but record these things, that so "every one that is godly may seek unto him in a time wherein he may be found," who is a "present help" in times of trouble, and who doth for us "abundantly above what we can ask or think."

The Lord knows that I write these things for no other end, but that God may have the glory, and that others, especially my relations, may be encouraged to seek God in their straits, and to trust in him at all times. Amen.

After her decease there was also found in her cabinet a paper with this superscription:—My will and desire is, with the leave of my husband, to bestow upon my children these things as tokens of my motherly affections, and that I may be remembered by them. She began with her husband; and what she gave to him and all the rest, were all wrapped up in several papers, and each name endorsed on the outside to whom it did belong. And then concludes all thus:—"But above all, my prayers unto God are, that he would especially bestow upon you all needful saving graces, whereby you may be enabled to glorify his great name in those several places and callings wherein he hath set you. Amen, amen."

She left also legacies to some poor neighbors, as also ten shillings to Mr. W. the minister of the place, to buy him a mourning ring, concluding thus:

"If God shall please to bring me to my grave in peace, let this be the text at my funeral, Eph. ii. 8. 'for by grace ye are saved, through faith.' This Scripture I was oft put upon to have recourse to in times of temptations and desertion."

Thus she lived, adorning in all things the doctrine of the Savior; and died in the joyful expectation of that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

THE COUNTESS OF CARBERY.

The following character is extracted from a sermon preached at the funeral of the Countess of Carbery, (the lady of Richard, Earl of Carbery, who died in the prime of life, in the year 1650,) by the pious, learned, and eloquent Dr. Jeremy Taylor, and published in a collection of his discourses in folio.

I have now done with my text but am yet to make you another sermon. I have told you the necessity and the state of death; it may be too largely for such a sad story; I shall, therefore, now with a better compendium teach you how to live, by telling you a plain narrative of a life which if you imitate and write after the copy, it will make, that death shall not be an evil, but a thing to be desired, and to be reckoned amongst the purchases and advantages of your fortune. When Martha and Mary went to weep over the grave of their brother, Christ met them there, and preached a funeral sermon; discoursing of the resurrection, and applying to the purposes of faith, and confession of Christ, and glorification of God: we have no other, we can have no better precedent to follow; and now that we are come to weep over the grave of our dear sister, this rare personage, we cannot choose but have many virtues to learn, many to imitate, and some to exercise.

I choose not to declare her extraction and genealogy; it was, indeed, fair and honorable; but having the blessing to be descended from worthy and honored ancestors, and herself to be adopted and ingrafted into a more noble family, yet she felt such outward appendages to be none of hers, because not of her choice, but the purchase of the virtues of others, which although they did engage her to do noble things, yet they would upbraid all degenerate and less honorable lives than were those, which began and increased the honor of the families. Accordingly, myself have been a witness of it, how this excellent lady would, by an act of humility and Christian abstraction, strip herself of all that fair appendage of exterior honor which decked her person and her fortune; and desired to be owned by nothing but what was her own, that she might only be esteemed honorable according to that which is the honor of a Christian and a wise person.

She had a strict and severe education, and it was one of God's graces and favors to her. For being the heiress of a great fortune, and living amongst the throng of persons in the sight of vanities and empty temptations, that is, in that part of the kingdom where greatness is too often expressed in great follies and great vices, God had provided a severe education to chastise the forwardness of a young spirit and a fair fortune; and intending to secure this soul to himself, would not suffer the follies of the world to seize upon her by way of too near a trial, or busy temptation.

She was married young; in passing through which line of providence she had the art to secure her eternal interest, by turning her condition into duty, and expressing her duty in the greatest eminency of a virtuous, prudent, and rare affection; which I note in her as that which I would have exemplar to all ladies and to all women: and although this was a great enamel to the beauty of her soul, yet it might in some degrees be also a reward to the virtue of her lord; for she would often discourse it to them that conversed with her, that he would improve that interest which he had in her affection to the advantages of God and of religion; and she would delight to say, that he called her to her devotions, he encouraged her good inclinations, he directed her piety, he invited her with good books; and then she loved religion, which she saw was not only pleasing to God, and an act or state of duty, but pleasing to her lord, and an act also of affection and conjugal obedience.

As she was a rare wife, so she was an excellent mother; for in so tender a constitution of spirit as hers was, and in so great a kindness towards her children, there hath seldom been seen a stricter and more curious care of their persons, their deportment, their nature, their disposition, their learning, and their customs; and if ever kindness and care did contest, and make parties in her, yet her care and her severity were ever victorious; and she knew not how to do an ill turn to their severer part, by her more tender and forward kindness.

But if we examine how she demeaned herself towards God, there also you will find her not of a common, but of an exemplary piety. She was a great reader of Scripture, confining herself to great portions every day; which she read, not to the purposes of vanity and impertinent curiosity, not to seem knowing or to become talking, not to expound and rule, but to teach her all her duty, to instruct her in the knowledge and love of God and of her neighbors, to make her more humble, and to teach her to despise the world and all its gilded vanities; and that she might entertain passions wholly in design and order to heaven. I have seen a female religion that wholly dwelt upon the face and tongue; that like a wanton and undressed tree spends all its juice in suckers and irregular branches, in leaves and gum; and after all such goodly outsides, you shall never eat of the fruit, or be delighted with the beauties or the perfumes of a hopeful blossom. But the religion of this excellent lady was of another constitution; it took root downward in humility, and brought forth fruit upward in the substantial graces of a Christian, in charity and justice, in chastity and modesty, in fair friendships and sweetness of society. She had not very much of the forms and outsides of godliness, but she was singularly careful for the power of it, for the moral, essential, and useful parts; such as would make her *be*, not *seem* to be, religious.

She was a very constant person at her prayers, and spent all her time, which nature did permit to her choice, in her devotions, and reading and meditating, and the necessary offices of household government, every one of which is an action of religion, some by nature, some by adoption. To these also God gave her a very great love to hear the word of God preached; in which, because I had sometimes the honor to minister to her, I can give this certain testimony, that she was a diligent, watchful, and attentive hearer, and to this had so excellent a judgment, that if ever I saw a woman whose judgment was to be revered, it was hers alone. But her appetite was not soon satisfied with what was useful to her soul; she was also a constant reader of sermons, and seldom missed to read one every day; and that she might be full of instruction and holy principles, she had lately designed to have a large book, in which she purposed to have a stock of religion transcribed in such assistances as she would choose, that she might be readily furnished and instructed to every good work. But God prevented that, and hath filled her desires not out of cisterns and little aqueducts, but hath carried her to to the fountain, where "she drinks of the pleasures of the river," and is full of God.

She always lived a life of much innocence, free from the violences of great sins; her person, her breeding, her modesty, her honor, her religion, her early marriage, the guide of her soul, and the guide of her youth, were so many fountains of restraining grace to her, to keep her from the dishonors of a crime. It is good to bear the yoke of the Lord from our youth; and though she did so, being guarded by a mighty Providence, and a great favor and grace of God, from staining her fair soul with the spots of hell, yet she had strange fears and early cares upon her; but these were not only for herself but in order to others, to her nearest relatives. And because she knew that the sins of parents descend upon children, she endeavored by justice and religion, by charity and honor, to secure that her channel should convey nothing but health and a fair example and a blessing.

And though her accounts to God were made up of nothing but small parcels, little passions, and angry words, and trifling discontents, which are the allays of the piety of the most holy persons, yet she was early at her repentance; and toward the latter end of her days grew so fast in religion, as if she had had a revelation of her approaching end, and therefore that she must go a great way in a little time: her discourses were more full of religion, her prayers more frequent, her charity increasing, her forgiveness more forward, her friendships more communicative, her passions more under discipline; and so she trimmed her lamp, not thinking her night was so near, but that it might shine also in the day-time, in the temple, and before the altar of incense.

But in this course of hers there were some circumstances, and some appendages of substances, which were highly remarkable.

1. In all her religion, and in all her actions of relation towards God, she had a singular evenness and untroubled passage, sliding towards her ocean of God and of infinity with a certain and silent motion. So have I seen a river deep and smooth passing with a still foot and a sober face, and paying to the great exchequer of the sea the prince of all the watery bodies, a tribute large and full; and hard by it a little brook skipping and making a noise upon its unequal and neighbor bottom; and after all its talking and bragged motion, it paid to its common audit no more than the revenues of a little cloud or a contemptible vessel; so have I sometimes compared the issues of her religion to the solemnities and famed outsides of another's piety. It dwelt upon her spirit, and was incorporated with the periodical work of every day: she did not believe that religion was intended to minister to fame and reputation, but to pardon of sins, to the pleasure of God, and the salvation of souls.

2. The other appendage of her religion, which also was a great ornament to all the parts of her life, was a rare modesty and humility of spirit, a confident [resolute] despising and undervaluing of herself; for though she had the greatest judgment and the greatest experience of things and persons that I ever yet knew in a person of her youth, and sex, and circumstances, yet, as if she knew nothing of it, she had the meanest opinion of herself, and like a fair taper when she shined to all the room, yet round about her own station she had cast a shadow and a cloud, and she shined to every body but herself. But the perfection of her prudence and excellent parts could not be hid, and all her humility and arts of concealment made the virtues more amiable and illustrious.

I know not by what instrument it happened, but when death drew near, before it made any show upon her body, or revealed itself by a natural signification, it was conveyed to her spirit; she had a strange secret persuasion that the bringing this child into the world should be her last scene of life, and so it was that the thought of death dwelt long with her, and grew from the first steps of fancy and fear to a consent, from thence to a strange credulity and expectation of it, and without the violence of sickness she died; and in this I cannot but adore the Providence, and admire the wisdom and infinite mercies of God; for having a tender and soft, a delicate and fine constitution, she was tender to pain, and apprehensive of it, as a child's shoulder is of a load and burden, and in her often discourses of death which she would renew willingly and frequently, she would tell that she feared not death, but she feared the sharp pains of death. The being dead and being freed from the troubles and dangers of this world she hoped would be for her advantage, and therefore that was no part of her fear; but she believing the pangs of death were great, and the use and aids of reason little, feared lest they should do violence to her spirit and the decency of her resolution. But God that knew her fears and her jealousy concerning herself, fitted her with a death so easy, so harmless, so painless, that it did not put her patience to a severe trial. It was not (in all appearance) of so much trouble as two fits of a common ague; so careful was God to demonstrate to all that stood in that sad attendance, that this soul was dear to him; and that since she had done so much of her duty to him, he that began would also finish her redemption by an act of a rare Providence and a singular mercy.

Blessed be that goodness of God, who does such careful actions of mercy for the ease and security of his servants. But this one instance was a great demonstration that the apprehension of death is worse than the pains of death; and that God loves to reprove the unreasonableness of our fears, by the mightiness and by the arts of his mercy.

She had in her sickness, if I may so call it, or rather in the solemnities and graver preparations towards death, some remarkable and well-becoming fears concerning the final estate of her soul. But from thence she passed into a deliquium, or a kind of trance, and as soon as she came forth of it, as if it had been a vision, or that she had conversed with an angel, and from his hand had received a label or scroll of the book of life, and there seen her name enrolled, she cried out aloud, "Glory be to God on high: now I am sure I "shall be saved." Concerning which manner of discoursing we are wholly ignorant what judgment can be made; but certainly there are strange things in the other world, and so there are in all the immediate preparation to it; and a little glimpse of heaven, a minute's conversing with an angel, any ray of God, any communication extraordinary from the spirit of comfort which God gives to his servants in strange and unknown manners, are infinitely far from illusions; and they shall then be understood by us when we feel them, and when our new and strange needs shall be refreshed by such unusual visitations.

But I must be forced to use summaries and arts of abbreviature in the enumerating those things in which this rare personage was dear to God, and to all her relatives. If we consider her person, she was in the flower of her age, of a temperate, plain, and natural diet, without curiosity or an intemperate palate; she spent less time in dressing than many servants; her recreations were little and seldom, her prayers often, her reading much; she was of a most noble and charitable soul; a great lover of honorable actions, and as great a despiser of base things; especially loving to oblige others, and very unwilling to be in arrear to any upon the stock of courtesies and liberality; so free in all acts of favor that she would not stay to hear herself thanked, as being unwilling that what good went from her to a needful or an obliged person should ever return to her again; she was an excellent friend, and singularly dear to very many, especially to the best and most discerning persons, to all that conversed with her and could understand her great worth and sweetness; she was of an honorable, a nice and tender reputation, and of the pleasures of this world, which were laid before her in heaps, she took a very small and inconsiderable share, as not loving to glut herself with vanity, or to take her portion of good things here below. If we look on her as a wife, she was chaste and loving, discreet and humble. If we remember her as a mother, she was kind and severe, careful and prudent, very tender, and not at all fond, a greater lover of her children's souls than of their bodies, and one that would value them more by the strict rules of honor and proper worth, than by their relation to herself. Her servants found her prudent and fit to govern, and yet open-handed and apt to reward; a just exacter of their duty, and a great rewarder of their diligence.

She was in her house a comfort to her dearest lord, a guide to her children, a rule to her servants, an example to all.

But as she was related to God in the offices of religion, she was even and constant, silent and devout, prudent and material [solid]; she loved what she now enjoys, and she feared what she never felt, and God did for her what she never did expect. Her fears went beyond all her evil; and yet the good which she hath received was, and is, and ever shall be, beyond all her hopes. She lived as we all should live, and she died as I fain would die—

"Et cum supremos Lachesis pervenerit annos,
"Non aliter cineres mando jacere meos."

The preceding character is drawn in so striking and comprehensive a manner, and its peculiar beauty and excellence are pointed out with so correct and discriminating a judgment by the pious and eloquent author, that but little need be added, to recommend it to the notice and imitation of the reader; the following brief observations, however, will not be thought wholly superfluous.

The elevated rank of the subject of the foregoing eulogium is, first deserving of attention. Lady Carbery moved in that sphere of life which is exposed to peculiar dangers and temptations from the allurements of the world; and in which "greatness" (as it is admirably observed in the preceding passages,) is, in consequence, "too often expressed in great follies and great vices." Hence, the example of her piety and virtue shines with a lustre proportioned to the eminence on which she was placed, and to the difficulties with which she was surrounded. She had, indeed, the singular advantage of "a strict and severe education;" by which we are evidently to understand, an education conducted upon the genuine principles of Christianity, which, under the divine blessing, tended to correct the false views and expectations which her situation would naturally produce, and to set before her the good and perfect will of God, as the rule of her sentiments and conduct, and conformity to it as the source of all true greatness and happiness. Thus wisely brought up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," she came forth into the world well qualified to adorn her exalted station. It is, however, greatly to the honor of the age in which she lived, that Lady Carbery was by no means a *singular* example of piety united to high rank and fortune. Many others, of equal condition and of either sex, grace the annals of that period by a similar display of religious excellence: and this is a circumstance which deserves to be particularly noticed. If in the present day we look to the characters of the higher orders of society, we shall find but very few who resemble that of Lady Carbery. Doubtless,

> " We boast *some* rich ones whom the Gospel sways;
> " And one who wears a coronet and prays!"

Nay, more perhaps, than one. But still, as the same truly Christian poet adds,

> " Like gleanings of an olive-tree, they show
> " *Here and there one* upon the *topmost* bough."

And that only: yet why should this be so? True religion is so far from being an enemy to human greatness or prosperity, that wherever it is found in conjunction with them, it is seen to add grace and dignity to the one, and to lessen the dangers and increase the happiness of the other. Should this Memoir, therefore, fall into the hands of any who are thus highly favored by this world's good, let them learn from the example of Lady Carbery, that to be *truly* noble, they must be " born of God;" that to possess *real* wealth they must be " rich towards *him*, rich in faith, and " heirs of a kingdom which cannot be moved."

But there are two or three features in the religious character of this lady to which we would particularly direct the attention of our readers of every description. What we have principally in view may be denominated *the solidity* of her piety. The religion of Lady Carbery was founded in humility before God, and was richly productive of the substantial graces and virtues of a christian; the love of God and of her neighbors; subdued and well-regulated affections and desires respecting the things of this world; and a daily preparation for the employments and pleasures of a better. Her chief care and anxiety seem to have been directed towards the attainment and exercise of the power of godliness. For this she read the word of God, prayed in public and in private, and listened to the instructions of the pulpit. Religion, in short, appears to have been considered by her, not so much as intended to procure her any particular character amongst men, as " to teach her all her duty," to make her perfect and complete in all the will of God.

As a striking proof of the truth of these observations, we request our readers, especially the female part of them, to consider the exemplary and amiable conduct of Lady Carbery in every domestic relation and duty, more particularly in her conduct towards her children. This is a part of her character which is well deserving of imitation. "Her religion," adds her pious eulogist, "dwelt upon her spirit, and was incorporated with the periodical work of every day." This is pure and undefiled religion. May its influence be more widely diffused throughout the religious world; for this is good and profitable unto men, and redounds to the glory of God!

Conformably to such a life was the death of Lady Carbery, calm and peaceful; and honored by a remarkable token of the divine presence and favor. The account which the right reverend author of her character gives of this circumstance, is no less judicious than it is beautiful and interesting. And there is something peculiarly satisfactory in the evidence by which it is attested. It is greatly to be feared that the want of more frequent instances of this kind in the present day, is owing to our low attainments in the knowledge and love of God. Hence it is, that the promise, amongst others of a similar nature, which is recorded John xiv. 23, is so seldom accomplished in life, and at the hour of death.

What has thus been added to the character of Lady Carbery will tend to recommend to the notice of our readers that kind of religion of which she was so eminent an example; retired, yet substantial; elevated in its principles, yet chiefly discernible in the moral regulation of the heart and life, by the precepts of the gospel.

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

This lady was born about the year 1636, and was the daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, by his first wife, Rachel, daughter of Henry de Massey, Baron of Rovigny, and sister to the Marquis of Rovigny, father of Henry, Earl of Galway. She was married first to Francis, Lord Vaughan, eldest son of Richard, Earl of Carbery, and afterwards, about the year 1669, to William, Lord Russell, son of William, Earl of Bedford, by whom she had one son and two daughters. Lady Rachel, the eldest, was married to William, Lord Cavendish, afterwards Duke of Devonshire; and the Lady Catharine, the youngest, to John Manners, Lord Roos, afterwards Duke of Rutland. Wriothesley, the son, married Elizabeth, only daughter and heir of John Howland, Esquire, was created Baron Howland of Streatham, June 13, 1695, and succeeded his grandfather in 1700; became Duke of Bedford, and died May 26, 1711, in the thirty-first year of his age. By this lady he had three sons and two daughters.

It is well known, and is an event which can never be forgotten, that the husband of this lady, William, Lord Russel, was beheaded July 21, 1683. How worthy a man he was, how true a friend to the liberties of his country, how undeserving of his bitter treatment, and with what an invincible fortitude he met his cruel doom, the Introduction to the Letters of Lady Rachel Russel, his widow, particularly shews, and to that we refer our readers.*

As our concern is only with his relict, we shall turn our thoughts entirely to her. We own we are not furnished with any considerable materials for our Memoirs of her before the dismal period of her illustrious husband's sufferings. At this juncture she conducted herself with a mixture of the most tender affection, and the most surprising magnanimity. She appeared in court at the trial of her husband; and when the Attorney-General told him, "he might use the hands of one of his servants in waiting to take notes of the evidence for his use;" Lord Russell answered, "that he asked none, but that of the lady that sat by him." The spectators at these words turning their eyes, and beholding the daughter of the virtuous Southampton rising up to assist her lord in this his utmost distress, a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly. After his condemnation she threw herself at the king’s feet, and pleaded, but, alas! in vain, with his majesty the merits and loyalty of her father,* in order to save her husband. And without a sigh or tear she took her last farewell of him, when it might have been expected, as they were so perfectly happy in each other, and no wife could possibly surpass her in affection to an husband, that the torrent of her distress would have overflowed its banks, and been too mighty for all the powers of reason and religion to have restrained it. Indeed the affection of Lord Russell and his lady to each other, and their behavior in the season of their extremity of distress were very remarkable, and well deserve a particular mention. On the Tuesday before Lord Russell’s execution,† after dinner, when his lady was gone, he expressed great joy in the magnanimity of spirit he saw in her, and declared, “the parting with her was the greatest thing he had to do; for,” he said, “she would be hardly able to bear it; the concern about preserving him filled her mind so now, that it in some measure supported her, but, when that would be over, he feared the quickness of her spirits would work all within her.” On Thursday, while his lady was gone to try to gain a respite till Monday, he said, “he wished she would give over beating every bush, and running so about for his preservation; but when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow that she left nothing undone that could have given any probable hope, he acquiesced.” Indeed his heart was never seen so near failing him as when he spake of her. Sometimes a tear would be seen in his eye, and he would turn about, and presently change the discourse. The evening before his death he suffered his children, who were very young, and some of his friends, to take leave of him; in which interview he preserved his constancy of temper, though he was a very fond parent. He parted with his lady at the same time with a composed silence, and she had such a command of herself, that when she was gone, he said, “the bitterness of death was past,” for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression. He ran out into a long discourse concerning her, declaring, “how great a blessing she had been to him, and what a misery it would have been to him if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving his life." He added, "there was a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, where there were birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to himself; but her carriage," said he, "in my extremity was beyond all. He was glad that she and his children were to lose nothing by his death, and it was a great comfort to him that he left his children in such a mother's hands, and that she had promised him to take care of herself for their sakes." As to Lady Russell, she bore the shock of his death with the same magnanimity she had shewn at her lord's trial. When in open court, attending at her lord's side, she took notes, and made observations of all that passed on his behalf, and when prostrate at the king's feet, and pleading with his majesty in remembrance of her deceased father's services, in order to save her husband, she was a spectacle of the most lively compassion; but now, when without sigh or tear, she took her last farewell of him, she was an object of the highest admiration.

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* Letters of Lady Rachel Russell from the manuscript in the Library at Woo burn-Abbey; to which is prefixed an Introduction, vindicating the character of Lord Russell against Sir John Dalrymple, &c. third edit. printed 1774.

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* “The Earl of Southampton,” says Clarendon, “was a great man in all respects, and brought very much reputation to King Charles the First his cause. He went to the king to York, was most solicitous for the offer of peace at Nottingham, was with him at Edge-Hill, and came and stayed with him at Oxford to the end of the war.” Burnet calls him, “a man of great virtue and good parts, of a lively imagination and sound judgment, who had merited much by his constant adherence to the king’s interest during the war, and the large remittances he made him in his exile, and styles him a fast friend to the public—the wise and virtuous Earl of Southampton—who deserved every thing the king could give him.”—“The king,” says Oldmixon, “saw the virtuous and lovely Lady Russell weeping at his feet, imploring but a short reprieve for her condemned lord, with dry eyes and a stony heart, though she was the daughter of the Earl of Southampton the best friend he ever had in his life.”—See the Introduction to Lady Russell’s Letters.

† See the Introduction to Lady Russell’s Letters.

After this most distressing event, the death of her lord upon the scaffold, this excellent lady, though encompassed round with the darkest clouds of affliction, seemed to be absorbed in a religious concern to behave herself aright towards her God under his mighty hand, and to fulfil the duties now devolved upon herself alone in the care, education, disposal, and happiness of her children, those living remains of her lord, and which had been so dear to him, and were for his sake, as well as her own, so dear to herself.

In proof of this pious and maternal spirit which animated her ladyship during the residue of her days, the following Extracts from her Letters are laid before our readers. Extracts we call them, for they are by no means the whole of her Letters, which, if they had been all given, would have been too large to have been comprised under a single article in our work, and at the same time would not have directly fallen in with our design, that of exhibiting her as an eminently pious personage, as some, and indeed several of her Epistles relate, at least in a great part, to matters of public intelligence, business, and other inferior concerns.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

Lady Russell to Doctor Fitzwilliam.[*]

I NEED not tell you, good doctor, how little capable I am of such an exercise as this.[†] You will soon find how unfit I am still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrows, and confused as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will, I know, bear with my weakness, and compassionate my distress, as you have already done by your good letter, and excellent prayer. I endeavor to make the best use I can of both; but I am so evil and unworthy a creature, that, though I have desires, yet I have no dispositions or worthiness towards receiving comfort. You, that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend, but to have lived with such an one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so consequently lament the like loss. Who can but shrink at such a blow; till, by the mighty aid of his Holy Spirit, we let the gift of God, which he hath put into our hearts, interpose? That reason which sets a measure to our souls in prosperity, will then suggest many things which we have seen and heard, to moderate us in such sad circumstances as mine: but, alas! my understanding is clouded, my faith weak, sense strong, and the devil busy to fill my thoughts with false notions, difficulties, and doubts: but this I hope to make matter of humiliation, not sin. Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragement of my own thoughts! I know I have deserved my punishment and will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns, too sadly I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with. All these things are irksome to me now: the day unwelcome, and the night so too. All company and meals I would avoid, if it might be; yet all this is that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this sure hinders my comfort. When I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them. This makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a bigger? O! if I did steadfastly believe, I could not be dejected; for I will not injure myself to say I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No, I most willingly forsake this world, this vexatious, troublesome world, in which I have no other business but to rid my soul from sin, secure my eternal interests, with patience and courage to bear my eminent misfortunes, and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of it; and, when I have done the remnant of the work appointed me on earth, then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when by his infinite mercy I may be accounted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose where he is gone, for whom only I grieve. From that contemplation must come my best support. Good doctor, you will think as you have reason, that I set no bounds, when I let myself loose to my complaints; but I will release you, first fervently asking the continuance of your prayers for your infinitely afflicted, but very faithful servant, R. RUSSELL.

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[*] A divine for whom Lady Russell had a great esteem and friendship. He had been chaplain to her father, as he was afterwards to the Duke of York, was Rector of Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, and Canon of Windsor, which preferments he lost after the Revolution, upon refusal of the oaths. He died in or about the year 1696, having appointed all the Letters which Lady Russell wrote to him to be returned to her Ladyship, that they might be printed; but many of them, says the Editor of her Letters, do not appear.—See her Letters, p. 307.

[†] Lord Russell, her husband, was beheaded July 21, 1683.

Wooburn Abbey, September 30, 1683.

Lady Russell to Doctor Fitzwilliam.

It is above a fortnight, I believe, good doctor, since I received your comforting letter, and it is displeasing to me that I am but now sitting down to tell you so; but it is allotted to persons under my dismal title, and yet more dismal circumstances, to have additional cares, from which I am sure I am not exempt, but am very unfit to discharge well or wisely, especially under the oppressions I feel, however, it is my lot, and a part of duty remaining to my choicest friend, and those pledges he has left me. That remembrance makes me do my best, and so occasions the putting by such employments as suit better my present temper of mind, as this I am now about, since, if in the multitude of these sorrows that possess my soul, I find any refreshments, though, alas! such as are but momentary, it is but casting off some of my crowded thoughts to compassionate friends, such as deny not to weep with those that weep, or in reading such discourses and advices as your letter supplies me with, which I hope you will believe I have read more than once, and if I have more days to pass upon this earth, I mean to do so often, since I profess of all those that have been offered me, in which charity has been most abounding to me,* none have in all particulars more suited my humor. You

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* That eminently great and good man, the Reverend John Howe, wrote a most excellent letter to her Ladyship in this season of her distress, which well deserves in the whole of it a place in our work, but it is too long for insertion. However, some passages we shall take leave to select, which are as follow:—"The cause of your sorrow, madam, is exceedingly great. The causes of your joy are inexpressibly greater. You have infinitely more left than you have lost. Doth it need to be disputed whether God be better and greater than man? or more to be valued, loved, and delighted in? and whether an eternal relation be more considerable than a temporary one? was it not your constant sense in your best outward state, 'whom have I in heaven but thee, O God! and whom can I desire on earth in comparison of thee?' Psalm lxxiii. 25. Herein the state of your Ladyship's case is still the same. if you cannot rather with greater clearness, and with less hesitation, pronounce these latter words. The principal causes of our joy are immutable, such as no supervening thing can alter. You have lost a most pleasant, delectable, earthly relative. Doth the blessed God hereby cease to be the best and most excellent good? Is his nature changed? his everlasting covenant reversed, and annulled, 'which is ordered in all things, and sure, and is to be all your salvation, and all your desire, whether he make your house on earth to grow, or not to grow? 2 Sam. xxiii. 5. That sorrow which exceeds the proportion of its cause, compared with the remaining and real causes of rejoicing, is in that excess causeless, *i. e.* that excess of it wants a cause, such as can justify or afford defense unto it.

"Again, we ought to consider in every case principally that which is principal. God did not create this or that excellent person, and place him for a while in the world principally to please us; nor doth he therefore take him away principally to displease, or punish us, but for much nobler and greater ends, which he hath proposed to himself concerning him. Nor are we to reckon ourselves so little interested in the great and sovereign Lord of all, whom we have taken to be our God, and to whom we have absolutely resigned and devoted ourselves, as not to be obliged to consider and satisfy ourselves in his pleasure, purposes, and ends, more than our own apart from his. Such as he hath pardoned, accepted and prepared for himself, are to serve and glorify him in an higher and more exalted capacity than they ever could in this wretched world of ours, and wherein they have themselves the highest satisfaction. When the blessed God is pleased in having attained and accomplished deal with me, sir, just as I would be dealt withal; and it is possible I feel the more smart from my raging griefs, because I would not take them off but upon fit considerations, as it is easiest to our natures to have our sore in deep wounds gently handled, yet as most profitable I would yield, nay desire to have mine searched, that, as you religiously design by it, they may not fester. It is possible that I grasp at too much of this kind for a spirit so broken by affliction, for I am so jealous that time, or necessity, the ordinary abater of all violent passions, nay even employment, or company of such friends as I have left, should do that my reason or religion ought to do, as makes me covet the best advices, and use all methods to obtain such a relief, as

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the end and intendments of his own boundless love, too great to be satisfied with the conferring only temporary favors in this imperfect state, and they are pleased in partaking the full effects of that love, who are we that we should be displeased? or that we should oppose our satisfaction to that of the glorious God, and the glorified creature?

"Therefore, madam, whereas you cannot avoid to think much on this subject, and to have the removal of that incomparable person for a great theme of your thoughts I only propose most humbly to your honor, that you would not confine them to the sadder and darker part of that theme. It hath also a bright side, and it equally belongs to it to consider whither he is gone, and to whom, as whence and from whom. Let, I beseech you, your mind be more exercised in contemplating the glories of that state into which your blessed consort is translated, which will mingle pleasure and sweetness with the bitterness of your afflicting loss, by giving you a daily intellectual participation through the exercise of faith and hope in his enjoyments. He cannot descend to share with you in your sorrows; but you may thus every day ascend, and partake with him in his joys. He is a pleasant subject to consider; a prepared spirit made meet for an inheritance with them that are sanctified, and with the saints in light now entered into a state so connatural, and wherein it finds every thing most agreeable to itself. How highly grateful it is to be united with the true center, and come home to the Father of Spirits! to consider how pleasant a welcome, how joyful an entertainment, your consort hath met with above! how delighted an associate he is with the general assembly, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect! how joyful an homage he continually pays to the throne of the celestial King!

"Will your ladyship think that an hard saying of our departing Lord to his mournful disciples, 'If ye loved me you would rejoice that I said, I go to the Father, for my Father is greater than I?' John, xiv. 28. As if he had said, 'He sits enthroned in higher glory than you can frame any conception of by beholding me in so mean a condition on earth.' We are as remote, and as much short in our thoughts as to conceiving the glory of the supreme King, as a peasant, who never saw any thing better than his own cottage, from conceiving the splendor of the most glorious princes' court. But if that faith, which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen, be much accustomed to its proper work and business, the daily, delightful visiting and viewing the glorious, invisible regions; if it be often conversant in those vast and spacious tracts of pure and brightest light, and among the holy inhabitants that replenish them, if it frequently employ itself in contemplating their comely order, perfect harmony, sublime wisdom, unspotted purity, most fervent mutual love, delicious conversation with each other, and perpetual, pleasant consent in their adoration and observance of their eternal King, who is there to whom it would not be a solace to think I have such and such friends and relatives, some perhaps as dear as my own life, perfectly well pleased, and happy among them! how can you love, madam, so generous a love towards so deserving an object, how can it but more fervently sparkle in joy for his sake, than dissolve in tears for your own?

"Nor should such thoughts excite over-hasty, impatient desires of following presently to heaven, but to the endeavors of serving God more cheerfully on earth for our appointed time, which I earnestly desire your ladyship to apply yourself to, as

I can ever hope for, a silent submission to this severe and terrible providence, without any ineffective unwillingness to bear what I must suffer, and such a victory over myself that, when once allayed, immoderate passions may not be apt to break out again upon fresh occasions and accidents offering to my memory that dear object of my desires which must happen every day, I may say every hour of the longest life I can live; that, so, when I must return into the world so far as to act that part that is incumbent upon me in faithfulness to him I owe as much as can be due to man, it may be with a great strength of spirits, and grace to live a stricter life of holiness to my God, who will not always let me cry to him in vain. On him I will wait till he have pity upon me, humbly imploring that by the mighty aids of his

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you would not displease God, who is your only hope, nor be cruel to yourself, nor dishonor the religion of Christians, as if they had no other consolations than this earth can give, and earthly power can take from them. Your ladyship, if any one, would be loath to do any thing unworthy your family and parentage. Your highest alliance is to that Father and family above, whose dignity and honor are, I doubt not of highest account with you."

"I multiply words, being loath to lose my design. I shall only add that consideration, which cannot but be valuable with you, upon his first proposal, who had all the advantages imaginable to give it its full weight, I mean that of those *dear pledges left behind.* My own heart even bleeds to think of the case of those sweet babes, should they be bereaved of their other parent too: and even your continued visible dejection would be their unspeakable disadvantage. You always naturally create in them a reverence of you, and I cannot but apprehend how the constant mien, aspect and deportment of such a parent will insensibly influence the temper of dutiful children, and if they be sad and despondent, depress their spirits and blunt and take off the edge and quickness, upon which their future comfort and usefulness will much depend. Were it possible their now glorious father should visit and inspect you, would you not be troubled to behold a frown in that bright and serene face? You are to please a more penetrating eye, which you will best do by putting on a temper and deportment suitable to your weighty charge and duty, and to the great purposes for which God continues you in the world, by giving over unnecessary solitude and retirement, which, though they please you, do really prejudice you, and are more than you can bear. Nor can any rules of decency require more. Nothing that is necessary and truly Christian ought to be reckoned unbecoming. David's example, 2 Sam. xxii. 20, is of too great authority to be counted a pattern of indecency. The God of heaven lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and thereby put gladness into your heart, and give you to apprehend him saying to you, 'Arise, and walk in the light of the Lord?"

"That I have used so much freedom in this paper, I make no apology for; but do, therefore, hide myself in the dark, not judging it consistent with that plainness which I thought the case might require, to give any other account of myself, than that I am one deeply sensible of your and your noble relatives' deep affliction, and who scarce ever bow the knee before the mercy-seat without remembering it, and who shall ever be, madam, your Ladyship's

"Most sincere honorer, and
"Most humble devoted servant."

Though Mr. Howe, says Dr. Calamy, the writer of his Life, did not put his name to this his consolatory epistle, yet the style, and several particularities in it, soon discovered who was the author. Her ladyship sent him a letter of thanks, and told him that he must not expect to remain concealed. She promised to endeavor to follow the advice he had given her, and often wrote to him afterwards; some of which letters, says Dr. Calamy, I have seen and read, and they show that his freedom was taken kindly, and that his pains were well bestowed.—See Dr. Calamy's Life of Mr. Howe, prefixed to his Works, p. 33.

Holy Spirit he will touch my heart with greater love to himself. Then shall I be what he would have me. But I am unworthy of such a spiritual blessing, who remain so unthankful a creature for those earthly ones I have enjoyed, because I have them no longer. Yet God, who knows our frames, will not expect that when we are weak we should be strong. This is much comfort under my deep dejections, which are surely increased by the subtile malice of the great enemy of souls taking all advantage upon my present weakened and wasted spirits, assaulting with diverse temptations, as, when I have in any measure overcome one kind, I find another in the room, as when I am less afflicted, as I before complained, then I find reflections troubling me, as omissions of some sort or other, that if either greater persuasions had been used—he had gone away—or some errors at the trial amended—or other applications made, he might have been acquitted, and so yet have been in the land of the living, though I discharged not these things as faults upon myself, yet as aggravations to my sorrows, so that my heart shrinks to think his time possibly was shortened by unwise management. I believe I do ill to torment myself with such unprofitable thoughts.

Lady Russell to Doctor Tillotson.

Your letters never trouble me, Mr. Dean*. On the contrary, they are comfortable refreshments to my, for the most part, overburthened mind, which, both by nature and accident, is made so weak, that I cannot bear with that constancy I should the losses I have lately felt. I can say, friends and acquaintance thou hast hid out of my sight, but I hope it shall not disturb my peace. These were young, and as they had begun their race of life after me, so I desired they might have ended it also. But happy are those whom God withdraws in his grace. I trust these were so, and then no age can be amiss. To the young it is not too early, nor to the aged too late. Submission and prayer are all we know that we can do towards our own relief in our distresses, or to disarm God's anger, either in our public or private concerns. The scene will soon alter to that peaceful and eternal home in prospect. But in this time of our pilgrimage, vicissitudes of all sorts are every one's lot.—

About the middle of October, 1690.

Lady Russell to Lady Sunderland.†

Your kind letter, madam, asks me to do much better for me and mine than to scribble so insignificantly as I do on a piece of paper; but for twenty several reasons yours must have the advantage you offer me with obliging earnestness a thousand times greater than I deserve, or than there can be cause for, but that you have taken a resolution to be all goodness and favor to me: and, indeed, what greater proof can you ever give than remembering me so often, and letting me receive the exceeding advantage of your doing so by reading your letters, which are all so edifying? when I know you are continually engaged in so great and necessary employments as you are; and have but too imperfect health, which would unfit any other in the world but Lady Sunderland, for at least so great dispatches as you are charged with. These are most visible tokens of Providence that every one that aims to do their duty shall be enabled to do it.

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* Then Dean of St. Paul's, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

† Daughter of George Digby, Earl of Bristol.

I hope your natural strength is so great, that it will in some time, if you do your part, master what has been accidentally in the disorder of it. Health, if one strictly considers, is the first of earthly blessings; for even the conversation of friends, which, as to spiritual profits, as you excellently observe, as it is the nearest approach we can make to heaven while we live in these tabernacles of clay, so it is in a temporal sense also the most pleasant and the most profitable improvement we can make of the time we are to spend on earth. But, as I was saying, if our bodies are out of tune, how little do we enjoy what in itself is so precious! And how often must we choose, if we can attain it, a short slumber that may take off the sense of pain, rather than to accept what we know in worth excels almost to infiniteness? No soul can speak more feelingly than my poor self on this subject, who can truly say my friendships have made all the joys and troubles of my life; and yet, who would live and not love? Those who have tried the insipidness of such a life would, I believe, never choose it. Mr. Waller says, "it is with singing all we know they do above." And it is enough, for if there is so charming a delight in the love, and suitableness in humors to creatures, what must it be to our clarified spirits to love in the presence of God! Can there be a greater contemplation to provoke to diligence in our preparation for that great change, when we shall be perfected, and so continue for ever?

Her ladyship appears to have been a faithful guardian of her lord's reputation, and to have shewn his memory every honor that lay in her power. A few days after her lord's death, she, in vindication of his character, and indeed of Doctor Burnet's who was supposed to be the author or adviser of Lord Russell's speech upon the scaffold * wrote the following letter to the king.

N. B. This letter is thus indorsed by her:

My Letter to the King a few days after my dear Lord's death.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

"I FIND my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, but still continue to misrepresent him to your majesty.[*] It is a great addition to my sorrows, to hear your majesty is prevailed upon to believe that the paper he delivered to the sheriff, at his death, was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest, that [during his imprisonment] [†] I often heard him discourse the chiefest matters contained in that paper in the same expressions he therein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him can likewise aver. And sure it is an argument of no great force that there is a phrase or two in it another uses, when nothing is more common than to take up such words as we like, or are accustomed to in our conversation. I beg leave further to avow to your majesty, that all that is set down in the paper read to your majesty on Sunday night, to be spoken in my presence, is exactly true,[‡] as I doubt not but the rest of the paper is, which was written at my request; and the author of it, in all his conversations with my husband that I was privy to, shewed himself a loyal subject to your majesty, a faithful friend to him, and a most tender and conscientious minister to his soul. I do therefore humbly beg your majesty charitably to believe that he, who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not at the point of death do so disingenuous and false a thing as to deliver for his own what was not properly and expressly so: and if after the loss, in such a manner, of the best husband in the world, I were capable of any consolation, your majesty only could afford it by having better thoughts of him, which, when I was so importunate to speak with your majesty, I thought I had some reason to believe I should have inclined you to, not from the credit of my word, but upon the evidence of what I had to say. I hope I have written nothing in this that will displease your majesty. If I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief, and that you will pardon the daughter of a person who served your majesty's father in his greatest extremities (and your majesty in your greatest posts,) and one that is not conscious of having ever done any thing to offend you (before.) I shall ever pray for your majesty's long life, and happy reign, who am, with all humility, may it please your majesty," &c.

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* Burnet's History of his own time, Vol. II. p. 209, edit. 1815.

Upon the Duke of Monmouth's insurrection, [||] her ladyship thus writes to Doctor Fitzwilliam, in which letter, as there are the tender-

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[*] Burnet's History of his Own Time, Vol. II. p. 209, edit 1815.

[†] The words included in the brackets are crossed out.

[‡] The paper contained an account of all that passed between Doctor Burnet and his lordship during his attendance upon him. This account Doctor Burnet calls a journal, which he read before the king and council, at his majesty's command, on the day after Lord Russell's execution.—Burnet's History of his Own Time, Vol. II. p. 209, edit. 1815.

[||] The Duke of Monmouth was son to King Charles the Second, by Lucy Barlow, alias Walters. In his declaration against James the Second, among other things, he accuses him of the barbarous murder of Arthur, Earl of Essex, in the Tower, and of several others, to conceal it: of the most unjust condemnation of William Lord Rusest accents of grief for her loss, her wounds still bleeding, so there is the most honorable testimony borne to her lord's character. "And now, doctor, I take this wild attempt to be a new project not depending on or being linked in the least to any former design, if there was then any real one, which I am satisfied was not any more than (my own lord confessed) talk; and it is possible that talk going so far as to consider if a remedy to supposed evils might be sought, how it could be formed? But, as I was saying, if all this attempt was entirely new, yet the suspicion my lord must have lain under would have been great, and some other circumstances I do confess must have made his part an hard one, so that from the deceitfulness of the heart, or want of true sight in the directive faculty, what would have followed, God only knows. From the frailty of the will I should have feared but little evil, for he had so just a soul, so firm, so good, he could not warp from such principles as were so, unless misguided by his understanding, and that his own, not another's, for I dare say, as he could discern, he never went into any thing considerable upon the mere submission to any one's particular judgment. Now his own, I know, he could never have framed to have thought well of the late actings, and therefore most probably must have sat loose from them. But I am afraid his excellent heart, had he lived, would have been often pierced from the time his life was taken away to this. On the other hand, having, I trust, a reasonable ground of hope he has found those mercies he died with a cheerful persuasion he should, there is no reason to mourn my loss, when that soul I loved so well lives in felicities, and shall do so to all eternity. This I know in reason should be my cure, but flesh and blood in this mixed state is such a slave to sense, the memory how I have lived, and how, as I think, I must ever do for the time to come, does so prevail and weaken my most Christian resolves, that I cannot act the part that mere philosophy, as you set down many instances, enabled many to an appearance of easiness, for I verily believe they had no more than me, but vainly affected it. As I began the day with your letter, and the sheets of discourse, both enclosed in one paper, so I conclude it with some prayers you formerly assisted me with. Thus, doctor, you see you have a special right to those prayers you are pleased I should present, for the same effect on your spirit, if a portion of suf-

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sell, and Colonel Algernon Sidney, being only accused for meeting, in discharge of their duty to God and their country, to consult of extraordinary yet lawful means to rescue our religion and liberties from the hands of violence, when all ordinary means, according to the laws, were denied and obstructed: concluding, "And we do appeal unto the great God concerning the justice of our cause, and implore his aid and assistance that he would enable us to go forth in his name, and to do valiantly against his and our enemies, for he it is that knows that we have not chosen to engage in arms for corrupt and private ends or designs, but out of a deep sense of our duty; we therefore commit our cause unto him, who is the Lord of Hosts and the God of battles." The Duke of Monmouth was taken, tried, and, on the 15th of July, 1685, beheaded.

fering should be your lot, as you now wish on mine, which after my poor fashion I will not be wanting in, that am,

Sir, your obliged, and faithful
Friend and servant,
RACHEL RUSSELL.

Southampton-house, 21 July, 1685."

Her ladyship also, in the same affectionate regard to her lord's memory after the Revolution, made use of her interest in favor of his chaplain, Mr. Samuel Johnson, who calls Lord Russell "the greatest Englishmen we had," and was very instrumental in procuring him the pension, and other bounties, which he received from that government. It may be also added, that, as she had promised her lord to take care of her own life for the sake of his children, she was religiously mindful to perform that promise, and continued his widow to the end of her life, surviving him above forty years, for she lived to the 29th of September, 1723, dying in her 87th year. Indeed the series of letters during her long widowhood are the most tender and honorable testimonies of her respect to her husband's memory, and we may observe in them an almost unabating sorrow for the loss of him, united with an eminent piety, and profound submission to the divine will, at least no murmurs against it.

It is observable concerning Lady Russell, that in the free effusions of her heart to her intimate friends, with the constant moans of grief for the loss of her dear husband, that we remember not upon a diligent perusal of her Letters so much as one trace of keen resentment or reflection upon any person whatever that had any concern in her husband's death, if rather it may not be called murder. If the Duke of York was so malignant as to instigate his brother, King Charles, to be inexorable to the applications that were made for Lord Russell's life,* and even to propose that he should be executed at his own door, the good lady drops no censure upon him; and even after James the Second was no more king, but a wanderer in a foreign land, there is nothing like a triumph over him, or an intimation from her ladyship that she thought he was justly punished for his bloody crimes.

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* The king, says Bishop Burnet, could not bear the discourse of shewing any favor to Lord Russell; and the Duke of York would bear the discourse, though he was resolved against the thing. But, according to Dr. Wellwood, the king was not only inclined to pardon him, but suffered some words to escape on the very day he was executed, as sufficiently shewed his irresolution in that matter. In the Duke of Monmouth's journal it is said, that the King told him that he inclined to have saved the Lord Russell, but was forced to consent to his death, otherwise he must have broken with his brother, the Duke of York. The Duke of York descended so low in his revenge, (originating not improbably from Lord Russell's having proposed the bill in 1680, to the Commons, to prevent a popish successor, and having carried it, when passed, to the House of Lords, for their concurrence,) as to desire that Lord Russell might be executed before his own door: an insult the king himself would not consent to.—Introduction to Lady Russell's Letters p. 60.—But though Lady Russell, as far as we remember, calls not up, in a single hint, in all her Letters, the Duke of York's asperity against her husband, who was so dear to her, yet it seems that he was by another person, the father himself of Lord Russell, reminded to his face of the hard fate his son had met with. King James the Second, in his distresses in 1688, addressed himself to the Earl—"My lord, you are an honest man, have great credit, and can do me signal service."—"Ah, sir," replied the earl, "I am old and feeble; I can do you but little service, but I once had a son that could have assisted you; but he is no more." James was so struck with this reply, that he could not speak for some minutes. Introduction to Lady Russell's Letters, p. 73.

Even the inhuman Jefferies himself, who distinguished himself by a flaming speech against Lord Russell at his trial, is passed over in silence by her, and she takes not the least notice of his disgrace, imprisonment, and death in the Tower, owing, as it has been thought by some, to the blows he received while in the hands of an enraged populace.*

In fact her ladyship's Letters discover a mind in close connexion with her God, or earnestly laboring to enjoy this inestimable blessing, and bleeding with the incurable wound she had felt in the loss of the best of friends and husbands; but there are not the least traces of a sour or angry spirit against the unkind instruments that had brought such overwhelming sorrows upon her.

It appears from some of her ladyship's Letters, that she was afflicted, some years after her lord's death, with great weakness or dimness of sight. "My eyes grow ill so fast," says she in one of her letters, I resolve to do nothing of this sort by candlelight."† And in another: "For the chat of the town I will not venture to hurt my eyes for it."‡ From this complaint we find her happily relieved, for on June 28, 1694, Archbishop Tillotston wrote to Doctor Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, "That he could not forbear telling him that Lady Russell's eye was couched yesterday morning with very good success."§ From this time to her death, from what we can gather, she seems to have enjoyed her sight without any impediment, for her last two letters to the Earl of Galway, written about the years 1717, or 1718, appear, says the editor of her Letters,‖ by the largeness of the text to have been written without spectacles, as Lady Russell was sometimes accustomed to do in extreme old age. This circumstance of her disorder upon her eyes we the rather take notice of, that we may communicate to our readers the resignation she discovered even in the apprehension that she might shortly be deprived of the invaluable blessing of the light of the day. "While I can see at all," says she, writing to Doctor Fitzwilliam, 5th Nov. 1692,¶ "I must do a little more than I can when God sees best that outward darkness shall fall upon me, which will deprive me of all society at a distance, which I esteem exceedingly profitable and pleasant; but still I have full hope I shall rejoice in that he will not deny me his great grace to strengthen me with might by his Spirit in the inner man. Then I shall walk in the right way until I reach the joys of eternal endurance."

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* See Rapin's History of England, Vol. xii. p. 162, 8vo. edit. This historian adds, "never man had better deserved a public punishment, as an atonement for all the mischiefs done to his country, and for all the blood spilt by his means."

† See her Letters, p. 289. ‡ Ibid. p. 291.

§ See her Letters, p. 304, in a marginal note.

‖ Ibid. p. 331. ¶ Ibid. p. 293.

And again, to the same friend:*—"Alas! my bad eyes serve me now so little, that I could not read your papers, and tell you that I have done so, in one day. It is mortifying, yet I hope I do not repine, but, on the contrary, rejoice in the goodness of my God to me, that, when I feared the utter loss of sight, has let me thus long see the light, and by it given me time to prepare for that day of bodily darkness, which perhaps must soon overtake me."

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* See her Letters, p. 295.

MRS. ELIZABETH BURY.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bury was born about the second of March, 1644, at Clare, in the county of Suffolk, and was baptized the twelfth. Her father was Captain Adams Lawrence, of Lynton, in Cambridgeshire, a person of good character and great integrity. He died June 13, 1648. Her mother was Mrs. Elizabeth Cutts, daughter of Henry Cutts, Esquire, of Clare, a gentleman learned in the law, a great peace-maker among his neighbors, and a zealous promoter of the interest of the gospel. He died August 23, 1657, and his most eminently religious consort after him, August 5, 1667. His daughter, the mother of the subject of our Memoirs, was a remarkably serious, heavenly, and experienced Christian, an ornament to her family, a blessing to her children, and the delight of all her friends. She died full of grace and years, October 6, 1697, aged 78. Such were the truly respectable and heavenly roots whence Mrs. Bury sprung!

The freedom, ingenuousness, and pleasantness of Mrs. Bury's temper, were ordinarily known to all who conversed with her. She never was reserved but when she thought her company was disagreeable, or she could profit herself more by her own thoughts than the discourse of others.

She has been often taken notice of as a person of uncommon parts, ready thought, quick apprehension, and proper expression. She was always very inquisitive into the nature and reason of things, and greatly obliged to any that would give her information.

In writing letters she had a great aptness and felicity of language, and was always thought so close and pertinent, and full to the purpose, and withal so serious, spiritual, and pungent, that her correspondence was greatly valued by some of the brightest minds, even in very distant countries.

Her genius led her to the study of almost every thing; and, having a fine understanding, accompanied with a very faithful and retentive memory, and taking a continual pleasure in reading and conversation, she soon became a proficient in whatever part of knowledge she was desirous to attain.

She often entertained herself with philology, philosophy, and ancient and modern history. Sometimes she diverted herself with music, vocal and instrumental; sometimes with heraldry, the globes, and mathematics; and sometimes with learning the French tongue, principally for the sake of conversing with French refugees, to whom she was an uncommon benefactress; but she especially employed herself in perfecting her acquaintance with the Hebrew language, which by her long application and practice she had rendered so familiar and easy to her, as frequently to quote the original in common conversation, when the true meaning of some particular texts depended upon it. Very critical remarks upon the idioms and peculiarities of that language were found among her papers after her decease.

Another study in which she took much pleasure was that of anatomy and medicine; being led to it partly by her own ill health, and partly by a desire of being useful among her neighbors. In this branch of knowledge she improved so much, that many of the great masters of the faculty have been often startled, by her stating the most nice and difficult cases in such proper terms as could have been expected only from men of their own profession; and they have often owned that she understood an human body, and the materia medica, much better than most of her sex, with whom they had ever been acquainted.

But however she diverted herself with these parts of her literature, yet her constant favorite, and darling study was divinity, especially the Holy Scriptures, having from her very childhood taken God's testimonies for the men of her counsel. In the latter part of her life she devoted most of her secret and leisure hours to the reading of Mr. Henry's Exposition of the Bible, whose volumes she would often say were the most plain, profitable, and pleasant books she ever read, and the last books, next to the Holy Scriptures, she would ever part with. She honored the author, for finding so much of God in him, and for speaking the case of her own heart better than she could speak it herself. He always surprised her with something new, and yet so natural, and of such necessary consequence, and unobserved by others, that she still read him with fresh gust and pleasure. Next to the Bible, her chief delight lay in reading practical divinity; and the plainer and closer, and more penetrating any author was, he was always the more acceptable to her.

But notwithstanding all her knowledge, and unusual improvements in such a variety of learning, and her deep acquaintance with the spiritual and most interesting truths of religion, she would always confess and bewail her own ignorance, and that she knew little to what others did, or what she ought to have known in any of those matters.

The certain time and particular means of her conversion she could not positively determine, but she thought that blessed event took place about the tenth year of her age. She had been under many convictions some years before, but she apprehended the effectual work was not accomplished till that time; but then she judged it was indeed performed, for though she had many suspicions and jealousies of her state towards God after that period, yet upon the most serious searches she concluded with herself that she had more ground for hope than fear.

Her entrance upon a life of religion so young gave her many opportunities of glorifying God, of doing much good to others, and of enjoying large experiences of the divine grace and faithfulness towards her: and from the benefit and comfort she found in early religion herself, she always recommended it with much seriousness, affection, and importunity, to others. There was something very peculiar in the disposition of her mind, and turn of thought, that adapted itself to the capacity, temper, genius, and relish of most children. Her first and principal attempt upon their tender minds, was to bring them in love with their Bibles, to teach them some short sentences and prayers, and the pleasant histories of the Scriptures, especially such as concerned children, and then to insinuate herself into their affections, and so instruct, persuade, and oblige them, by discoursing with them in their own phrase and dialect, as to render her company very acceptable and delightful to them; and, by the grace of God, she by these methods was made very useful to many.

Having set out thus early in the way to Sion herself, and allured and persuaded all she could into the same path, she held on her own heavenly course with great steadiness, resolution, and pleasure; proceeded from strength to strength; and for the joy that was set before her, went before many of her fellow Christians. She thought it not enough to begin her work in the morning of life, but she diligently attended to it all the day. She was always aware of the vigilance of her spiritual enemies, and this kept her upon her watch. She would always say, "she had much to do, and that which must be done, and that she knew not how short her day would be, and therefore she had no time to lose." She often observed what was said of Jacob, that after he had met with God, "he gathered up his feet,"* and went his way; and she thought that she herself ought to imitate his example.

Having set out for heaven thus soon, and continuing her resolutions for God, and religion, and the eternal interests of her soul, she often considered with herself, and advised with others, upon the properest and most effectual means to promote and carry on her spiritual and pious designs, and at last determined upon this as one, to keep a daily memorial of what she did, which should be, as she expresses it, a witness between God and her own soul. It cannot be ascertained when she began her Diary, but it is conjectured it was about the eighteenth or twentieth year of her age. In it both morning and evening she strictly observes, with very great beauty and happy variety of expression, the most remarkable providences of God with respect to herself and others, and sometimes in the minutest circumstances of them—the solemn transactions between God and her own soul in her closet, in her family, in the sanctuary, and in her daily walk and converse with others—the substance of what she had read or heard that was most affecting in her present case, or might direct her future practice—her preparations for holy duties—the influences, impressions, assistance, withdrawings, and consolations of the Spirit of God in them—her daily infirmities, afflictions, supports, self-examinations, evidences, and foretastes of eternal life—her advances in religion, and her suspected decays—the matter of her prayers for herself and others, and the manner, time, and seasonableness of God's answers—the temper of her soul, especially on Sabbaths, and at sacraments, and on days of solemn fasting and humiliation, and thanksgiving, public, private, or secret, and on days she set apart for the trial of herself, and searches into her own soul—the various scenes of her life, and her comforts and exercises in each of them—her special remarks upon days of mercy either to herself or family—the manner of her entrance upon a new year, &c. But it would be almost impossible to enumerate the several heads and articles which make up her Diary. Enough, however, from the particulars that have been mentioned, may be said, to shew its pious nature, and excellent design.

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* What is rendered in our Translation, Gen. xxix. 1. "Jacob went on his journey;" in the original is, "He lifted up his feet;" to which this good lady, who was acquainted with the Hebrew language, evidently refers.

In this method she found singular advantage. She would often say, "that was it not for her Diary she should neither know what she was, or what she did, or what she had;" and by recourse to it in all her afflictions, temptations, and surprises, she generally found great relief. Let her mind be never so much embarrassed, and the exercise of reason and grace never so much interrupted, yet the review of her former experience was an extraordinary help to future confidence, and thus was she brought again to her great rock, refuge, and rest, and recovered her usual cheerfulness. Hence also it was that she often recommended the keeping a diary to others, that so God might not lose the glory, nor they themselves the comfort of their lives.

It was easy to observe a very lively impression of the image of God upon her soul, and the whole train of graces exhibited in a beautiful exercise through the whole course of her life and actions.

Her humility shewed itself in her courteous carriage towards the poorest persons, and her conversation with them, especially where she thought she could have any advantage for doing good. Whenever she appeared before God, her Diary discovers how exceeding vile she was in her own eyes, and how much she abhorred herself by reason of the *Lerna malorum*,* as she often calls it, which she found in her sinful nature, and which made her a burden to herself. She was also greatly humbled by observing the condescensions of divine grace under all her infirmities. "What grace, and such grace, to me, to "unworthy me, to vile ungrateful me!" There was nothing that so much affected her heart as the grace of God to such a sinner.

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* The infinity of sins, as this Latin proverb may be rendered. Lerna was a lake near Argos, in Peloponnesus, where Hercules slew the Hydra, or great water-snake, whose heads grew again as fast as they were cut off. Hence *Lerna malorum*.

Her patience was admirable under all the chastisements of her heavenly Father. She would often profess her unfeigned submission to all his discipline. "This," says she, "or any other method, Lord, to take away sin. This flesh shall bear it, and this spirit shall not repine at it. This is a part of thy covenant, and I am thankful for it. Thou hast done me good by afflictions, and wilt do me more, and therefore I will glory in them." Under the unkind treatment of some, whom she had studied to oblige to the utmost, and whose interests she had often espoused to the prejudice of her own, she manifested a very exemplary carriage, by keeping the possession of her mind, and rendering them good for all their evil. Indeed these trials stuck close to her, but, by the grace of God, she was superior to them all; she eyed God in all, and ever referred her cause to him.

As to this world, she was very thankful to her divine Benefactor for the good provision he had made for her in it; but she often protested, "that she would never take it for her portion, since God had tendered heaven, and himself, to her." The cares, and incumbrances, and vexations, and especially the sinfulness of the world, had weaned her affections from it, and raised many restless and almost incessant cries for her deliverance out of it. She was never elevated with its smiles, unless in thankfulness to God; and never depressed by its frowns, unless she apprehended that sin was the cause. Her mind for the most part was equal in every state, because she was ever aspiring and longing after her heavenly country and inheritance. How often would she wish, "O for those realms of light, and love, and purity!"

Her zeal for God was shewn by promoting his worship, and encouraging every probable method for public service. She had the interest of God and religion much more at heart than any private or personal interest whatsoever.

Her charity to the poor was known to many, especially to the household of faith, whether natives of her own country, or foreigners. She spared no pains, and grudged no expenses, in her state of widowhood, for carrying on her designs for the relief of destitute families exiled for the sake of religion, for erecting charity-schools for the education of the poor, for the maintenance of ministers, and candidates for the sacred office, and for a provision of Bibles, and practical books, to be distributed as she should see occasion. So many long and expensive journeys had she taken for promoting these charitable designs among her acquaintance, that she sometimes pleasantly remarked upon herself, "that she had acted the part of a beggar so long, that she was now almost really one herself." She very much approved of every person's devoting a certain part of their estates to pious and charitable uses; "for then," says she, "they will not grudge to give out of a bag that is no longer their own." And as to such as had no children, she thought it was reasonable they should appropriate a fourth part of their nett profits or income if they could allow it, as she herself did, to such valuable and necessary purposes.

She considered walking with God in general as implying a living, as in his sight, in conformity to him, and in communion with him. She esteemed it requisite in walking with God that a person should be humble under a sense of his own vileness and the great condescension of his God to him, and that he should be close, and steady, and persevering, and lively, in opposition to sluggishness and melancholy; and her own practice very much corresponded with her right apprehension of the duty, for it is observable from her Diary that she lived in a daily awe of the omniscience of God, in holy meditation of him, in humble expectations from him, and in constant devotedness of herself entirely to him.

She always began her day with God, by consecrating her first and freshest thoughts to him, that she might guard against vanity, temptation, and worldly discomposures, and keep her heart in tune for the following duties of the day. She always accounted the morning not only a friend to the Muses, but also to the Graces, and found it the fittest time for the best services. She never, or very rarely, entered upon any worldly business till she had begun with God, and given the first-fruits of the day to him in her closet, by reading, meditation, and prayer, before the worship of the family, often urging on herself the words of the Psalmist, " My voice shalt thou hear in the morning. O Lord, in the morning will I direct my prayer to thee, and will look up.*"

When reading, singing, and prayer in the family were over, she constantly returned to her closet, and generally spent most of her morning there. She first lighted her lamp, as she expressed it, by reading the holy Scriptures, for the most part with Mr. Henry's Annotations. She diligently compared parallel texts, and took a great pleasure in reducing what she met with in the History of the Bible to its proper time. She then poured out her soul to God in prayer, with a constant regard to the intercession of Christ; would often bitterly bewail the wanderings of her heart in that duty, and plead covenant grace and faithfulness, and to finish her morning's work with some hymn of praise, and write down an account of all in her Diary.

Through the rest of the day she walked with God, and carefully observed her goings, avoided the occasions of sin, watched over her heart, set a guard upon her lips, accustomed herself to holy conference with others, and was frequently lifting up her heart in ejaculatory prayers or praises upon any occurrence. When at any time she had been surprised by sin, she presently reflected, confessed, repented, had fresh recourse to the blood of Christ, and solemnly engaged herself to God for greater circumspection in the time to come.

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* Psalm v. 3.

In the evening, as early as she could, she called herself to an account for all that had passed in the day, and again inserted the records of herself in her Diary. Having poured out her heart to God, and committed herself and her all to him, she then cheerfully joined in the devotions of the family.

Though the people of God were always the people of her choice, she was often obliged to keep company with others. When she expected to make a visit to any such, or to receive a visit from them, she frequently begged of God grace that she might order her conversation aright, and that she might not be a partaker with others in their sins, but know how to reprove them, and that she might not suffer others to trifle away their time, but know how to employ them. She quickly observed the gifts and graces of others, and endeavored to draw them out to her own advantage. She always valued the conversation of ministers, physicians, and persons of reading and ingenuity, especially such as had the greatest savor of religion.

She often visited the sick, and relieved the poor, and blessed God that she was in circumstances to give rather than to receive. When in her state of widowhood she had sometimes given to the last penny, through the delays of tenants in their payments, she often observes, that speedy supplies were sent in a very unexpected manner, as if giving to the poor were the readiest way to bring in the payment of her debts.

Of all company there was none more offensive or painful to her than tatlers and talebearers. She could not forbear reproving them, and often frowned them out of her house. "She had business enough," she would say, "of her own, and therefore did not desire "to intermeddle with her neighbors." She durst not defame others, or take up an evil report against them, or countenance those who did. She was never more palled in conversation than in hearing what others did, and what they had, and what they said, what dresses were worn, what entertainments were given, what company were present, and what discourse passed among them, and therefore would often say, "How happy would it be if we might talk of things rather than of persons!" Both her own good sense and the power of religion carried her soul above such trifles and impertinencies, and they rather gave her disgust than any degree of pleasure.

Her worldly losses, especially in the latter part of her life, were many and very great; but she would say, "the world is not my portion, and therefore these losses cannot be my ruin. I have all in God now, and shall have all this restored by one mean or another, if not to myself, yet to those who shall survive me, if God sees it good for us." She was frequently exercised with afflictions, even from her youth. The inclemency of the air, where her own estate lay, and many of her pious friends and relatives lived, often laid her under a necessity of removing to distant places. She was also no stranger to very sharp bodily disorders; but, under extremity of pains in her head or breast, her usual complaints, she ever submitted with exemplary patience and silence to the sovereign will of God, justifying him in his severest discipline, and often saying, "she would not for all the world but she had been afflicted."

She set an high value upon her time, and especially on those seasons and opportunities in which the interest of her soul was so nearly concerned, and she thought she never could abound enough in that work which afforded her the greatest satisfaction. She would often say, "that she would not lose her morning hours with God, though she was sure to gain the whole world by it." She grudged that the poorest laborer should ever be found at his work before she was at hers. Even from her youth she agreed it with her servant, under great penalties upon herself, that she would rise every morning at four o'clock for her closet; "which was her practice," says her biographer and husband, "as I have been told, from the eleventh year of her age; and at five, to my own knowledge, if sickness or pain did not prevent her, for betwixt twenty and thirty of the last years of her life."

She carefully endeavored to improve the day, in company and conversation with her friends. She was always well furnished with matter for useful conversation, and could make very happy transitions from worldly to serious discourse. But yet she would often complain of the loss of much precious time in giving and receiving visits, and say, "she could not be satisfied with such a life, in which she could neither do good, nor receive good, but that she must keep to her closet, and her book." She often remarked in her Diary, "that she was entertained very kindly at such and such houses, but no good done to herself, or others."

It was her frequent prayer, that affection might never bias her judgment, but that reason and religion might govern her in every state and change of life.

Her first marriage was to Griffith Lloyd, Esquire, of Hemingford-Grey, in Huntingdonshire, on the first of February, 1667, in the twenty-third year of her age. He was a gentleman of good reputation and estate, of great usefulness in his county, while he was in commission of the peace, and afterwards as a reconciler of differences, and common patron of the oppressed. He was a person of a very active and generous spirit, of great piety, of a singularly good temper, and steady faithfulness to his friends. They lived together about fifteen years, to April 13, 1682, when death dissolved the near relation by removing him from our world. This worthy pair were such patterns of love and harmony, as to be taken notice of by all their neighbors; and, if they were envied by some, they were gloried in by others, and especially by their own relations.

Her second marriage was to the Rev. Samuel Bury, on May 29, 1697, who appears to have been a very worthy and excellent minister; and who happily survived her, to communicate the Memorials of her for the instruction and benefit of the world.

As to her relative duties she made great conscience of them, and was very exemplary in their observance.

As a mistress and governess of a family, she was very careful in the choice of her servants, where she could have a choice. She was always afraid of strife and contention in her family, lest she should be discomposed in her own spirit, and the common interest of religion should be obstructed by intestine jars and disaffection. She never took any person into her service till she had solemnly prayed to, and pleaded with God, and submitted herself to his direction. Whenever she treated with any, she not only acquainted them with the business of their place, but also with the religious orders of the family, to which she had their explicit consent. When they were once admitted into her house, it was her first and constant care to inquire into the state of their souls, to instruct and catechise, to reprove and encourage them; to warn them of the snares and dangers of their age and place, and to enjoin them to take time for secret prayer, reading the Scriptures, meditation, and self-examination. She always charged it as a duty upon herself to discourse over with her servants every sermon they heard together, especially on Sabbaths, and to inculcate that upon them in a particular manner, in which she thought they were much concerned. She sometimes took an account of them together; but at other times, when her strength and health would allow, she examined them singly and apart, that such who could remember but little, might not be discouraged by those that could do better, and that she might have a fairer opportunity of closer application to their particular state, as she saw occasion. By these means she became a servant to her servants, and she took pleasure in all her pains with them, though oftentimes to her own extreme faintness. Her servants themselves are witnesses what tender care she took of them in sickness, as well as in health; and her Diary will abundantly prove how incessantly she prayed for them, and suited her prayers to the particular exigencies of their several states. Often does she there mourn over the unteachableness of some, melting into tears on their account, and lodging her appeals with God as to the sincerity of her endeavors to have done them good. And in her Diary also we shall find her rejoicing over others, that God had answered her prayers, blessed her instructions, and brought them under the bonds of the covenant, planted them in families, and made them blessings there. "I cannot remember," says her husband, writing concerning her, "any servants that were ever brought under her care who had not learned something of the method of a sermon before they left her; and very many had their memories improved so far, as to bring home all the particular heads, though numerous, of the two sermons on the Lord's-day. He adds, that when ever she inclined to part with a servant, she always consulted God in it, and that she would take the person into her closet, and very pathetically advise and teach a proper conduct of life, in order that the servant might be acceptable in other families. "And such was the success," says her historian, "of these her religious methods, that I know not of any one servant she ever had but what was first or last under some awakenings of conscience, and spiritual convictions, and seeming resolutions for God and religion, however they wore off afterwards. It is common with some of them still, upon every occasion, to speak of their mistress's care of them, and prayers for them, when the family was left with her, as in the necessary absence of others was frequently the case."

If we view her in regard to her relations, we shall find her a constant sharer with them in all their joys and sorrows. A more sympathetic spirit is very rarely to be met with. She never ceased to pray for them as parts of herself. She often mourned for their sins and afflictions. She rejoiced in the piety of some, and longed after the conversion and return of others. When at a distance from her relatives she had a happy talent in writing to them; and such were the pertinency, pathos and pungency of all her letters, that every one valued them, and was greatly pleased with them. When she was present with her relatives, she was ever feeling how the pulse of their souls beat, she ingratiated herself into their regard, and instilled something proper into their minds, observing, persuading, warning, and directing, as she thought necessary. "She has an honorable testimony," says Mr. Bury, "I believe in the consciences of all her relations, who respect her memory, and own her to be a pattern of great integrity, piety, ingenuousness, and faithfulness. Her animadversion upon her friends, in the manner she used to do it, was so very far from offending them, that it was oftentimes very pleasing to them, and begat in them some awful regard to her person, and a true decorum in their own lives."

Besides her common concern for the good of all men, and her special regard to her family and relations, she would show upon all occasions, when her own health would allow it, a very compassionate concern for the sick and afflicted. Though in some cases it was very noisome and dangerous, yet she took a pleasure in visiting the sick, as it gave her an opportunity of inquiring into the state of their souls, and impressing upon their minds the concerns of religion, and improving the alarms of God upon their consciences for future watchfulness and reformation. However matters appeared to her upon such private inquiries and conversation with any, she would always afterwards bring their cases into her closet, spread them before the Lord, pray them over, and observe what answers were given to her supplications. How much knowledge and skill soever she attained in the practice of physic by long observation, conversation, and experience, yet she was always very distrustful of herself in any chronical cases, and could hardly be persuaded to direct without better advice, till the poverty of her patients, and their great importunity, compelled her to it. When God gave her success, she always acknowledged it with great thankfulness to him, that he should own so weak an instrument for the peservation of human lives. The instances of such successes, in most places where she had lived, were not easily numbered.

She always called the Sabbath a delight, holy of the Lord, and honorable. She was very uneasy if worldly business was not dispatched in time, that the Sabbath might be remembered before it came. She endeavored to awake with God, and possess her mind at first with proper thoughts, that might prepare her for the work that was to follow. She presently engaged in secret prayer, to bespeak the divine presence and assistance through the day. She then read and sang, as she had time, before family worship began. When that was over, she retired again to read, sing and pray; and, as has been before observed, had a constant remembrance of the minister, that God would grant him assistance, and success to his labors. As she was up early on the Sabbath, so she was not only always out early, but her whole family with her; not so much regarding the dressing of her own dinner as the advantage of her servants' souls. When public ordinances were over, she always withdrew for meditation: she next examined her servants, and inculcated upon them what they had heard, then she prayed in her closet before family worship, and after that filled up the spaces of the evening with spiritual and edifying discourses.

She was never more pleased in any ordinance than that of singing, as she had a natural taste for music, and a good understanding and skill in it. But yet a concord of voices could not satisfy her without an agreement and harmony of heart with what was sung. Hence a severe remark upon herself in her Diary: "In such a place I was so charmed with the novelty and sweetness of the tune, that I had sung several lines before my heart was concerned in what I was doing."

As to sacraments, she always shewed a most religious regard to them, in obedience to the precept, and in a sense of interest; "and for twenty-three years together," says Mr. Bury, who was that time married to her, "I never knew her absent from one, if bodily illness did not prevent her."

She was truly a praying person, and one who gave herself to prayer; and in the Scripture sense, she prayed always. She would often say, "she would not be hired out of her closet for a thousand worlds." She never enjoyed such hours of pleasure, and such free and intimate communion with God, as she experienced there. She wondered how any persons could live without prayer, and deprive themselves of one of the greatest privileges that was ever vouchsafed to the children of men.

Her gift in prayer was very extraordinary, as many have observed, when the care of the family devolved upon her; and as her excellent husband and biographer observed, when upon some peculiar occasions they have prayed together in secret. "He has been struck as he declares, with wonder, at the freedom and aptness of her language; at the warmth and vigor of her affections; at her humble confidence in God; and her strong expectations of blessings from him, when she poured out her soul to him in that duty." With satisfaction and cheerfulness she would leave all her own complaints, and all the difficulties, grievances, and distresses of others with her God, thus casting her burdens upon the Lord, and finding rest for her soul in him.

She never determined any doubtful cases with respect to herself, her friends or her family, till she had first asked counsel of God, and then whatever she resolved in her closet, upon that direction she was always unalterably fixed.

Many merciful returns of prayers she observes in her Diary. Sometimes God answered her upon her knees, while she was praying, either in the recovery of the sick, whose lives were despaired of by others; or in ease to the pained, when in their paroxysms and acutest agonies; or in comfort to the dejected, when under the gloomiest apprehensions, and most afflicting confusions; or in relief to the poor, when in the deepest distresses; or in extinguishing the violence of flames, when the towns where she lived had been in the greatest danger of being laid in ashes. In the last case, that of fire, she always retired upon the first alarm, "being incapable," as she used to say, "of giving any other assistance in that calamity than by prayer." At other times she observes in her Diary how long she waited for God's answers. "At such a time," she notes, "I prayed, and at such a time God graciously heard my prayer; and concludes, surely this was mercy worth praying and waiting for." She would often remark the seasonableness of the divine mercies, and how much better they were in God's time of giving them, than they would have been at the first time of her asking them; and sometimes she would very thankfully own the wisdom and goodness of God, when in the result of things she found she had prayed for what had not been honorable for God to give, and would have been hurtful to herself or others to receive.

It is not to be told upon how many occasions she thus addressed herself to God, or how often she opened the treasures of grace by this key of prayer. It is most certain that an application to the throne of mercy was her daily refuge, and her daily relief in every distress. If she did not always obtain what she asked in temporals, she owns she had an equivalent, or better, and God fully satisfied her of the reasonableness of his denials. As to her trials and temptations, she acknowledges with great gratitude to God, "that she had either present deliverances, or grace sufficient, for the most part, to resist, and power at last to overcome."

The motto in her closet for many years, in Hebrew characters, was, "Thou, God, seest me;"* hereby plainly intimating her awful adoration of the omniscience of God, that her eye of faith should be always upon him, and that she would ever act under the influence of that persuasion, that God was present, whether in reading, prayer, meditation, self inquiry, or in recording the solemn transactions that passed between him and her soul in her closet. She had this motto always before her, that as often as she entered into her closet, and as long as she continued there, and in every duty she performed, it might be a memorial to her, that every sin, and folly and instance of her departure from God, was perfectly known to him; that every penitent confession, tear, and groan, were in his sight, and under his hearing; and that every prayer, and purpose, and vow, and solemn obligation made, and renewed, and ratified in her closet, was sacred and awful, as under the eye and notice of an all seeing and heart searching God. This motto, she often found, had greatly restrained her from sin, had excited her to duty, had disposed her for comfortable communion with God, and kept her from trifling in the place of her sacred retirement.

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* אתה אל ראי

For some of the last years of this exemplary Christian's life, she found herself in a declining state, and was always waiting for her dismission. The clearness of her thought, the vigor of her mind, and the strength of her memory, continued to the last; but, as she was often oppressed with bodily infirmities, and had many wearisome days and nights appointed her, she was the more desirous of entering into her eternal rest. And now, after a course of such eminent piety, vigilant and daily preparation for death, and fervent desires for her dismission from the body, let us attend her to her closing scene.

On the third of May, 1720, as she and Mr. Bury, her husband, had just entered into a friend's house, where they were to have dined, she was immediately struck with an exquisite pain in one of her ears, which presently caused such a deafness, as to render her unconversable: upon this she desired to withdraw, and went home. Her deafness continuing, a pleuritic fever soon followed, and, after that, a lethargy, which in part deprived her friends of that heavenly discourse they promised themselves they should have heard from her upon her death-bed.

In former illnesses, when she herself, and every one else, thought her under the sentence of death, she was always so far above it, though she was naturally of a very timorous spirit, that she triumphed over it, and sang, " O death! where is thy sting? O grave? where is thy victory? thanks be to God, who gives me the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

In this, her last illness, she had the same steadfast faith and strong consolations she had before experienced, but a more difficult passage out of life than what was expected. It was concluded, by her lamentable groans for some days together, that her pains had been quite exquisite; but when she was asked concerning herself, she generally answered, " I feel but little pain, only am restless." Her cold and excessive sweats continued for many hours together, and were not more profuse in themselves, than affecting to others.

Though the nature of her distemper prevented her from speaking much, yet what she did speak was always rational and spiritual. Her mind was not only calm and sedate, but very placid and cheerful, as oft as she awoke.—" O my God," said she, "I wait for thy salvation!—This day I hope to be with Christ in paradise.—The promises of God are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus; and here my faith lays hold, and here it keeps its hold."

On the 11th of May, she prayed her friends with much entreaty to detain her no longer by their prayers but to resign up her soul to God, "which," says Mr. Bury, "we did with as much earnestness as ever we had asked her life before. Such are God's ways to wean us from our dearest enjoyments in this world." About ten o'clock that night the prisoner was released from all her bonds, and obtained a glorious freedom. Her heaven-born soul took wing for the realms of light, and was bid welcome into the joy of her Lord.

She had often made it her prayer to God that she might come off honorably in her last encounter, so that neither religion might be discredited, nor her friends discouraged by any thing that should then be observed in her: and, as God had abundantly answered so many of her prayers before, so he very graciously answered her in this request, for such were the free and lively exercises of her faith and love, that they entirely triumphed over all fears, and carried her with a full sail into the port of glory; and to the great comfort of her surviving friends she left this world at last " without either sigh, or groan, and with " the pleasantest smile that was ever observed in her countenance before."

Mr. Bury, her husband, who drew up an account of her life, has made a very large collection of excellent passages from her Diary. We must content ourselves with only some few extracts from what he has more diffusely communicated. To have published all that he has given to the world from her private papers, would have taken up more room in our volume than we could conveniently spare; and on the other hand, to have entirely passed over such divine memorials would have been withholding what may be both highly entertaining and edifying to our pious readers. We have thought proper to select the following passages.

1690, Sept. 27. When I was nine or ten years old I first began the work of self-examination, and begged the all-searching God to try, and discover me to myself; and I think I may date my conversion about that time.

I have kept an account of my trials of myself since 1670; and though my undutiful, ungrateful returns have filled each examination with just and bitter complaints; yet upon twenty years' review, to the glory of free grace, I take it the case has stood thus with me:

My judgment has esteemed God, even his holiness, the most desirable good, and I would be a partaker of his holiness, whatever it cost me, and I have generally been willing and thankful for the smartest discipline in hope of that desired effect, and I would still be more holy, though by sickness, pain, or any other affliction, having always accounted sin the greatest evil, and now for many years my bitterest affliction, though in some hurries I have not felt the most sensible mournings for it.

As I have chosen God for my portion, so I stand by my choice, and rejoice in it above all the world ; and, through his grace assisting me, I resolve never to forsake him, though I die for it, which I shall never do without extraordinary aids, having no natural courage. I have chosen the path of God's precepts as the means to this end, and have deliberately, entirely, and joyfully given myself to Jesus Christ, the way, the truth and the life, and his love I prefer to all the world; and by many sweet, though too short experiences, I have found his love lifting up my heart above all earthly enjoyments, and sometimes making it joyful under pain and trouble, which has hinted the power of his prevailing love, and made me hope it will cast out fears, if he calls me to martyrdom.

My hope is in God through Christ; and all I have I would part with rather than his love, and the interest I hope I have in it.

My desires are after him above gold, health, friends, honor, &c. I long to have fuller communion with Father, Son, and Holy Spirit here, and the uninterrupted communion of heaven.

My sorrow and anger are usually most intense against sin, though too violent torrents of them have been often spent on my sufferings.

My hands, feet, head, and heart, follow not as I would. My life is stained and blotted with daily sins, yet God knows I loathe them. I find daily defects in my duties, yet I have a respect to all God's commandments. O wretched creature ! sin still dwells in me. I cannot do the things I would, but I would upon any terms be rid of sin. I sin daily, but I daily sorrow for, and hate sin, and fly to the fountain opened, which alone can cleanse me.

I forsake and renounce the devil's dominion ; and as I have received the Lord Jesus Christ, so I watch, and pray, and strive to walk after his will, and holy example.

The world gets near me, and about me, and I am too ready to follow and serve its pleasures and conveniences ; but it is more solid joy to my soul to say "that Christ is mine," than to be able to say, "this kingdom, this world, yea all that I ever loved, are mine."

My own righteousness I abhor. The best, the most perfect, the most sincere service I ever did, or hope to do, gives me no hope of acceptance but in and through Christ.

O Lord, Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, thou art my portion. Whatever this flesh would have, Lord, let me be thine at any rate. Truly I am, and would, and will be thy servant by choice and consent, whatever thou givest me, or whatever thou deniest me. O how bountifully has God dealt with me, while he has loved me from death to life!

Lord Jesus! thou art my way to the Father; my only Mediator. I have accepted thee to teach and rule, as well as save my guilty soul. I cry as loud for purifying as for pacifying grace. I am willing to be kept from mine iniquity. I except no darling sin from thine iron rod. I ask no mercy for it, nor would shew it any.

I approve and subscribe to all thy precepts, as holy, just, and good; as best for me at all times, and in all conditions. Let my heart be searched, and I will love the word that searches it. I account thy law my liberty. Thou hast drawn, and I have run. Thou hast made thy word my love, delight, and study, and it is the sincere bent of my life to keep it. O that I might keep it to the end!

1692, February 19. Ashamed, and sad in the consideration of the wonderful structure of my house of clay, inhabited by an immortal spirit, capable of reflection, &c. yet both so long utterly useless to my Creator's glory, still so little answering the noble intentions to which body and soul were most wisely and righteously directed, yet adoring the divine bounty, pity, and patience, that pardon, adopt, and sanctify such an unworthy creature, I resigned body and soul entirely to him who made them, begging a willing, happy dissolution.

1692, March 20. Faint, yet pursuing; dull, yet adoring; impure, yet loathing; wandering, yet returning, going to the fountain opened to be purified from all sin. O that this day may begin my eternal Hallelujah!

1712, June 17, to July 9. In the evening (June 17,) about seven or eight o'clock, I was seized with a violent rigor upon my nerves, which lasted all night, and next morning a fever succeeded, which so much affected my head, that I was incapable of directing those about me what to do with me; yet so graciously did God hear my daily and last supplication in secret, that I was willing rather to depart, and be with Christ, and had not one cloud, doubt, or fear of death, through the whole sickness. The disease appeared desperate, and no hope of my life from human help remained. But my dear relations ceased not to pray, and call on others to join; and many, from whom I expected not so great share of affection, were much enlarged in prayer for me; and the Lord was entreated to spare a poor, sinful, unworthy, unprofitable creature, and say, *Return;* while strong men bowed under the same disease, and fell down slain, though they had the same physicians, and had the same means used for them as myself. So, Father, it has seemed good in thy sight! Thy will be done! But what shall I render, what shall I do? I am thankful for life. It is the gift of God. It is given in answer to prayer. But, Lord, if I improve it not for thy glory, how sad shall I be? Thou knowest I had no desire to live but for better service; and shall I be called from a seeming abundant entrance into glory, again to struggle with flesh and blood, the world, and the devil, and not be made more than conqueror through the Captain of my salvation! O Lord, on thee, through thy assistance, did I cast my sinful soul, and diseased body, when I thought them parting asunder without any reluctant thought, and shall I distrust thy power or love in what thou hast yet for me to do or suffer? Strengthen my faith by this experience of thy power and goodness, for the sake of Jesus whom thou hearest always.

Such is the style of this lady's Diary. Large is the collection which her husband has drawn from her Memoirs, and whence the above extracts have been made; but yet Mr. Bury says, so copious is her Diary, "that it had been as easy to have collected many hundreds more of such like passages from her original manuscripts, would it not have swelled the volume he published concerning her beyond common use." We shall only observe, that the same vein of piety and holiness, which flowed in such a full and strong current for such a number of years, abated not in the last months and days she spent on earth, but appears to have run on without interruption till she entered into her Master's joy; for thus she writes in the four last months of her sojournment in our world:

1720, January 1 and 2. I ended the last, and began the present year in the extremity of pain. After a long waking night, I could not fix my mind on any thing with comfort till past four in the morning, when I surrendered myself afresh to God, and begged healing for my diseased soul. I rose at six in much pain, entreated God to reconcile me to his discipline, and shew me wherefore he thus contends with me. Not long after I had some ease, and was carried in a chair to the house of God, where I gave thanks, and experienced a joyful day. Lord, pity, and heal my soul, and prepare me for glory! O make haste, my beloved, and end these days of sin and sorrow to a poor distressed worm, that longs to be with thee!

1720, February 21. Sweet entertainments! How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O Lord! How gracious was thine assistance to thine ambassador in public, and to a poor worm in family-worship!

1720, March 6. I went out and heard the sermon in great pain, and renewed my solemn dedication to God, with firm resolution in his strength to acquiesce in his all-wise discipline as best for me, however grievous to my flesh. I returned in great torture, but with submission to the rod, though its strokes are very sharp.

1720, April 18. The Lord has hitherto helped me under bodily infirmities. I pray, and hope, and wait, for his gracious aids under all my spiritual complaints and maladies. Thou, Lord, knowest my hunger and thirst for more righteousness, and thou hast said I shall be filled. (Matt. v. 6.) I rely on thee, O thou eternal Amen, and on thy power, compassion, and faithfulness for what I want, and am longing for.

1720, May 1. (Two days before she was struck with her last sickness.) While I looked inward I was overwhelmned with sorrow for the sad remainders of vain and evil thoughts, pride, selfishness, &c. which damped my joy and praise. O Lord, accept my broken heart, which thou hast said thou wouldst not despise. Teach me better how to rejoice and mourn together, and give me victory over my heart-sins.

The husband and biographer of this excellent gentlewoman acquaints us, "that she wrote often to her intimate friends, and especially to such as were young, to persuade them of the reasonableness and benefit of the great duties of religion—to warn them against the temptations of their age and stations—to improve their education—to excite them to an early and exemplary piety—to confute their cavils—to impress upon them the obligation of their baptismal covenant—to satisfy their spiritual doubts, and encourage their hopes in God, and perseverance in their Christian course. The most of these," says Mr. Bury, "and the most considerable, are supposed to be in the hands of such whom they immediately concerned. Some part of the very few that are come to my knowledge since her death are these that follow."

Out of this number we shall communicate only a part, and so conclude our Memoirs of this eminently pious Christian.

LETTER I.

To a Parent on the Death of a Child.

—I know your tender love to your children must make a wound in your heart, when you lose any: but I hope grace and long experience of God's all-sufficiency, eternity, and the unchangeableness of his love and covenant, are better to you than your own or children's lives. The good assurance your daughter left behind her of her entering into immortal glory, has set her above our pity; and as to ourselves, our short remaining moments here, and good hope through grace of being very soon with all our departed perfected friends, should greatly moderate our sorrows; for why, for so short a time, should we be so much concerned whether we meet them next on earth, or in the heavenly mansions, since the last only can afford us that joy and pleasure which are without alloy or mixture? If to hear that your children are well on earth rejoices you, why not to know any of them are well, and can never be otherwise, in heaven?

LETTER II.

On the death of an intimate Friend.

—I came hither to close the eyes of my dear friend; and since she might shine no longer among sinful worms here, I bless God, who brought me to her instructive death-bed, where faith, submission, patience, and almost uninterrupted joy in breathing after her dear Redeemer, more than equalled all I ever saw in one who lay so long in sight of the last ghastly enemy: and, though I cannot yet pray against sudden death, yet her steadfast hope and glorious conquest have given me more tolerable thoughts of languishing sickness, since in her I saw that neither the strength of pain, nor weakness of the patient, can hinder a triumphant exit, when God will make his joy our strength.

LETTER III.

Directions how to instruct a Child.

—I am glad your brother can so prettily divert you. I wish you wisdom and love to instruct him. Be very watchful of his conversation, and whatever you find faulty in him, shew him the evil of it, rather than charge him with it, lest you put him upon lying to hide his guilt. Let him see you love him before you chide him, and that you are ready to conceal or excuse his tolerable faults. Be very frequent, but not tedious, in your instructions. Often open the nature, and inculcate the necessity, of prayer for all we want, and the encouraging promises of God that he will hear us. Lisp to your brother, in his own language, what he prays for by his form, and labor to excite in him a sense of his sad state by sin, greater desires after grace, and fuller resolutions and endeavors after the life and power of godliness. Let some part of his catechism be daily recited, and what he most imperfectly repeats, be said at his going to sleep, and at his first waking. Talk over the sermons you hear together in language adapted to his capacity, and fail not to beg of God a blessing upon all your labors, or else you will do little to the purpose. If God makes you instrumental in the conversion of your brothers and sisters, it will be a great honor and comfort, and produce the strongest union among you. Take special care of them who are in the greatest danger. Imitate your godly, impartial mother, who, though she loved all her children alike, yet would often say, "If she knew to which child she had conveyed most of her sinful nature, she would pity and endeavor the help of that child most."—

LETTER IV.

Cautions to a friend about marrying.

—It is very odd, when you ask my opinion in the matter proposed, that you only give me an account of the gentleman's *circumstances*, and not of his *character*. So far as I know, I must freely own that I fear the estate is too great, and likely to prove a snare to you. Bishop Hall affirms, "that riches have made many worse, but never any better." I hope you would rather choose to be better than richer, and that you will never be biassed by an estate to an indifferent choice. You know I have ever cautioned you, and I must caution you still, against too great a fondness for wealth. Alas! should you have it, how many things may embitter it to you! Should you have a churlish Nabal, and you could only behold your riches with your eyes, and not be suffered to do any good with them, how uneasy would that be to your charitable, generous mind! Or should your partner's temper be good, yet, if debts, or provision for younger children, should cripple a man's estate, it is but the name, and not the thing which you enjoy. But if neither of these disagreeables should happen, yet may not worse? Supposing there is no piety, no warm devotion in your husband, but an aversion against your attendance on private altars, where you found more than all this world can afford you, what perplexity are you then tied to for life! I know what troubles you have met with; but might you not, by avoiding present, plunge yourself into future difficulties? It is better to be in distresses by necessity than by choice. What evil God inflicts is easier borne than that which we bring upon ourselves. Let me entreat you to moderate your desires after worldly grandeur. Pardon my freedom. If I am apt to be too jealous of you, it is because I love you.—

LETTER V.

On the Death of a good Lady and Friend.

—I am heartily concerned for my own, and for the country's loss of that excellent lady, and condole with you especially who had the honor of her friendship, I believe as much as could consist with the inequality of your stations in this world; and that the goodness of the deceased levelled more than is usual even in pious ladies. A friend, wise, godly, compassionate, secret, &c., is a rarity while it is enjoyed, and a loss seldom repaired in this world. But O what a friend is our dear Redeemer! He is not limited to one, or a few, like our contracted minds, but condescends to the titles and offices of a friend to all his faithful followers. I am thankful for the tastes of his goodness in creature-friendship; but in its utmost perfection it is but a faint shadow of that which is divine, and what I find in my eternal lover and friend the Lord Jesus Christ, whose friendship has not the disparagement which all creature-enjoyments have, of being but a short and uncertain pleasure.—

LETTER VI.

Upon the death of a Sister.

I thought I could with less discomposure have parted with a sister than I find I can. I hoped that death would not have begun at the wrong end of the register book; but they are seniors in the best sense, who have soonest done their work, and are first fit for glory. Though I could not have parted with a sister without tears to any distant country upon earth, though it had been to her advantage, yet reason would have blamed, and soon overcome such a fond and foolish passion: and surely religion then should not only do no less, but even more, when my sister is in a far higher and happier preferment than all this world can pretend to offer. Our all-wise Creator first formed our bodies, and then inspired them, and when he is pleased to dissolve the *compositum*, it is not that either of the constituent parts should be destroyed: but the dissolution, as to the righteous, with regard to their souls is immediate glory; and with regard to their bodies, but a refining in order to a reunion. The forsaken mansion is indeed a melancholy object, and it is very affecting to close the dear eyes that were wont to delight us with their silent rhetoric: but we more than water the body sown in dust, while we dim our prospect of the glory of our friends who have died in the Lord. Why should I wish the soul in this body still, merely to say I have a sister in such a place? What if heaven, where she is, is farther off? I am sure, as that is more suitable, so it ought to be nearer to my immortal part; and may I not still have communion with her, and the glorious company she keeps, by loving, praising, admiring, and adoring the same God, though I am yet on earth? May I not rejoice in the thoughts of meeting her among the spirits of the just made perfect? Surely they have more courage, better success, or less difficulty, than I, who can wish the spiritual war protracted.—But she has passed the pikes. O happy soul! her body indeed is sown in corruption, it cannot defend itself from worms, and is at present putrifying and loathsome, but it will not always be so. If the innate desires of reunion could not persuade me of a resurrection, yet the infallible word of God has assured me of it, and that it shall arise, not as it was sown, a natural and sluggish body, but agile and sprightly, and fit to serve its superior and vigorous soul. It is a pleasure to me sometimes to think of the lustre and activity of glorified bodies, which rest not either day or night, nor suffer any decays, imperfections, pauses, or interruptions in their high and happy employments, but the greatest pleasure of all is to think of being forever with the Lord.—

LETTER VII.

To a friend under great Afflictions and spiritual Fears.

—I cannot forget my promises of praying for you, and writing to you. I daily attempt the one, and wish I could perform it better; and as to the other, I should be glad if my pen could assist your faith and patience under the smarting rod of, I hope I may say, your heavenly Father; for so it may be, though accompanied with angry frowns. It is true afflictions in themselves cannot be proofs of sonship; but we are fully assured by the sacred Sriptures, that the sorest trials are very consistent with that privilege. The experience of many of God's favorites confirms it. All the promises of support under, benefit by, and deliverance from such troubles, suppose it; yet our souls are too apt to misconstrue fatherly chastisements for the revenges of an enemy, or to think there is more anger than love in them, and to murmur that they are so long and heavy. But the all-wise Father of spirits cannot mistake in measuring, timing, and appointing his methods of healing souls. If guilt makes you fear his wrath rather than taste his love in your afflictions, you should cast your guilty soul upon him for promised rest, and may be well assured that God will not exact the debt from the offender and the surety too. Fly daily to that refuge, that sure hope, that justifying righteousness, and then you will find no fury in God, how grievous soever your afflictions are. You have liberty to pray for pity and help as well as David, who, when he had aching bones, had a sense of guilt also, even of scandalous sins. If your own, or the cries of others for you seem to be yet unheard, it might be our mistake to urge for present ease without a due respect to future cure. Sin is the worst disease; its cure is to be sought, though by the roughest methods. The children of God are agreed in this, and yet can scarce submit the means to the infallible Physician. Though we can trust a surgeon to apply a caustic, though of *lapis infernalis*, and let it lie his time, if there be any hope of a cure; yet how hardly can we submit, on higher reason, surer hope, or happier experience, to him, whose word of truth assures us that every thing he does shall do us good, and both purge away our sins, and make us partakers of his holiness! I must confess these lines upbraid my own foolish choice oftentimes for myself and friends, but I pray and wait for better submission to the heaviest strokes, either on myself or them.—

LETTER VIII.

Various Dispensations of Providence argued and justified.

—I have been long your debtor for a very kind and comfortable letter, which came seasonably to hand, as I was groaning under great pain, and sympathizing with others in bitter affliction. Since then, I bless God, I have seen brighter days; but clouds have returned after rain upon others; and may not all this, put together, commend the variegated dispensations of Providence? Had all our days been halcyon, would they have been so safe or useful? Had all been sable, how disconsolate! Were all the children in equal smart under the rod together, we should be too ready to make some unworthy reflections on the all-wise discipline. Were not all alternately so, we should be ready to suspect their sonship. O the depth of wisdom, that poor shallow mortals can never fathom! Yet how proud and peevish are we when any thing is denied, at our own time, which we fancy to be good for us! Had I been always well and at ease, how chill a sympathy should I have had with the dear afflicted members of Christ! Had you never been so, I had wanted your experimental consolations. Now if the brief hints of this beautiful variety in the dispensations of Providence can afford us such pleasure here, how bright and glorious, how sweet and ravishing will they appear when unfolded in eternal glory! And why should I be impatient of, or fear the darkest scene that shall end in the brightest glory? Yet with shame and sorrow I confess the fear of what I may feel has been as afflictive to me as most I have felt, yea, when I have found a good hope of an interest in God, and after a thousand experiences of his never-failing compassions confuting my guilty fears. This childish, or rather unchildlike distemper, I think increases with years, and is partly occasioned by frequent and close converse with many of my superiors in grace under bitter afflictions living and dying; and when I see what is done to the green trees, I am apt to run into an excess of fear what shall be done to the dry. Fain would I cherish an awful, while I subdue a slavish fear; but this I cannot do of myself, and therefore beg it of the God of all grace, in which I crave your assistance.

Such are the threads (the above extracts of her Diary and Letters) of the mantle Mrs. Bury left behind her, when her spirit ascended to the celestial glory: how rich and heavenly its texture, our readers will judge.

We add a few lines of a Poem, which Dr. Watts wrote on the occasion.

She must ascend: her treasure lies on high,
And there her heart is. Bear her through the sky
On wings of harmony, ye sons of light,
And with surrounding shields protect her flight;
Teach her the wond'rous songs yourselves compose
For your bright world; she'll learn them as she goes;
The sense was known before; those sacred themes
The God, the Savior, and the flowing streams,
That ting'd the cursed tree with blood divine,
Purchas'd a heaven, and wash'd a world from sin:
The beams, the bliss, the visions of that place,
Where the whole Godhead shines in mildest grace,
These are the notes for which your harps are strung,
These were the joy and labor of her tongue
In our Dark regions; these exalted strains
Brought Paradise to earth, and sooth'd her pains.
Souls made of pious harmony and love
Can be no strangers to their work above.

* * * * * * *

But ne'er shall words, or lines, or colors paint
Th' immortal passions of the expiring saint.
What beams of joy, angelic airs, arise
O'er her pale cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes,
In that dark hour! how all serene she lay
Beneath the openings of celestial day!
Her soul retires from sense, refines from sin,
While the descending glory wrought within,
Then in a sacred calm resign'd her breath,
And, as her eye-lids clos'd, she smil'd in death.

O may some pious friend, who weeping stands
Near my last pillow with uplifted hands,
Or wipes the mortal dew from off my face,
Witness such triumphs in my soul, and trace
The dawn of glory in my dying mien,
While on my lifeless lips such heavenly smiles are seen!

QUEEN MARY II.

MARY, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN, WIFE OF KING WILLIAM THE THIRD.

SHE was the daughter of James, Duke of York, afterwards King James the Second, and the Lady Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon. They were privately married at Worcester House, September 5, 1660, by Dr. Joseph Crowcher, the duke's chaplain.

She was born April, 30, 1662, and in the sixteenth year of her age was married at St. James's, November 4, 1677, to William, Prince of Orange, afterwards King William the Third.

She appeared to be most happily disposed from her very birth. She was good and gentle, before she was capable of knowing that it was her duty to be so. This temper grew up with her in the whole progress of her childhood. She might need instruction, but she wanted no persuasion. And it is said, that she never once in the whole course of her education gave any occasion to reprove her. She went into every thing that was good, often before she knew it, and always after she once understood it.

She was but growing out of childhood when she went among strangers, and removed from her own country to Holland; but she went under the guard of so exact a conduct, and so much discretion, she expressed such a gentleness, access to her was so easy, and her deportment was so obliging, her life was such an example, and her charity was so free, that perhaps no age could furnish a parallel. Never were there such universal love and esteem paid to any as she received from persons of all ranks and conditions in the United Provinces. They were like transport and rapture. The veneration was so profound, that, how just soever it might be, it seemed rather excessive. Neither her foreign birth, nor regal extraction, neither the diversity of interests or opinions, nor her want of power and treasure equal to her bounty, diminished the respect that was offered her, even from a people, whose constitution gave them naturally a jealousy of too great a merit in those who are at the head of their government.

It may well be considered as a very happy event, not only to our country, but to Christendom itself, that the princess did not imbibe the popish religion, the religion sooner or later in life both of her father and her mother. She was a protestant upon principle; and when her father, then upon the throne of Great Britain, wrote her a letter in favor of popery, she returned him an answer, drawn up by herself, to the following purport. "She acquainted him, that she had taken much pains to be settled in religion; that those of the Church of England who had instructed her, had freely laid before her that which was good in the Romish religion, that so, seeing the good and bad of both, she might judge impartially, according to the apostle's rule of proving all things and holding fast that which was good; that though she had come young out of England, yet that she had not left behind her either the desire of being well informed, or the means for it; that she had furnished herself with books, and had those about her who might clear any doubts to her; that she saw clearly in the Scriptures that she must work out her own salvation with fear and trembling, and that she must not believe by the faith of another, but according as things appeared to herself; that it ought to be no prejudice against the Reformation, if many of them who professed led ill lives; and if any of them lived ill, none of the principles of their religion allowed them in it; that many of them led good lives, and that more might do it by the grace of God, but that there were many devotions in the Church of Rome, on which the Reformed could set no value. She acknowledged, that, if there was an infallibility in the church, all other controversies must fall to the ground; but that she could never yet be informed where that infallibility was lodged, whether in the pope alone, or in a general council, or in both; and she desired to know in whom the infallibility rested, when there were two or three popes at a time acting one against another with the assistance of councils, which they called general; for at least the succession was then much disordered. She observed, that as for the authority that is pretended to be given to St. Peter over the rest, that, that place which was chiefly alleged for it,* was otherwise interpreted by those of the Church of England, as importing only the confirmation of an apostle, when in answer to that question, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' He had by a triple confession washed off his triple denial; that the words which the king had cited were spoken to (concerning) the other apostles, as well as to him;† that it was agreed by all, that the apostles were infallible, who were guided by God's Holy Spirit, but that, that gift, as well as many others, had ceased long ago; that St. Peter had no authority over the rest of the apostles, or otherwise St. Paul, understood our Lord's words ill, who withstood St. Peter to his face, because he was to be blamed; and she further took notice, that if St. Peter himself could not maintain that authority, she could not see how it could be given to his successors, whose bad lives had ill agreed with his doctrine. She also alleged, that she did not see why the ill use that some made of the Scriptures ought to deprive others of them; that it was true that all sects made use of them, and found something in them which they drew out to support their opinions, and yet, that for all this our Savior bade the Jews search the Scriptures; and that St. Paul ordered his epistles to be read to all the saints in the churches, and that in one place he says, 'I write as to wise men, judge what I say;' and if they might judge an apostle, much more any other teacher. She likewise observed, 'that under the law of Moses the Old Testament was to be read not only in the hearing of the scribes and the doctors of the law, but likewise in the hearing of the women and children; and that, since God had made us reasonable creatures, it seemed necessary to employ our reason chiefly in the matters of the greatest concern; that, though faith was above our reason, yet that it proposed nothing to us that was contradictory to it; that every one ought to satisfy himself in these things, as our Savior convinced Thomas, by making him thrust his own hand into the print of the nails, not leaving him to the testimony of the other apostles, who were already convinced. She added, that she was confident that, if the king would hear many of his own subjects, they would fully satisfy him as to all those prejudices that he had against the Reformation, in which nothing was acted tumultuously, but all was done according to law; that the design of it was only to separate from the Romish Church, so far as it had separated from the primitive church, in which the Reformers had brought things to as great a perfection as those corrupt ages were capable of.

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* Matt. xvi. 18.

† Acts, xv. 28.

"Thus, she concluded, she gave him the trouble of a long account of the grounds upon which she was persuaded of the truth of her religion, in which she was so fully satisfied, that she trusted, by the grace of God, that she should spend the rest of her days in it, and that she was so well assured of the truth of our Savior's words, that she was confident the gates of hell should not prevail against it, but that he would be with it to the end of the world. All ended thus, that the religion she professed taught her, her duty to him, so that she should ever be his most obedient daughter and servant." Bishop Burnet tells us, that he set down very minutely every particular that was in those letters, that of the king, and this of the princess, and very nearly in the same words; and adds, "That he had an high opinion of the princess' good understanding, and of her knowledge in these matters before he saw this letter, but that the letter surprised him, and gave him an astonishing joy, to see so young a person; all on the sudden, without consulting any one person, to be able to write so solid and learned a letter, in which she mixed with the respect which she had paid her father, so great a firmness, that by it she cut off all further treaty; so that her repulsing the attack that the king had made upon her with so much resolution and force, let the popish party see that she understood her religion as well as loved it."*

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* Burnet's History of his Own Time, Vol. II. p. 411—414. edit. of 1815.

After the princess had lived several years in Holland, the ornament of her sex and station, upon the wonderful success of her husband the Prince of Orange, in his great enterprise to rescue our country from popery and slavery, both which were endeavored with his utmost power by James the Second her father, she ascended the throne of these realms in conjunction with her husband, at the joint invitation of both houses of parliament; and they were accordingly proclaimed king and queen, February 13, 1668, to the great joy of the nation.

In this step of hers, that might carry a face, which at first appearance seemed liable to censure, as her father was now king no more, and herself and husband reigned in his room, she weighed the reasons on which she went, with a caution and exactness that well became the importance of them, the bias lying still against that which, to vulgar minds, seemed to be her interest. She was convinced that the public good of mankind, the preservation of that religion which she was assured was the only true one, and those real extremities to which matters were driven, ought to supersede all other considerations. She had generous ideas of the liberty of human nature, and of the true ends of government; she thought it was designed to make mankind safe and happy, and not to raise the power of those into hands it was committed upon the ruins of property and liberty; nor could she think that religion was to be delivered up to the humors of misguided princes, whose persuasion made them as cruel in imposing on their subjects the dictates of others, as they themselves were implicit in submitting to them; but yet, after all, her inclinations lay so strong to the duty, that of honoring her father, which nature had put upon her, that she made a sacrifice of herself in accepting that high elevation of being queen of these realms, that perhaps was harder to her to bear than if she had been to be made a sacrifice in the severest sense. She saw that not only her own reputation might be eclipsed by her taking the throne, but that religion too might suffer in those reproaches which she must expect. These considerations were much more with her than crowns with all the lustres that adorn them; but yet the saving whole nations determined her in the matter, as her acceptance of the royal dignity was the only visible means left to preserve the Protestant Religion, not only in Great Britain, but every where beside.

Though her mind discovered no tincture of enthusiasm, yet she could not avoid thinking that her preservation during her childhood in that flexibility of age and understanding, without so much as one single attempt made upon her, was to be ascribed to a special Providence watching over her. To this she added her early deliverance from the danger of all temptations, and the advantages she enjoyed afterwards to employ much privacy in so large a course of study, which had not been possible for her to have attained, if she had lived in the constant dissipation of a public court. These things concurring, convinced her that God had conducted her by an immediate hand, and that she was raised up to preserve that religion which was then every where in its last agonies; but yet when these and many other considerations, to which she had carefully attended, determined her to take the throne, nature still felt itself loaded. She bore her elevation with the outward appearances of satisfaction, because she thought it became her not to discourage others, or give them an occasion to believe that her uneasiness was of another nature than it really was, but in the whole matter she put a constraint upon herself, that is, upon her temper, (for no consideration whatsoever could have induced her to have forced her conscience,) that was more sensible and violent to her than any thing that could have been wished her by her most virulent enemies.

Her sense of religion and duty not only operated in this great step of life, of such moment to herself, and benefit to the world, but the whole of her character and behavior abundantly evinced what an extraordinary piety and virtue possessed her soul. Her punctual exactness not only to public offices, but to her secret retirements, was so regular, that it was never put off in the greatest crowd of business, or little journeys; for then, though the hour was anticipated, the duty was never neglected. She took care to be so early on these occasions, that she might never either quite forget, or very much shorten that devotion upon which she reckoned that the blessings of the whole day turned. She observed the Lord's day so religiously, that, besides her hours of retirement, she was constantly thrice a day in the public worship of God, and for a great part of the year four times a day, while she lived beyond sea. She was constant to her monthly attendances at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and withdrew herself more than ordinary in preparation for some days before them. In them, as well as in all the other parts of the worship of God, an uncommon seriousness ever appeared in her, without one glance allowed for observation. She spread a spirit of devotion among all who were about her, who could not see so much in her without being affected in something of the same manner themselves, though few attained to such a steady application as they beheld in her. In her demeanor in the house of God there was nothing theatrical, nothing given to show. Every thing was sincere as well as solemn, and genuine as well as majestic.

Her attention to sermons was so entire, that as her eye never wandered from a good preacher, so she discovered no weariness at an indifferent one. When she was asked, how she could be so attentive to some sermons that fell remarkably below perfection, she would answer, "that she thought it did not become her by any part of her behavior to discourage, or so much as seem to dislike one, who was doing his best." The hardest censure that she passed upon the poorest preachers was to say nothing to their advantage, for she never withheld her commendations from any who deserved them. She was not content to be devout herself, but she strove to infuse the same temper into all who came near her, and chiefly into those whom she took into her more immediate care, whom she studied to form to religion with all the love and watchfulness of a mother. She charmed them with her instructions, and won them with her kindness. Never was mistress both feared and loved so entirely as she was. She dispersed good books of instruction to all who were around her, and gave frequent orders that they should be laid in places of attendance, that such as waited might not be condemned to idleness, but might profitably entertain themselves, while they were in their turns of service.

The raising the reputation and authority of the clergy, as the chief mean for advancing religion, was that to which she intended to apply herself with the utmost diligence. She knew that the only true way to secure this point was to engage them to be exemplary in their lives, and abundant in their labors, to watch over their flocks, and to edify them by good preaching and diligent catechising. She was resolved to have the whole nation understand, that by these methods only, divines were to be recommended to favor and preferment. She made it visible that the steps were to be made by merit, and not by friendship and importunity. She charged those whom she trusted most in such matters to look out for the best men, and the best preachers, that they might be made known to her. She was under a real anxiety when church preferments, especially such as were most eminent, were to be disposed of. She reckoned that the disposition of them was one of the main branches of her care. When she apprehended that friendship might give a bias to those whom she allowed to speak to her on those heads, she told them of it with the authority that became her, and which they well deserved. She could deny the most earnest solicitations with a true firmness, when she thought the person for whom they were made did not merit them, for desert was superior with her to all other considerations. But when she denied applications of this sort, she did it with so much softness, and upon such good reason, that they who might be mortified by the repulse, were yet obliged to confess that she was in the right, even at the time, for the sake of a friend, they wished for once she had been in the wrong.

It grieved her to hear in what a condition many of the churches in England were, which were sunk into such extreme poverty, that it was scarce possible, even by the help of a plurality, to find a subsistence in them. She had formed a design to bring them all to a just state of plenty, and to afford a due encouragement to ministers among them. But pluralities and non-residence, when not enforced by real necessity, were so odious to her, that she determined to throw such perpetual disgraces upon them, as should oblige all persons to let go the hold they had gotten of these cures of souls, over whom they did not watch, and among whom they did not labor. In a full discourse upon this very subject, the day before she was seized with her fatal disease, she said, "She had no great hopes of rectifying matters, but that she was resolved to go on, and never suffer herself to be discouraged, or lose heart. She would still try what could be done, and pursue her design, how slow, or insensible soever the progress might be."

No intimation was ever let fall before her in any discourse that offered a probable mean of reformation which was lost by her, and she would call upon persons to turn the motion over and over again, till she had formed her own thoughts concerning it. It was amazing to see how well she understood such matters, and how zealous she was in promoting them.

She rightly judged, that the true end of power, and the best exercise of it, was to do good, and to make the world the better for it. She often said, that she found nothing in it to make it supportable, not to say pleasant, besides that consideration; and she wondered that the true pleasure which accompanied it did not engage princes to pursue it more effectually. Without this she thought that a private life with moderate circumstances, was the happier as well as safer state. When reflections were once made before her of the sharpness of some historians, who had left very dishonorable imputations on the memory of some princes, she answered, "That if those princes were truly such as their historians represented them, they had well deserved that treatment; and that others who tread in their steps might look for the same, for that truth would be told at last, and that with the more severity of style for being so long restrained. She observed, that it was a gentle suffering for such princes to be exposed to the world in their true colors, much below what others had suffered at their hands. She thought that all such sovereigns ought to read Procopius;* for how much soever he may have aggravated matters, and how unbecomingly soever he may have written, yet by such books they might see what would be probably said of themselves, when all terrors and restraints should fall off with their lives." She encouraged those whom she admitted to frequent access, to lay before her all the occasions of doing good that might occur to their thoughts and was always well pleased when new opportunities were offered to her, in which she might exercise that which was the most esteemed by her of all her prerogatives. So desirous was she to know both how to correct what might be amiss, and to promote every good design, that she not only allowed of great freedom in bringing propositions of that kind to her, but she charged the consciences of some with a command to keep nothing of that nature from her, which they thought she ought to be acquainted with. Nor were such motions ever unacceptable to her, even when circumstances made it impossible for her to put them in execution.

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* An historian who flourished Anno Dom. 530.

She was the delight of all who knew her, by the obliging tenderness with which she treated all those who came near her. She made the afflictions of the unhappy easier to them, by the share she took in them, and the necessities of the miserable the more supportable, by the relief she gave them. She was tender of those who deserved her favor, and compassionate to those who wanted her pity. It was easy for her to reward, for all sorts of bounty came readily from her hands; but it was hard for her to punish, except when the nature of the crime made mercy become a cruelty, and then she was inflexible not only to importunity, but to the tenderness of her own disposition.

Her bounty and her compassion had great matter given them upon which to exert themselves. And how wide soever her sphere may have been, she rather went beyond than confined herself within it. Those worthy confessors and exiles, whom the persecution of France sent over hither, as well as to the United Provinces, felt the tenderness as well as the munificence of the welcome she gave them. The confusions of Ireland drove over multitudes of all ranks, who fled hither for shelter, and were soon reduced to great straits from a state of as great plenty. Most of these, by her means, were both supported during their stay, and enabled to return home after the storm was over. The largeness of the supplies that were given, and the tender manner of giving them, made their exile both the shorter and the more tolerable. The miserable among ourselves, particularly those who suffered by the accidents of war, found a relief in her that was easily obtained, and was copiously furnished. She would never limit any from laying proper objects for her charity in her way, nor confine that care to the ministers who were her almoners. She encouraged all about her, or who had free access to her, to acquaint her with the necessities under which persons of true merit might languish. And she never was uneasy at applications of that kind, nor was her hand ever scanty, when the person was worthy, or the extremity great. She was regular and exact in this her bounty. She found that even a royal treasure, though dispensed by an hand that was yet more royal, could not answer all demands; for which reason she took care to have a just account both of the worthiness and the necessities of those who were candidates for her liberality, and in the conducting of her charity shewed as great an exactness, and as attentive a regard, as much memory, and as much diligence, as if she had no cares of a higher nature lying upon her. But what crowned all, was her exact conformity to the rule of the gospel in her munificence, so that none knew to whom, or what she gave, but those whom she was forced to employ in the communication of her bounty. When it was to fall on persons who had access to her, her own hand was the conveyance. What went through other hands was charged on them with an injunction of secrecy; and she herself was so far from speaking of her charities, that, when some persons were mentioned as objects, who had been already named by others, and relieved by herself, she would not let those who spake to her understand any thing that had been done; but either she let the matter pass over in silence, or, if the necessity was represented as heavier than she had apprehended it, a new supply was given without so much as an hint of what had gone before.

The piety of this excellent person, as it was a noble support to her under some kinds of trouble, so it gave the sharper edge to others. The deep sense she had of the judgments that seemed to be hanging over the nation, often broke out in many sad strains to those to whom she gave a free vent to her thoughts. The impieties and blasphemies, the open contempt of religion, and the scorn of virtue, which she heard of from so many hands, and in so many different parts of the nation, gave her a secret horror, and presented her with such a black prospect, as filled her with melancholy reflections. She was the more sensibly touched, when at any time she heard that some, who pretended to much zeal for the Crown and the Revolution, seemed thence to think they had some sort of right to be indulged in their licentiousness and irregularities. She often said, "Can a blessing be expected from such hands, or on any thing that must pass through them?" She longed to see a set of men of uprightness and probity, of generous tempers, and public spirits, in whose hands the concerns of the crown and people might be lodged with reasonable hopes of success, and a blessing from heaven on their services. She had a just esteem of all persons whom she found truly religious and virtuous; nor could any other considerations weigh much with her, when these excellencies were not to be found. Next to open impiety, the want of heat and life in those who pretended to religion, and the deadness and disunion of the protestants in general, very sensibly affected her; and she often said, with feeling and cutting regret, "Can such dry bones live?" When she heard what crying sins abounded in our fleets and armies, she gave such directions as seemed practicable, to those who she thought might in some measure correct them; and she gave some in very eminent stations to understand, that nothing could both gratify, and even oblige her more, than that care should be taken to stop those growing disorders, and to reduce things to the seriousness and sobriety of former times. The last great project that her thoughts were working upon, with relation to a noble and royal provision for maimed and decayed seamen, was particularly designed to be so constituted, as to put them in a probable way of concluding their days in the fear of God. It gave her a sensible concern to hear that Ireland was scarce emerged from its abyss of miseries, before it was returning to the levities, and even to the abominations of former times. She took particular methods to be well informed of the state of our plantations, and of those colonies that we have among infidels. But it was no small grief to her to hear, that those colonies were but too generally a reproach to the religion by which they were named. She gave a willing ear to a proposition that was made for erecting schools, and the founding of a college among them. She considered the whole scheme of it, and the endowment which was desired for it. It was a noble one, and was to rise out of some branches of the revenue, which made it liable to objections: but she took care to consider the whole matter so well, that she herself answered all objections, and espoused it with such an affectionate concern, that she digested and prepared it for the king; and as she knew how large a share of zeal his majesty had for good projects, she took care also to give him the largest share of the honor of them; nor, indeed, could any thing inflame her more than the prospect of advancing religion, especially where there were hopes of working upon infidels.

Her concern and charity were not limited to that which might seem to be her peculiar province, and was more especially put under her care. The foreign churches had also a liberal share of her regard and munificence. She was not insensible of the kindness of the Dutch. She remembered it always with a tender gratitude, and was heartily touched with their interests. The refugees of France were considered by her as those whom God had sent to sit safe under her shadow, and to be made easy through her favor. Those scattered remains of our protestant brethren, that had been hunted out of their vallies in Piedmont, were again brought together by their majesties' means. It was the king's powerful intercession that restored them to their seats as well as to their edicts; and it was the queen's charity that formed them into bodies, and opened the way for their enjoying those advantages, and transmitting them down to succeeding ages. She took care also for preserving the little that was left of the Bohemian churches. She formed nurseries of religion in some of those parts of Germany which were exhausted by war, and were disabled from carrying on the education of their youth, that they might secure to the next age the faith which they themselves professed.

If we consider the subject of our memoirs more particularly as a queen, and sometimes at the head of government, we shall be struck with admiration, and shall behold her on a summit of greatness, in which she appeared with the highest glory to herself, and the greatest benefit to her people. She was punctual to her hours, patient in her audiences, gentle in commanding, prudent in speaking, cautious in promising, soft in reprehending, ready in rewarding, and diligent in ordering, and she had an ear open to all that was suggested to her. That there might be a fulness of leisure for every thing, the day was early begun. Nothing was done in haste. There were no appearances of hurry or impatience. Her devotions, both private and public, were not shortened, and yet she found time enough for keeping up the cheerfulness of a court, and the admission of all persons to her, whom it was proper for her to receive. She was not so entirely possessed by the greatest cares that she forgot the smallest.

If any thing was ever found in her that might seem to fall too low, it was that her humility and modesty really depressed her too much in her own eyes, and that she might too soon be made to think that the reasons which were offered to her by others were better than her own. But this diffidence only took place in those matters in which the want of practice might make a modest distrust seem more reasonable, and when she saw nothing in what was before in which conscience had any share, for whensoever that appeared, she was firm and immoveable.

Her administration of public affairs had a peculiar felicity attending it. There was something in her that disarmed many of her enemies. When they came near her, they were soon conquered by her; while the wisdom and secrecy of her conduct defeated the designs of such of her adversaries as were restless and implacable. The nation seemed once, while she was at the helm, to be much exposed. Unprosperous events at sea afforded the French the appearance of a triumph. They lay along the British coasts, and were sometime masters of the British seas. But a secret guard seemed to environ our country. All the harm our enemies did us, except in one instance of barbarity,* which might shew what our general treatment might probably have been, if we had become their prey, was but small, and seemed rather permitted by Heaven to unite the nation against them. The people lost no courage by it. Their zeal was the more inflamed. This was the queen's first essay of government; in which she, who upon ordinary occasions was not out of countenance to own a fear that did not misbecome her, now, when a visible danger threatened her, shewed a firmness of mind, and composure of behavior, that made even men of the greatest courage ashamed of themselves. She covered the inward apprehensions she had, with such an equality of conduct, that she seemed afraid of nothing, when she had reason to fear the worst that could happen. She was resolved, if things should have proceeded to extremities, to have ventured herself with her people, and either to have saved them, or to have perished with them.

This was such a beginning of the exercise of royal power, as might for ever have given her a disgust of it: but she appeared all the time to possess her soul in patience, and to live in a constant resignation of herself to the will of God, without any anxiety concerning events. The happy news of the signal victory at the Boyne, where King James's army was routed by King William's, and the preservation of his majesty's person from the surest instruments of death, which seemed to be sent with that direction that it might shew the immediate watchfulness of Providence about him, soon reversed the scene, and put another face on public affairs. The queen only seemed the least changed. She looked more cheerful, but with the same tranquility. The appearances of it had never left her. Nor was it a small addition to her joy, that her father, for whom she still retained profound regard, was preserved.* Though she was no part of the cause of the war, yet she would have willingly sacrificed her own life to have preserved either of those lives (her husband's or father's,) who were in danger. She spoke of that matter two days after the intelligence came, with so tender a sense of the goodness of God to her, that it drew tears from her eyes, and then she freely confessed, "that her heart had trembled, not so much from the apprehension of the danger that she herself was in, as from the scene that was then in action at the Boyne; that God had heard her prayers, and she blessed him for it, with as sensible a joy as for any thing that had ever happened to her."

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* The French fleet (says Bishop Burnet, History of his Own Time, Vol. iii. p. 69, edit. 1815, after he had related the unsuccessful engagement our fleet had with it near Beachy, in Sussex, in the year 1690) lay for some days in Torbay; but before they sailed they made a descent on a miserable village called Tinmouth, that happened to belong to a papist. They burnt it, and a few fisherboats that belonged to it, but the inhabitants got away; and as a body of militia was marching thither, the French made great haste back to their ships. The French published this in their gazettes with much pomp, as if it had been a great trading town, that had many ships, with some men of war in port. This both rendered them ridiculous, and served to raise the hatred of the nation against them, for every town on the coast saw what they must expect if the French should prevail.

The next season of her administration concluded the reduction of Ireland. The expectations of success there were once so much sunk, that it seemed that that island was to be yet, for another year, the field of blood, and an heap of ashes. The good queen laid the blame of this, in a great measure, on the licentiousness and other disorders that she heard had rather increased than abated among them. A sudden turn came from a bold, but necessary resolution, which was executed as gallantly as it was generously undertaken, and in the face of a great army; a handful of men passed the river Shannon, forced Athlone, and made the enemy to retire in haste. A great victory followed a few days after, that of General Ginkle over St. Ruth, at Agrem. From which time success was less doubtful. All was concluded with the happy reduction of the whole island. The reflections the queen made on this happy event, was of the same tincture with that of all her thoughts, namely, "that our forces elsewhere, both at sea and land, were thought to be considerable, and so promising, that we were in great hopes of somewhat that might be decisive, only Ireland was apprehended to be too weakly furnished for a concluding campaign; yet so different," said she, "are the methods of Providence from human expectations, that nothing memorable happened any where except in Ireland, where little or nothing was expected."

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* The Earl of Nottingham told me, that when he carried the news to the queen, and acquainted her in a few words that the king was well, that he had gained an entire victory, and that the late king had escaped, he observed her looks, and found that the last article made her joy complete, which seemed in some suspense, till she understood that.—*Burnet's History of his Own Time,* Vol. iii. p. 70, edit. 1815.

She was again in the administration of affairs when the nation was threatened with a descent and an invasion, which was conducted with that secrecy that the kingdom was in danger of being surprised by it, when the preparations at sea were not finished, and the force by land was not considerable. The struggle was like to have been formidable, and there was a particular violence to be done to herself by reason of him, her father who was to have conducted it. A long uninterrupted continuance of boisterous weather, that came from the point that was most contrary to the designs of our enemies, made the project impracticable. A succession of changes of weather followed after, as happily to ourselves, and as fatal to our foes. The same wind that stopped their fleet joined ours. The wind went not out of that direction till it ended in one of the most glorious actions that England ever saw; that of the victory over the French fleet, by Admiral Russell, at La Hogue, in the year 1692, when those, who were brought together to invade our kingdom, were forced to be the melancholy spectators of the destruction of the best part of their fleet, on which all their hope was placed.

The queen bore success with the same decency in which she appeared, when affairs were perplexed and clouded. So firm a situation of mind as she had, seemed to be in a good measure above the power of any events whatever.

So far was she from entertaining a high opinion of herself, that she had a tender sense of every thing that looked like miscarriage under her conduct, and was afraid lest some mistake of hers might have occasioned it. When difficulties grew too great to be surmounted, and she felt an uneasiness in them, she made God her refuge, and she often owned that she found a full calm upon her thoughts, after she had given them a free vent before him in prayer.

When melancholy events came from the immediate hand of Heaven, particularly a great loss at sea, she said, "That though there was no occasion for complaint or anger upon these cross events, yet there was a juster cause of grief, since God's hand was to be seen so particularly in them." Sometimes she feared there might be some secret sins at the root, and blast all; but she soon went off from that, and said, "that where so much was visible, there was no need of divination concerning that which might be hidden."

When the sky grewer clearer, and in her more prosperous days, as we have before observed, she was never lifted up. A great resolution was taken, which not only asserted a dominion over those seas which Great Britian claimed as her own, but assumed a more extensive empire, by our becoming masters both of the ocean and Mediterranean, having our enemies' coasts as well as the seas open to us. The queen had too tender an heart to take any real satisfaction in the destruction of any of her enemies' towns, or in the ruin of their poor and innocent inhabitants. She spake of such proceedings with true indignation against those who had begun such practices, even in full peace, or after protections had been given. She was sorry that the state of war had made it necessary to restrain another prince from such barbarities, by making himself feel the effects of them, and therefore she said, "She hoped that such practices should become so odious in all that should begin them, and by their doing so force others to retaliate, that for the future they should be forever laid aside."

In her brightest seasons she grew not secure, nor did she withdraw her dependence upon God. In all the pleasures of life she maintained a true indifference as to the continuation of them, and she seemed to think of parting with them in so easy a manner, that it plainly appeared how little possession they had got of her heart. She had no occasion for these thoughts from any other principle but a mere disgust of this life, and the aspiration of her soul to a better. She apprehended she felt once or twice such indispositions upon her, that she concluded nature was working toward some great sickness, and accordingly she set herself to take full and broad views of death, that hence she might judge how she should be able to encounter her enemy. But she found so quiet an indifference upon the prospect, leaning rather toward the desire of a dissolution, that she said, "Though she did not pray for death, yet she could neither wish nor pray against it. She left that before God, and referred herself to the disposal of Providence. If she did not wish for death, yet she did not fear it."

As this was her temper when she viewed death at some distance, so she maintained the same calm when in the closest struggle with it. In her sickness, that of the small pox, she only was serene, when all was in a storm about her. The dismal sighs of all who came near her could not discompose her. She was rising so fast above mortality, that even her husband, who was more to her than all the world besides, and to all whose thoughts she had been upon every other occasion entirely resigned, could not now inspire her with any desires of returning back to life. Her mind seemed to be disentangling itself from her body, and so she arose above that tenderness, that had a greater influence upon her than all other earthly things whatever. It seemed indeed that all that was mortal was falling off, when even that could give her no uneasiness. She received the intimations of approaching death, with a firmness that neither bent nor softened under that which has made the strongest minds tremble. Then, when even the most artificial grow sincere, when the mask of hypocrisy drops and opens the full soul to view, it appeared what a perfect calm, and how sublime a piety possessed her. A ready willingness to be dissolved, and an entire resignation to the will of God, did not seem to forsake her so much as one minute, nor had any thing been left to be dispatched by her in her last hours. Her mind was in no hurry, but soft as the small voice that seemed to be calling her soul away to the regions above. So that she made her last steps with a stability and seriousness that, how little ordinary soever they might be, were, indeed, the correspondent harmonious conclusions of such a life as she had led. In her heavy disease she felt no inward depression, nor sinking of nature. She then declared, " that she experienced the joy of a good conscience, and the powers of religion giving her supports, which even the last agonies could not shake." Her constant gentleness to all about her never left her. That was indeed natural to her ; but by its continuance with her in her sickness, all visibly perceived that nothing could put her mind out of its natural situation, and usual state. A few hours before she breathed her last, when he who ministered to her in the best things had continued in a long attendance about her, she was so free in her thoughts, that apprehending he might be weary, she commanded him to sit down, and repeated her orders till he obeyed them : a thing too trifling in itself to be mentioned, but that it discovered her presence of mind, as well as the sweetness of her disposition. Prayer was then her constant exercise, as often as she was awake : and so sensible was the refreshment that her mind found in it, that she said she thought it did her more good, and gave her more ease, than any thing that was done to her. Nature sunk apace. She received the blessed Sacrament with a devotion that inflamed as well as melted all who saw it. That being over, she gave up herself so entirely to meditation, that she seemed scarce to regard any thing beside. She was then upon the wing. Such was her peace in her latter end, that though the symptoms shewed that nature was much oppressed, yet she scarce felt any uneasiness. It was only from what she perceived was done to her, and from those intimations that were given her, that she judged her life to be in danger ; but she scarce knew herself to be sick by any thing that she felt at heart. Her bearing so much sickness with so little emotion, was for a while imputed to that undisturbed quiet and patience in which she possessed her soul. But when she repeated it so often that she felt herself well inwardly, it then appeared that there was a particular blessing in so easy a conclusion of a life, that had been led through a great variety of events, with a constant equality of temper. And thus this most excellent princess put off mortality, and passed from an earthly to a heavenly crown, a crown of glory that shall never fade away.

The above account of this most amiable woman, is in substance extracted from Bishop's Burnet's Essay on her Memory, who had more than common advantages of knowing her, first in Holland, and afterwards in England, who has not been reckoned an historian by any means redundant in his praises, and who declares that he said nothing but what he knew to be strictly true, without the enlargement of figure or rhetoric. That we might do full justice to the character of the queen, or at least make our best attempts for the purpose, we shall collect from the same writer,—from Dr. Edward Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester, and from Dr. William Bates, an eminent nonconformist minister, who preached a sermon on her death,—some further memorials and descriptions of this very extraordinary person.

In most people, even those of the truest merit, a studied management, will sometimes appear with a little too much varnish, like a nocturnal piece that has a light cast through even the most shaded parts; some disposition to set one's self off, and some satisfaction in being commended, will at some time or another shew itself more or less. No person who had the honor to approach the queen, and not even such as were admitted to the greatest nearness, and the most constant attendance, ever discovered any thing of this nature in her. When due acknowledgments were made, or decent things were said upon occasions that well deserved them, they seemed scarce to be heard. They were so little desired, that they were presently passed over, without so much as an answer that might seem to entertain the discourse, even when it checked it. She went off from it to other subjects, as one who could not bear it. In her were seen the most active zeal for the public, and a constant delight in doing good, joined with such unaffected humility, and indifference to applause, that the most critical observers could never see reason to think, that the secret flatteries of vanity or self-love wrought inwardly, or had any power over her.

An open and native sincerity, which appeared in genuine characters, in a manner quite free and unconstrained, easily persuaded all who were about her that all was uniform and consistent, and was at the same time united with a charming behavior, a most amiable sweetness, and the sprightliness as well as the freedom of a true good humor. A fresh and graceful air more turned to seriousness, but always serene, that dwelt upon her looks, discovered both the perfect calm within, and shewed the force as well as the loveliness of those principles, which were the springs of so cheerful a temper, and lively a deportment.

The freedom of cheerfulness is not always under an exact command. It will make escapes from rules, and be apt to go too far, and to forget all measures and bounds. It is seldom kept under a perpetual guard. The openness of the queen's behavior was subject to universal observation; but yet it was under that regularity of conduct, that they who knew her best, and saw her otfenest, could never discover her thoughts or intentions, further than as she herself had a mind to let them be known. No half word, or change of look, no forgetfulness, or career of discourse, ever drew any thing from her further or sooner than she designed it. This caution was managed by her in so peculiar a way, that no distrust was shewn in it, nor distaste given by it. It appeared to be no other than that due reserve which became her elevation, and suited those affairs which were to pass through her hands. When she saw reason for it, she had the truest methods to oblige others to use all becoming freedom with herself, while at the same time she kept them at a proper distance from her own thoughts.

She would never borrow any assistance from those arts, which are so common to great stations, that some, perhaps, may imagine them necessary. She did not cover her purposes by doubtful expressions, or such general words as, taken strictly, signify little, but in common use are understood to import a great deal more. As she would not deceive others, so she avoided the saying of that which might give them an occasion to deceive themselves; and when she did not intend to promise, she took care to explain her meaning so critically, that it might be understood that no construction of a promise was to be made from general words of favor. In a course of several years, and of many turns, when great temptation was given for more artificial methods, and when, according to the maxims of the world, great advantage might have been made of them, yet she maintained her sincerity so entirely, that she never once needed explanations to justify either her words or actions.

What was good and what was great in human nature were so equally mixed, and both shone with such a full brightness in her, that it was hard to tell in which of the two she was the more eminent.

She maintained that respect that belonged to her sex without any of those mixtures which, though generally speaking they do not much misbecome it, yet seem a little to lessen it. She had a courage that was resolute and firm, mingled with a mildness that was soft and attracting. She had in her all the graces of her own sex, with all the greatness of the other. If she did not affect to be a Zenobia, or a Boadicea, it was not because she was destitute of their courage, but because she understood the decencies of her sex better than they did. A desire of power, or an eagerness of empire, were things so far below her, though they generally pass for heroic qualities, that perhaps the world never yet beheld so great a capacity for government joined with so little affection to it; so unwillingly assumed, so modestly managed, and so cheerfully laid down.

She was distinguished for a clearness of apprehension, a presence of mind, an exactness of memory, a solidity of judgment, and a correctness of expression. No one took things sooner, or retained them longer. No one judged more truly, or spoke more exactly. She wrote clear and short, with a true beauty and force of style. She discovered a superiority of genius, even in the most trifling matters, which were considered by her only as amusements, and so gave no occasion for deep reflections. A happiness of imagination, and a liveliness of expression, appeared upon the commonest subjects on a sudden, and in the greatest variety of accidents. She was quick, but not hasty: and, even without the advantages which her rank gave her, she had an exaltation of mind, which subdued as well as charmed all who came near her.

A quickness of thought is often superficial. It easily catches, and sparkles with some lustre: but it lasts not long, nor does it strike deep. In the queen a bright vivacity was joined with an exploring diligence. Her age and her rank had denied her opportunities for much study, yet she had made no inconsiderable advances in knowledge, having read the best books in the three languages (English, Dutch, and French,) that were almost equally familiar to her. She gave the most of her hours to the study of the Scriptures, and of books relating to them. She had an uncommon understanding in matters of divinity; and particularly she had so well considered our disputes with the Church of Rome, that she was capable of managing debates in them with equal degrees of address and judgment.

Next to the best subjects, she bestowed much of her time on books of history, principally of the latter ages, particularly those of her own kingdoms, as being the most proper to afford her useful instruction. She was a good judge as well as a great lover of poetry. She liked it best, when it was employed on the best subjects. So tender she was of poetry, though much more of virtue, that the prostitution of the Muses among us gave her a more than ordinary concern. She made some steps to the understanding philosophy and mathematics, but she stopped soon; only she went far in natural history and perspective, as she was also very exact in geography. Upon the whole, she studied and read more than could be imagined by any who had not known how many of her hours were spent in her closet. She would have made a much greater progress if the frequent returns of ill humors in her eyes, had not compelled her to spare them. Her very diversions gave indications of a mind that was truly great. She had no relish for those lazy entertainments, if they may deserve the name, that are the too common consumers of most people's time, and that make as great waste of their minds, as they do of their fortunes. If she sometimes used them, she made it visible it was only in compliance with forms, because she was unwilling to offend others with too harsh a severity. She gave her minutes of leisure with the greatest willingness to architecture and gardening. She had a fruitfulness of invention, with a felicity of contrivance, that had airs in them which were nobler than what was more stiff, though it might be more regular. She knew that these things drew an expense after them; but she had no inclinations beyond these to any diversions that were costly, and since these employed many hands she was pleased to say, "That she hoped it would be forgiven her."

When her eyes were endangered by reading too much, she betook herself to the amusement of work; and in all those hours that were not given to better employment she wrote with her own hands, and that, sometimes, with as constant a diligence as if she had been to earn her bread by her labor. It was a new thing, and seemed a strange sight, to see a queen work so many hours a day. But she considered idleness as the great corrupter of human nature, and believed that if the mind had no employment given it, it would create some of the worst sort to itself; and she thought that any thing that might amuse and divert, without leaving any ill effects behind, ought to fill up those vacant hours that were not claimed by devotion or business. Her example soon wrought not only on those who belonged to her, but upon the whole town, to follow it; so that it became, in her time as much the fashion to work as it had been to sit idle. In this particular, which seemed to be nothing, and was made, by some a subject of raillery, a greater step was taken than, perhaps, every one was aware of, towards bettering the age. While the queen thus diverted herself with work, she took care to give an entertainment to her own mind, as well as to those who were admitted to the honor of working with her. One was appointed to read to the rest; the choice was suited to the time of the day, and the employment; some book or poem that was lively as well as instructive. Few of her sex, not to say of her rank, gave ever less time to dressing, or seemed less curious about it. Those parts of it which required more patience were not given up entirely to it. She read often all the time herself, and generally aloud, that those who served about her might be the better for it. When she was indisposed, another was called to do it. The whole was mixed with such pleasant reflections of her own, that the gloss was often better than the text. An agreeable vivacity diffused that innocent cheerfulness among all about her, that whereas, in most courts, the hours of strict attendance are the heaviest part of the day, they were, in hers, of all others, the most delightful.

Her cheerfulness might well be termed innocent, for none was ever hurt by it. No natural defects, nor real faults, were ever the subjects of her mirth; nor could she bear it in others if their wit happened to glance that way. She thought it a cruel and barbarous thing to be merry at other people's cost, or to make the misfortunes or follies of others the matter of diversion. She scarce ever expressed a more entire satisfaction in any sermon that she had heard, than in that of Archbishop Tillotson against evil speaking. When she thought some were guilty of it, she would ask them if they had read that sermon. This was understood to be a reprimand, though in the softest manner. She had, indeed, one of the blessings of virtue, but which does not always accompany it; for she was as free from censures as she was from deserving them. When reflections were made on this her felicity, she said, "That she ascribed it wholly to the goodness of God to her; for she did not doubt but that many fell under hard censures that deserved them as little." She also gave the matter this further turn, "That God knew her weakness, and that she was not able to bear some imputations, and therefore he did not try her beyond her strength." In one respect, she intended never to provoke censure. She was conscientiously tender of wounding others, and said, "she hoped God would still bless her in her good name as long as she was careful not to hurt others." But as she was exact in not wronging any other while she diverted herself, so, upon indifferent subjects, she had a spring of cheerfulness in her that was never to be exhausted : it never sunk by repetition, nor degenerated into a forced mirth.

Dr. Bates's character of the queen may be considered as an abridgment, not without some very acceptable additions, of what has been already more diffusively said concerning her. There is an elegance and beauty in his thoughts and language that cannot fail giving pleasure to our readers.

"The descent of our queen was royal: but this is only an external circumstance, and derives no moral virtue to a person. The splendor of extraction, like varnish in a picture, that gives more life and luster to the colors, makes the virtues or the vices of a person more conspicuous.

"Her body was the beautiful temple of a fairer soul.* Her graceful presence inspired reverence and love in those who saw her, and appeared worthy of empire. But we have much greater things to speak concerning her.

"I shall begin with her piety towards God. This is the first duty of man in order and dignity, and the most considerable in its consequences. It is the foundation of all royal virtues. In the public worship of God, she was a bright example of solemn and unaffected devotion. She prayed with humble reverence, heard the word with respectful silence, and with serious application of spirit, as duly considering the infinite interval between the supremacy of heaven and princes on earth; that their greatness in its lustre is but a faint and vanishing reflection of the Divine Majesty. One instance I shall specify in this kind. When her residence was at the Hague, a lady of noble quality coming to the court to wait on her on a Saturday, in the afternoon, was told she was retired from all company, and kept a fast in preparation for the receiving the Sacrament the next day. The lady staying till five o'clock, the princess came out, and contented herself with a very slender supper, it being incongruous to conclude a fast with a feast. Thus solemnly she prepared herself for spiritual communion with her Savior. When Moses was surprised by the sight of the burning-bush, and intended to come near to it, he was warned by a voice from heaven, 'Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.' By the familiar figure of putting off the shoes is signified the purifying ourselves from all defilements. And certainly the presence of the Son of God is more peculiar in that sacred mysterious ordinance than it was in the burning-bush: accordingly we should sanctify ourselves, and approach with holy fear.

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* Mr. Boyer gives this more particular description of her. Her person was tall, and well proportioned. Her shape, while Princess of Orange, easy and genteel; her complexion light brown; her visage oval; her eyes quick and lively; and the rest of her features regular. Her stately port and native air of greatness commanded respect from the most confident: but her sweet and graceful countenance tempered the awfulness of majesty, and her affable temper encouraged the most timorous to approach her.

"Her religion was not confined to the chapel, but every day she had chosen hours for communion with God; of which He is the only discerner and rewarder. Some who are high in the world think it sufficient to pay a complimental visit to God once a week, and content themselves with the external service, though destitute of holy affections, which are the life of religion; or, at best, are satisfied with a few expiring acts of devotion: but the good queen's conversation was in heaven. She was constant in those duties in which the soul ascends to God in solemn thoughts and ardent desires; and God descends into the soul by the excitations and influences of his Spirit.

"Her religion was not only exercised in divine worship, but was influential into practice. The law of God was written in her heart, and transcribed in her life, in the fairest characters.

"She had a sincere zeal for the healing our unhappy divisions in religious things, and declared her resolution upon the first address of some ministers, that she would use all means for that blessed end. She was so wise as to understand the difference between matters doctrinal and ritual; and so good as to allow a just liberty for dissenters in things of small moment. She was not fettered with superstitious scruples; but her clear and free spirit was for the union of Christians in things essential to Christianity. The holiness of her life was universal. She was born and lived in a court that shines in pomp, and flows in pleasures, and presents charming temptations to all the distempered appetites. Pride, that destroyed both worlds, and cleaves so close to human nature, reigns there. The love of pleasure is a soft seducer that easily insinuates itself through the senses, and captivates the soul. It is an observation of St. Chrysostom, that the preserving the three Hebrew martyrs unpolluted in the court of Babylon, was a greater miracle than the preserving them unsinged in the firy furnace. In the absence of temptations the corrupt nature is sometimes so concealed that it is hardly known to itself; but when tempting objects, armed with allurements, offer themselves, the corrupt nature is presently discovered, especially if a person comes to the license of a sceptre, that swells pride, and authorizes the exorbitant desires. To be humble in such a high elevation, to be temperate in the midst of the freest fruitions, is the effect of powerful grace. But who ever saw in the queen an appearance of pride and disdain? How grateful was the condescendence of her greatness! Who ever saw any disorder in her countenance, the crystal wherein the affections are visible? Her breast was like the Pacific Sea that seldom suffers, and is disturbed by a storm. She was so exempt from the tyranny of the angry passions, that we may have some conjecture of the felicity of the state of unstained innocence, of which one ray is so amiable. She had such an abhorrence of the sensual passions, that nothing impure durst approach her presence.

" She had an excellent understanding, that qualified her for government. Of this her presiding in council in times of danger, and preserving the tranquility of the kingdom, were real proofs.

" Her charity, that celestial grace, was like the sun : nothing within her circuit was hid from its refreshing heat. Love is the clearest notion we have of the Deity. God is Love. A prince in no perfection resembles God more than in his communicative goodness. I will mention one act of her pious charity, and the noble manner of her doing it. A lord of great honor and piety proposed to her a very good work that was chargeable. She ordered an hundred pounds should be paid to him for it. Some time interposing before the receipt of the money, he waited upon the queen, and pleasantly told her, that interest was due for the delay of payment. She presently ordered that fifty pounds more should be given, which was done accordingly. If it were known what this good queen did, and what she designed to do, among all her resplendent virtues, Charity would be illustrious.

" Her wise redemption of time from unconcerning vanities for domestic affairs, was the effect and indication of her tender and vigilant conscience. She considered her glass was continually running, and all the sands were to be accounted for. How should this great example correct those who are lavish of nothing so much as of time, which being lost, is irrecoverable ! The sun returns every day but time never returns.

In her sickness, patience had its perfect work. Her disease was uncomfortable, yet with resigned submission she bore it. When the danger of it was signified to her, she had no fearful thoughts about her future state. It is a cruel respect to sick persons, especially to princes, to conceal from them their danger till death steals insensibly upon them. Indeed considering their past lives, and their present anxieties, the advice of approaching death is an anticipation of it. But the spirit of this excellent saint was not afraid of evil tidings, but was fixed, trusting in the Lord. Her care had been to secure the love of God in the best time of her life ; and this mixed cordial drops in the bitterness of death.

" In short, all the blessed virtues were eminently seen in her that might render her government an entire happiness to the kingdom. This erected her a throne in the hearts of her subjects, and the honor the wise poet attributes to the Emperor Augustus,

——Victorque volentes
Per populos dat jura——

that she ruled a willing people, may more truly be said of this excellent princess. She was queen of the affections of the people, and governed them without constraint. Her praiseworthy actions will eternize her memory, when other princes, divested of their secular pomp, shall either be buried in dark oblivion, or condemned in history."

There is a point of light in which we have not as yet considered this most excellent princess; her affection and conduct as a wife to that great man, the Prince of Orange, afterwards King William the Third, to whom she was married about seventeen years. Such as have given an account of her character have bestowed, and we doubt not with sufficient reason, the highest praises upon her in this relation. "She was" says Bishop Burnet, "so tender and so respectful a wife, that she seemed to go beyond the most perfect idea to which wit or invention has been able to rise. The lowest condition of life, or the greatest inequality of fortune, has not afforded so complete a pattern. Tenderness and complacency seemed to strive which of them should be the more eminent. She had no higher satisfaction in the prospect of the greatness that was descending on her, than that it gave her an occasion of making her husband a present worthy of himself; nor had crowns or thrones any charm in them that was so pleasant to her, as that they raised him to a greatness which he so well deserved, and could so well maintain. She was all zeal and rapture, when any thing was to be done that could either express affection, or shew respect to him. She obeyed with more pleasure than the most ambitious could have when they command." That the bishop's account of her in this view, and other such representations of her in the same exalted strain by other writers that might be mentioned, do not surpass the truth, but are only a justice to her memory, we may well conclude from what both the king said and did during her sickness, and after her decease. When Dr. Tennison, upon her death, went to comfort the king, his majesty answered, "That he could not but grieve, since he had lost a wife who in seventeen years, had never been guilty of an indiscretion."—"On the third day of her illness," says Bishop Burnet, "the king called me into his closet, and gave a free vent to a most tender passion. He burst out into tears, and cried out, that there was no hope of the queen, and that from being the happiest, he was now going to be the miserablest creature on earth." He said, "that during the whole course of their marriage he had never known one single fault in her; that there was a worth in her that nobody knew beside himself; though," he added, "I might know as much of her as any other person did." Presently after, the same historian adds, "that the king's affliction for her death was as great as it was just. It was greater than those who knew him best thought his temper capable of. He went beyond all bounds in it. During her sickness he was in an agony that amazed us all, fainting often, and breaking out into most violent lamentations. When she died, his spirits sunk so low, that there was great reason to apprehend that he was following her. For some weeks after he was so little master of himself, that he was not capable of minding business, or of seeing company."

MRS. ELIZABETH BURNET.

THE subject of our Memoirs was born November 8th, in the year 1661. She was the eldest daughter of Sir Richard Blake, Knight, the fifth son of Thomas Blake, of Earontoun, in the county of Southampton, Esquire, of an eminent family, and of Elizabeth, daughter of Doctor Bathurst, a physician in London, a person of distinguished piety, and among the most considerable men of his profession in his time.

At eleven years old she began to have a true sense of religion, and read, with great application, the books that were put into her hands, but was not entirely satisfied with them, aspiring after more solid and sublime sentiments than what she met with in them. On this account it was that more than ordinary care was taken to make her think meanly of herself, she being bred up in the greatest privacy possible.

When she was but a little more than seventeen years of age she was married to Robert Berkely, of Spetchly, in the county of Worcester, Esquire, grandson of Sir Robert Berkely, who was a judge in the reign of Charles the Second. The match between this young gentleman and her was principally procured by the means of Doctor Fell, then Bishop of Oxford, who was Mr. Berkely's guardian, and had taken the care of his education. The bishop thought that the assisting his friend in that match was the greatest service he ever performed for him.

When the young lady came into the family, she found her husband's mother a zealous papist, and a woman of a good life. This put her upon taking particular care to study her own religion in a larger compass, in order to understand the controversies between the protestants and papists, that she might be able to preserve her husband and herself from the artifices and insinuations of the popish priests, and the influence of his mother, who had great interest in him. But yet, considering the particular turn of her husband's mind, and the great deference she owed to his mother, she found herself obliged to be very tender and careful, that she might not be disturbed with unnecessary disputes about religion; in which, and in her whole management in this respect, there appeared a discretion admired by all who knew her.

At the same time, this young lady obliged herself to a more than ordinary strictness in all the offices of piety, and in her whole conduct, that she might adorn her own profession by a suitable practice, constantly governing herself by the rules of true religion, and the severest virtue. Accordingly, living in the country, where she enjoyed much leisure, she spent great part of her time in devotion and reading. When she was inclined to divert herself with work, she generally had some persons to read to her; and when her poor neighbors came to visit her, which, upon her encouragement, they often did, she would frequently read good books to them herself, that she might instruct them without seeming to take too much upon her.

In this manner she lived for six years, being esteemed and loved by all who knew her, even by those who, on account of different opinions in religion, were likely to be most prejudiced against her.

In King James's time, when the fears of popery began greatly to increase, and Bishop Fell died, who had great influence over Mr. Berkely, to prevent his being wrought upon by his relations, at the time they conceived mighty hopes of the popish religion being settled in these kingdoms, Mrs. Berkely prevailed upon her husband to go to Holland; and accordingly they travelled together over the seventeen provinces. In the popish provinces, on the account of his relations, they met with an unusually kind reception, letters being sent, without their knowledge, to Brussels, Ghent, Liege, and other considerable places, recommending Mrs. Berkely in a very particular manner, as one whose piety and virtue, had she been of the catholic church, as they called it, were great enough to entitle her to the character of a saint.

After these journeys, Mr. and Mrs. Berkely fixed at the Hague, where she was soon known, and grew into the esteem and friendship of persons of the highest rank. Here they continued till about the time of the Revolution, when they returned into England, and went to Spetchly, their country seat.

Here Mrs. Berkely went on in the happy course of life she had at first engaged in, making continual increases in knowledge and good works. She had generally some young persons in her family, whom she well improved both by her instructions and example, so that there was quickly a visible alteration made in them.

Her knowledge and virtue made her every day more and more taken notice of in that country. She contracted an intimate friendship with the eminent Doctor Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, who to his death maintained an high esteem of her; and upon several occasions has been often heard to say, "that he knew not a more considerable woman in England than she was." Thus she continued to live with Mr. Berkely till the year 1693, when it pleased God to remove him from her by death.

In her widowhood, as she had more leisure than in her married state, so she applied it wholly to devotion, to reading, to acts of charity, and the offices of friendship; particularly she took upon her the care of her late husband's protestant relations, as if they had been her own; and indeed she was a mother to them all, as long as she lived, and shewed a great concern and kindness for them at her death. She was also very good, and obliging to all the rest of his family.

She then had a very plentiful income, which she managed with great prudence, as well as in a large exercise of charity; and indeed she was uneasy at all other kind of expenses but what went in that way.

While she continued at Spetchly she kept a hospitable table, to which the neighboring clergy were always welcome. She paid true respect to such of them as were in low circumstances, cordially esteeming them for their functions and labors. She frequently made them presents of the most useful books, and to some she generously lent money, without requiring any security, expecting only to be paid when, by the providence of God, they might be put into more easy circumstances.

She spent some time at Worcester, with Bishop Stillingfleet and his lady, with whom she had a most particular friendship; and at the house of Robert Wylde, Esquire, who took a particular care of her, and of her concerns; for whom, and his whole family she retained, as they well deserved them from her, a very high esteem and friendship.

Mr. Berkely ordering in his will a great sum of money to be raised out of his estate, to erect a hospital at Worcester for poor people, she had it much at heart to see the design brought to perfection as soon as possible, and it pleased God to continue her life till she saw it accomplished. Besides the care of this business, she took upon her several charges in relation to his affairs, more than the law required, in the payment of debts and legacies. She also still continued one eminent instance of charity, to which she had engaged Mr. Berkely in his life-time, a kind of charity which is now, by the divine blessing, spread almost all over England, the setting up schools for the instruction and education of poor children; which she afterwards increased to a far greater number.

She spent a good part of her time at London with her only sister, the wife of Mr. Justice Dormer, who was always very dear to her, and she had a high value for the great integrity and worth of that judge.

Mrs. Berkely had early an inclination to employ her pen in several sorts of composition, which she was thought by her friends to do to such very good purpose, that it encouraged her to spend much of her time in that way. While she was a widow, she made the first draught of that excellent book of hers, entitled, "A New Method of Devotion, or Rules for Holy and Devout Living, with Prayers on several Occasions, and Advices and Devotions for the Holy Sacrament," for her own use only, consisting of such rules and directions as she resolved to conduct herself by, and which indeed had been all along the measure of her practice.

She continued a widow near seven years, and then was married to Doctor Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury. She found in the bishop's house a family of children, whom she treated not with a false indulgence on the one hand, nor an unnatural severity on the other, but with all that care and true concern for their education, as if they had been her own; and indeed she was loved and respected by them as if she had brought them into the world: of which the bishop was so sensible, that he had by his will, then made, left them under her direction and authority in so absolute a manner, that it has been seldom known that so much power was ever intrusted even to the real mothers of any children. The bishop, rightly judging that he brought blessing and happiness enough into his family by bringing such a mother into it, desired her to secure all her own estate and income to herself, with a power to make such a will as she pleased, to which he bound himself to consent.

Thus she continued the mistress of all that was her own, allowing for her own entertainment what did not exceed the rate of a boarding-house, that so she might the more abound in good works, which the bishop accepted, though he was willing, as he often told her, "that nothing at all should be allowed on that account," for she had in herself a treasure of more value than any riches. And, indeed, the bishop was desirous that all the world should see what an esteem he had for so much true worth, and that of the sublimest kind, as he found in his lady.

After this she extended her charity further than she had done before: and, indeed, instead of giving a fifth part of her income, which would have been no small proportion, she was very uneasy at taking only a fifth part to her own use. She seldom went beyond it, and was much oftener restrained within it, by which means she was able to employ considerable sums in charitable uses, and particularly the number of children taught at her expense, in and about Worcester and Salisbury, amounted to above a hundred.

She now grew into a more general acquaintance, and was continually rising higher in the esteem of the world in proportion as she became more known. She entered into friendships with some persons of the greatest quality which made no other alteration in her than that of increasing her zeal of doing more good as her interest was enlarged. To be rich in good works was visibly the reigning design of her whole life, and that in which she most of all delighted herself.

Notwithstanding the interruptions which a more diffusive acquaintance gave her, she spent as much time as she could secure to herself, in writing upon divine and moral subjects, and was prevailed with to consent to the printing of the first edition of the above-mentioned book, which, as well as the second, was entirely her own composition, without any assistance or addition by any person whatever.

The book being very much approved of by many of her friends, she apprehended she could make it more useful by a large addition out of many other papers she had by her. Upon this she printed a second edition at her own expense, that she might dispose of it among those whom she thought most likely to be improved by it.

This excellent woman kept a constant journal of her life, and every evening employed no inconsiderable time, in recollecting her actions and discourse in the day; and she would call herself to an account in every particular, that the errors of every day past might be avoided in those that should follow.

She continually labored under a weak habit of body, which at length grew upon her to such a degree that it was thought she could not easily overcome it. On this account she was advised to go to the Spa, for the recovery of her health. She undertook a journey thither in the year 1707, and wheresoever she went she was received with great marks of esteem and respect by persons of the most eminent rank.

After her return she seemed to be in a much better state of health, and bore the severity of the beginning of the winter of 1708 so well, that her friends hoped her constitution was grown stronger than it had been: but it pleased God, upon the breaking up of the frost, January 27, 1708–9, that she was seized with a pleuritic fever, the symptoms of which were not violent at first, nor were her friends at first apprehensive of her danger; but, her lungs being weak, she sunk under the disorder in a few days, and died February 3, 1708–9. She was buried at Spetchly, by her former husband, according to a promise she had made him, as appears by the following clause in her will. "I will that my body be buried in the parish church of Spetchly, in the county of Worcester, in a vault made for me by my former husband, Robert Berkely, Esquire, and myself. I order this to fulfil a promise I made to him, and not out of any want of respect or kindness to my present husband, who has by his great kindness and confidence deserved from me all the gratitude and acknowledgments of love and respect I can testify."

"After this brief account," says the writer of her Memoirs,* "of some of the most remarkable circumstances of her life, in which she must appear a bright example of the most eminent virtue in a private station, I should not do justice either to her, or to the world, if I did not enlarge a little more upon her character; in which if I should be thought to have said too much by them that were not acquainted with her, I am confident what I say will be judged by them who knew her, to fall below her character."

She knew exactly how to distinguish between the means and end of religion; and was well aware of the necessity of joining them both together in her practice; so that, as she came up to the strictest rules of piety in her devotions both in private and public, especially in her frequent receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, she was also fully persuaded that she was to maintain a strict government over her passions, to observe a constant care and watchfulness over her whole conduct, and to abound in every good work.

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* The Rev. Dr. T. Goodwyn, Archdeacon of Oxford.

Though she had no skill in the learned languages, yet by making the understanding the Scriptures her chief study, with the help of English commentators, and the assistance of those clergy with whom she most frequently conversed, and with whom she often discoursed about texts of Scripture that were obscure to her, she attained to a great knowledge in the divine writings. Though her mind was naturally inquisitive, her apprehension quick, and her judgment solid, yet she confined her inquiries to a few things. Accordingly, when she had made some progress both in geometry and philosophy, she laid those studies aside, though she had a genius and relish for them. She considered the "one thing needful," and applied herself wholly to what related to it; and even in that she valued knowledge only as it purified the mind. Her chief care was to govern her passions; to moderate her affections to created objects; and to elevate her soul to an entire resignation and conformity to the holy will of God.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, a gentlewoman not more admired for her fine writings by the ingenious who did not know her, than esteemed and loved by all her acquaintance, for the many amiable qualities of her heart, was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, Sept. 11, 1674, being the eldest of three daughters* of Mr. Walter Singer a gentleman of a good family, and Mrs. Elizabeth Portnell, both of them persons of distinguished merit and piety. Mr. Singer was not a native of Ilchester, not so much as an inhabitant, before his imprisonment there for his nonconformity, in the reign of King Charles the Second; but being confined there, Mrs. Portnell, thinking herself obliged to visit those who suffered for the sake of a good conscience, as a testimony of her regard, not only to them, but to our common Lord, in this way commenced an acquaintance with Mr. Singer, which afterward proceeded to a union that death alone could dissolve; and this it did too soon for the mournful surviver, if the tenderest affection might be judged, and for the world also, which can badly bear to lose any, and especially the eminent examples of virtue and religion, in the several scenes and stations of life. Till her death Mr. Singer resided at Ilchester, but not long after removed into the neighborhood of Frome, in the same county, where he became so well known and distinguished for his good sense, primitive integrity, simplicity of manners, uncommon prudence, activity and faithfulness in discharging the duties of his station, inflexible adherence to his principles, and at the same time truly catholic spirit, as to be held in high esteem even by persons of superior rank; the Lord Weymouth, who was reckoned a very good judge of men, not only writing to him, but honoring him with his visits, as did also the devout Bishop Ken, and that very frequently, sometimes once a week.

Mr. Singer was religiously inclined, as he said himself, when about ten years old, and declared that he never from that time neglected prayer; and as far as he knew his own heart, had sincerely endeavored to keep a good conscience. He died as he had lived, April, 19, 1719, in a blessed calm and peace of mind, and humble confidence in the mercy of God through a Redeemer. A worthy and intimate friend of his, and witness to the heroic and christian manner in which he finished life, observes, "that he settled his affairs, and took leave of the world with the same freedom and composure as if he had been setting out on a journey, was peculiarly careful that the widows and orphans with whose concerns he was intrusted, might not be injured after his decease; conversed, though under great bodily disorders, with those who came to see him, who were not a few, in the easiest, freest manner, spent his time in praising and blessing God, praying to him and giving good counsel to those about him; shewed an uncommon sweetness and patience in his behavior, and was exceeding thankful to those who did the least kind office for him, though they owed him a great deal more." In a memorandum relating to her father's last sickness and death, Mrs. Rowe herself has these words. "My father often felt his pulse, and complained that it was still regular, and smiled at every symptom of approaching death. He would be often crying out, Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; come, ye holy angels, that rejoice at the conversion of a sinner, come and conduct my soul to the skies, ye propitious spirits;" and then would add, "but thy time, Lord, not mine, is best."

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* One of the other two daughters died in her childhood, and the other survived to her twentieth year, a lovely concurrent with her sister in the race of virtue and glory. She had the same extreme passion for books, chiefly those of medicine, in which she arrived at a considerable skill. Both the sisters frequently studied till midnight.—*Biograph. Britannica.*

Such as were acquainted with Mrs. Rowe from her earliest years, could not but observe a great many things, not common at that time of life, which promised that bright day that afterwards ensued; and it must have been with peculiar satisfaction that Mr. Singer, in whom parental affection concurred with a penetrating discernment to heighten the pleasure, beheld the dawnings of a great and good mind in his young daughter.

When she received the first serious impressions of religion, does not appear. Undoubtedly they were made while she was very young for in one of her pious addresses she herself thus speaks to God: "My infant hands were early lifted up to thee, and I soon learned to know and acknowledge the God of my fathers."*

She loved, such was her taste for painting, the pencil, when she had hardly strength and steadiness of hand to guide it; and one might almost venture to say, that even in her infancy she would squeeze out the juices of herbs to serve her instead of colors. Mr. Singer, perceiving her fondness for this art, was at the expense of a master to instruct her in it, and it never ceased to be her amusement till her death.

She was also very much delighted with music, chiefly of the grave and solemn kind, as best suited to the grandeur of her sentiments, and the sublimity of her devotion.

But her strongest bent was to poetry. So prevalent was her genius this way, that her very prose has all the charms of verse without the fetters; the same fire and elevation, the same bright images, bold figures, and rich and flowing diction. She could hardly write a single letter but it bore the stamp of the poet. One of her acquaintance remembered to have heard her say, "that she began to write verses at twelve years old," which was almost as soon as she could write at all. In the year 1696, the 22d of her age, a collection of her poems on various occasions was published at the desire of two of her friends, which we may suppose did not contain all that she had by her, since the ingenious prefacer gives the reader to hope, "that the author might in a little time be prevailed with to oblige the world with a second part, no way inferior to the former."

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* Devotional Exercises, p. 53

Though many of these poems are of the religious kind and all of them consistent with the strictest regard to the rules of virtue, yet some things in them gave her no small uneasiness in advanced life. What she could not absolutely approve, so quick was her moral feeling, appeared unpardonable, and not satisfied to have done nothing that injured the cause of virtue, she was displeased with herself for having written any thing that did not directly promote it.

What first introduced her to the notice of Lord Weymouth's family, was a little copy of verses of hers, with which they were so highly delighted as to express a curiosity to see her; and the friendship that commenced from that time, subsisted ever after, not more to her honor, who was the favorite of persons so much superior to herself in the outward distinctions of life, than to the praise of their judgment and taste, who knew how to prize, and took a pleasure to encourage such blooming worth. She was not then twenty years of age. Her paraphrase of the 38th chapter of Job was written at the request of Bishop Ken, who was at that time in the family, and gained her a great deal of reputation.

She had no other tutor for the French and Italian languages than the Hon. Mr. Thynne, son to Lord Viscount Weymouth, who willingly took that task upon himself, and had the pleasure to see his fair pupil improve so fast under his lessons, that in a few months she was able to read Tasso's Jerusalem with great ease.

In the year 1710 she was married to Mr. Thomas Rowe, son of the Rev. Benoni Rowe, a non-conformist minister of a reputable family. This young gentleman, for he was but three and twenty when he married, was possessed of a very fine understanding, had largely enriched his mind with learning, and was remarkably devoted to knowledge and improvement. Mr. Rowe well knew how to value the treasure which Providence had given him, in a woman of such exalted merit and amiable qualities, and accordingly made it his study to repay the felicity with which she crowned his life. The esteem and tenderness he had for her are inexpressible. It was some time after his marriage that he wrote to her a very tender ode under the name of Delia, full of the warmest sentiments of connubial friendship and affection, in which the following lines may appear remarkable, as it pleased Heaven to dispose events in a manner so agreeable to the wishes Mr. Rowe expresses in them.

Long may thy inspiring page
And great example bless the rising age!
Long in thy charming prison may'st thou stay,
Late, very late, ascend the well-known way,
And add new glories to the realms of day!
At least Heav'n will not sure this pray'r deny,
Short be my life's uncertain date,
And earlier far than thine the destin'd hour of fate!
Whene'er it comes, may'st thou be by,
Support my sinking frame, and teach me how to die,
Banish desponding nature's gloom,
Make me to hope a gentle doom,
And fix me all on joys to come!
With swimming eyes I'll gaze upon thy charms,
And clasp thee, dying, in my fainting arms:
Then gently leaning on thy breast,
Sink in soft slumbers to eternal rest;
Without a groan resign my breath,
Nor shrink at the cold arms of death;
The ghastly form shall have a pleasing air,
And all things smile, while Heav'n and thou art there.

Mr. Rowe had not a constitution naturally robust, so that his intense application to study might perhaps contribute to that ill state of health which allayed the happiness of his marriage state, during the greater part of it. In the latter end of the year 1714 his weakness increased, and he appeared to labor under all the symptoms of a consumption. This fatal distemper, after it had confined him some months, cut off the fair hopes of his doing great honor and service to his country; and put a period to his life, May 13, 1715, when he was but just past the twenty-eight year of his age. He died at Hampstead, near London, where he had for some time resided for the benefit of the air, and was buried in the vault belonging to his family in the cemetery in Bunhill Fields, where on his tomb are only written his name, and the dates of his birth and death.

It was only out of regard to Mr. Rowe, that with his society Mrs. Rowe was willing to reside in London during the winter season. Accordingly, as soon after his decease as her affairs would permit, she indulged her invincible inclinations to solitude, by removing to Frome, in Somersetshire, in the neighborhood of which place the greater part of her estate lay. When she left town, she determined to return to it no more, but to spend the remainder of her life in an absolute retirement; yet on some few occasions she thought it her duty to violate her resolution. In compliance with the importunate requests of the Honorable Mrs. Thynne, she passed some months with her at London, after the death of her daughter, the Lady Brooke; and on the melancholy occasion of the decease of Mrs. Thynne herself, she could not dispute the solicitations of the Countess of Hertford, afterwards the Duchess of Somerset, who earnestly desired her to reside some time with her at Marlborough, to soften, by her conversation and friendship, her severe affliction in the loss of her excellent mother; and once or twice more, it is apprehended, the power this last lady had over Mrs. Rowe drew her, by an obliging kind of violence, to spend a few months at this or some other of her ladyship's country seats. Yet even on these occasions, Mrs. Rowe never quitted her silent retreat without very sincere regret, and always returned to it as soon as ever she could with decency disengage herself from the importunity of her noble friends.

In this recess she composed her pieces entitled "Friendship in Death," and the several parts of the letters "Moral and Entertaining." The drift of the letters from the dead is, as the ingenious author * of the preface expresses it, "to impress the notion of the soul's immortality; without which, all virtue and religion, with their temporal and eternal good consequences, must fall to the ground: and to make the mind contract, as it were, unawares, a habitual persuasion of our future existence by writings built on that foundation." It may be added also, that the design of both of these, and the letters "Moral and Entertaining," is, by fictitious examples of heroic virtue, and the most generous benevolence, to allure the reader to the practice of every thing that ennobles human nature, and benefits the world; and by the just and lively images of the remorse and misery attendant on vice, to warn the young and unthinking from being seduced to ruin by the enchanting name of pleasure: the piety of which intention is the more worthy of the highest panegyric, as it is so uncommon in witty and polite writers.

In the year 1736, the importunity of some of Mrs. Rowe's acquaintance, who had seen the "History of Joseph" in manuscript, prevailed on her, though not without real reluctance, to suffer the poem to be made public. She wrote this piece in her younger years, and, when first printed, had carried it no farther than the marriage of the hero of the poem; but, at the request of her friends, particularly an illustrious lady † to whom she could scarce refuse any thing, she added two books, to include the relation of Joseph's discovery of himself to his brethren; the composing of which, as it is said, was no more than the employment of three or four days. This additional part, which was her last work, was published but a few weeks before her death.

This grand event, the preparation for which she had made so much the business of her life, befell her, according to her wish, in her beloved recess. She enjoyed an uncommon strength of constitution, and had passed a long series of years with scarcely any indisposition

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* Dr. Young.

† The Duchess of Somerset.

severe enough to confine her to her bed. But about a half a year before her decease she was attacked with a distemper which seemed to herself, as well as to others, attended with danger. Though this disorder, as she expressed herself to one of her most intimate friends, found her mind not quite so serene and prepared to meet death as usual; yet when, by devout contemplations of the atonement and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, she had fortified herself against that fear and diffidence, from which the most eminent piety may not always be secure in that most solemn hour; she experienced such divine satisfaction and transport, that she said with tears of joy, "that she knew not that she had ever felt the like in all her life;" and she repeated on this occasion Mr. Pope's verses, entitled, "The Dying Christian to his Soul," with an air of such intense pleasure, as evidenced that she really felt all the elevated sentiments of pious ectasy and triumph which breathe in that beautiful piece of sacred poetry. After this threatening illness, Mrs. Rowe recovered her usual good state of health; and though at the time she was somewhat advanced in age, yet her exact temperance, and the calmness of her mind, undisturbed with uneasy cares and passions, encouraged her friends to flatter themselves with a much longer enjoyment of so valuable a life than it pleased Heaven to allow them. On the day in which she was seized with that distemper, which in a few hours proved mortal, she seemed to those about her to be in perfect health and vigor; and in the evening, about eight of the clock, she conversed with a friend with all her wonted vivacity, after which she retired to her chamber. About ten, her servant hearing some noise in her mistress's room, ran instantly into it, and found her fallen off her chair on the floor speechless, and in the agonies of death. She had the immediate assistance of a physician and surgeon, but all the means used were without success; and after having given one groan, she expired a few minutes before two of the clock on the Lord's-day morning, Feb. 20, 1736–7, in the sixty-third year of her age, her disease being judged to be an apoplexy. A pious book was found lying open by her, as also some loose papers on which she had written the following unconnected sentences.

O guide, and counsel, and protect my soul from sin!
O speak and let me know thy heav'nly will!
Speak evidently to my listening soul!
O fill my soul with love, with light, and peace,
And whisper heavenly comforts to my soul!
O speak, celestial Spirit, in the strain
Of love and heav'nly pleasure to my soul!

Thus it appeared that in reading pious meditations, or forming devout ejaculations for the divine favor and assistance, Mrs. Rowe made the last use of the powers of her reason below the skies; though little, it may be, did she think in these her last moments how near she was to that blissful hour, when all her prayers would be completely answered, and be exchanged for eternal enjoyment and praise.

As she was greatly apprehensive that the violence of pain, or the languors of a sick bed, might occasion some depression of spirits and melancholy fears unsuitable to the character and expectations of a Christian, it was her earnest and daily prayer to Heaven, as appeared from her manuscript-book of devotion, that she might not in this manner dishonor her profession; and she often expressed to her friends her desires of a sudden removal to the skies, as it must necessarily prevent any such improper behavior in her last moments: so that as the suddenness of Mrs. Rowe's death must be numbered among the felicities with which she was favored by Providence, it may be interpreted also as a reward of her singular piety, and a token of the divine favor in answer to her prayers.

Mrs. Rowe seemed, by the gaiety and cheerfulness of her temper, to be particularly adapted to enjoy life, and all its innocent satisfactions; yet, instead of any excessive fondness for things present and visible, her contempt for what she used to term a low state of existence, and a dull round of insipid pleasures, and the desires with which she breathed after the enjoyments of the heavenly world, were great beyond conception. When her acquaintance expressed to her the joy they felt at seeing her look so well, and possessed of so much health as promised many years to come, she was wont to reply, "that it was the same as telling a slave his fetters were like to be lasting, or complimenting him on the strength of the walls of his dungeon:" and, indeed, the fervor of her wishes to commence the life of angels irresistibly broke from her lips in numberless other instances.

She was buried, according to her request, under the same stone with her father, in the meeting-place at Frome; on which occasion, her funeral sermon was preached to a very crowded auditory, by the Rev. Mr. Bowden, her minister. Her death was lamented with very uncommon sorrow by all who had heard of her virtue and merit, but particularly by those of the town where she had so long resided, and her most intimate acquaintance. Above all, the news of her death struck the poor and distressed with inexpressible affliction; and at her doors and over her grave they bewailed the loss of their benefactress, poured blessings on her memory, and recounted to each other the gentle and condescending manner with which she heard their requests, and the numerous instances in which they had experienced her goodness and bounty.

In her cabinet were found letters to several of her friends, for whom she had an high esteem and affection; namely, the Countess of Hertford, the Earl of Orrery, Mr. James Theobald, and Mrs. Sarah Rowe. These letters Mrs. Rowe had ordered to be delivered to the persons to whom they were directed immediately after her decease. They are published in her life, drawn up by Mr. Theophilus Rowe, and prefixed to her miscellaneous works in prose and verse, and discover a most pious spirit, a most tender and affectionate friendship; and, were it not that they would carry us beyond our proposed limits, we might lay them before our readers.

Besides these letters, she wrote also another to Dr. Watts, accompanying her papers, containing the devout Exercises of her Heart in Meditation, Soliloquy, Prayer, and Praise, which the doctor, according to her desire, soon after her decease communicated to the world.

To the Rev. Dr. Watts, at Newington.

Sir,—The opinion I have of your piety and judgment is the reason of my giving you the trouble of looking over these papers in order to publish them, which I desire you to do as soon as you can conveniently, only you have full liberty to suppress what you think proper. I think there can be no vanity in this design, for I am sensible that such thoughts as these will not be for the taste of the modish part of the world, and before they appear, I shall be entirely disinterested in the censure or applause of mortals.

The reflections were occasionally written, and only for my own improvement; but I am not without hopes that they may have the same effect on some pious minds, as the reading the experiences of others have had on my soul. The experimental part of religion has generally a greater influence than its theory; and if when I am sleeping in the dust, these soliloquies should kindle a flame of divine love in the heart of the lowest and most despised Christian, be the glory given to the great spring of all grace and benignity!

I have now done with mortal things, and all to come is vast eternity—Eternity—how transporting is the sound! As long as God exists, my being and happiness are secure. These unbounded desires, which the wide creation cannot limit, shall be satisfied forever. I shall drink at the fountain-head of pleasure, and be refreshed with the emanations of original life and joy. I shall hear the voice of uncreated harmony speaking peace and ineffable consolation to my soul.

I expect eternal life not as a reward (of merit,) but a pure act of bounty. Detesting myself in every view I can take, I fly to the righteousness and atonement of my great Redeemer for pardon and salvation. This is my only consolation and hope. "Enter not into judgment, O Lord, with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no flesh be justified."

Through the blood of the Lamb I hope for an entire victory over the last enemy, and that before this comes to you I shall have reached the celestial heights; and, while you are reading these lines, I shall be adoring before the throne of God, where faith shall be turned into vision, and these languishing desires satisfied with the full fruition of immortal love. Adieu. Elizabeth Rowe.

Besides the compositions of Mrs. Rowe which have been already mentioned, namely, Friendship in Death, Letters Moral and Entertaining, The History of Joseph, and The Devout Exercises of the Heart, there are also two more volumes that go under the name of her Miscellaneous Works; the first of which is a collection of her poems written at various times, and on various occasions; and the other a long series, to the number of 167, of her familiar letters to her friends. To the last volume are added, according to Mrs. Rowe's order, that these poems of her husband's should be joined with her own, several essays in poetry of Mr. Rowe's, which "though," as the writer of her life observes, "they were deprived, by the immature death of the author, of his corrections, yet shew so much strength of genius as will easily atone for any slight inaccuracies."—"She had no other view," says the editor of her Miscellaneous Poems, (Mr. Theophilus Rowe, her brother-in-law,) "in their publication, to use the words of the letter in which she intrusted them to my care, but the profit or innocent entertainment of the reader. I hope, continues she, all my present design is abstractedly the interest of virtue; for a reputation among mortals is a very insignificant thing to me, who hope, before these papers are published, to be above their censure or applause, and to receive the approbation of the Supreme Judge: but if they may be of any advantage to the cause of virtue, it will be a great satisfaction to me." These volumes, with the compositions just recited, may be reckoned to complete her works, in which we may venture to say, a pious and polite reader will not seek in vain for instruction and entertainment. "The softness of her sex, and the fineness of her genius," says the ingenious Mr. Matthew Prior, "conspire to give her a very distinguishing character;" and this character is still more distinguishing, as it is mingled with such uncommon piety and virtue, as we have seen in part, but as will be more conspicuously shewn, while we communicate the picture, if we may so style it, of the amiable excellencies of her mind, as drawn by the just-mentioned writer of her Life, as well as editor of her Miscellanies.

She had the happiest command over her passions, and maintained a constant serenity of temper, and sweetness of disposition, that could not be ruffled with adverse occurrences, nor soured by the approaches of old age itself. It has been questioned whether she was ever angry in her whole life, at least with those little infelicities and displeasing incidents that fell out in common life, which, though really of a trivial nature, frequently prove too powerful temptations to indecencies of passion, but with her they were rather the subjects of mirth and agreeable raillery. It ought also to be observed, as persons are apt to be least on their guard against excesses of this kind towards inferiors and domestics, that her servant, who lived with her near twenty years, scarce ever discovered in her mistress any tendency to anger towards herself, or any warmth of resentment against others, except in the cause of Heaven against impiety and flagrant crimes; on which occasions some degree of indignation is not only irreproachable, but truly deserving the name of commendable and virtuous zeal.

Together with the most manly elevation of genius, Mrs. Rowe possessed all that gentleness and softness of disposition which are so peculiarly the ornaments of her sex, and was entirely free from that severity of temper which has made the character of a wit unamiable, if not quite infamous. Next to impure and profane writings, she expressed the strongest aversion against satire, as it is usually so replete with personal malice and invective. No strokes of this kind can be found in her works; and her conversation was no less innocent of every appearance of ill-nature than her writings. She fortified her resolutions against evil-speaking by particular and solemn vows, as appears by the following sacred engagement, transcribed from her manuscript.

October 6, 1726.—O let me once again bind myself to the Lord, never, by thy grace, to speak evil of any person. O help me to govern my tongue by the strictest rules of charity and truth, and never to utter any evil surmises, or make the least reflection to the dishonor of my neighbor. Let me in the minutest circumstances do to others as I would they should act to me. Let me hope, let me believe all things to the advantage of others. Give me thy divine assistance to perform this great duty, and set thou a watch on my words, and keep, O strictly keep the door of my lips, that I offend not with my tongue. Now let thy grace be sufficient for me, and thy strength be manifest in my weakness. In thy strength, in the name of the Lord, my Redeemer, let me engage with all my future temptations. Look graciously on this petition, and remember me when I am in any suspense, any exigence, and am ready to forget my engagements. In the moment when I shall waver strengthen me, restrain me when the malignant thought arises; and, while the yet unuttered words are ready to issue from my lips, set thou a bridle there, and govern my rebellious faculty.

Mrs. Rowe strictly regulated her conduct by the solemn vow, and could hardly think any occasion would justify the report of what was prejudicial to the reputation of another. "I can appeal," says she, in a letter to a lady with whom she had lived in a long and most intimate friendship, "if you ever knew me make an envious or an ill-natured reflection on any person upon earth. Indeed the follies of mankind would afford a wide and various scene, but charity would draw a veil of darkness here, and choose to be for ever silent, rather than expatiate on the melancholy theme." Scandal and detraction appeared to her such extreme inhumanity, as no charms of wit and politeness could make tolerable. If she was forced to be present at such kind of conversation, she had sometimes, when the freedom might be decently used, the courage openly to condemn it, "and," says her biographer, "I believe always the generosity to undertake the defense of the absent, when unjustly accused, and to extenuate even their real faults and errors."

She had few equals in her excellent turn for conversation. Her wit was inexhaustible, and she expressed her thoughts in the most beautiful and flowing language; and as these uncommon advantages were accompanied with an easy goodness and unaffected openness of behavior, she powerfully charmed all who conversed with her. A peculiar elevation of understanding made her despise those trifles which so frequently dwell on the lips of the fair sex, and she would always have chosen to talk on important and instructive themes; yet, lest constant discourse of a serious kind should prove distasteful and wearisome, she sometimes entertained her friends on more gay and indifferent subjects. But, as soon as a transition could be made without the appearance of affectation, she returned to her favorite topics, on which she exerted all her exquisite talents to recommend the most exact morality and sublime piety, so that it seemed impossible to be in her company without growing wiser and better, or to leave it without regret.

Mrs. Rowe's wit, beauty,* and merit, had even from her youth conciliated to her to much compliment and praise, and these from such judges of worth as might have given some tincture of vanity to her mind. Yet amidst all these temptations to pride she retained all the humility of the meanest and most obscure person of the human race. She rarely mentioned any of her writings, even to her most intimate friends, nor ever discovered the least elation of mind at their great success, and the approbation they received from some of the finest writers of the age. The praises with which her works were honored only led her to ascribe the glory to the original of all perfection on whose power she maintained a constant sense of her dependence, and with the most grateful piety owned her obligations to his goodness. "It is but for Heaven," said she, "to give a turn to one of my nerves, and I should be an ideot." She assumed no indecent share in conversation, and has been frequently known to be silent on subjects she well understood, and on which she could have displayed her capacity to great advantage.

Mrs. Rowe was exemplary in every relative duty. Filial piety was a remarkable part of her character. She loved the best of fathers as she ought, and repaid his uncommon care and tenderness by all just returns of duty and affection. She has often been heard to say, "That she could die rather than do any thing to displease him;" and the anguish she felt at seeing him in pain in his last sickness was so great, that it occasioned some kind of convulsion, a disorder from which she was wholly free in every other part of her life.

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* Her person is thus described by the writer of her life. "Though she was not a regular beauty, yet she possessed a large measure of the charms of her sex. She was of a moderate stature, her hair of a fine auburn color, and her eyes of a darkish grey, inclinable to blue, and full of fire. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, and a natural rosy blush glowed in her cheeks. She spoke gracefully, and her voice was exceeding sweet and harmonious, and perfectly suited to that gentle language which always flowed from her lips. But the softness and benevolence of her aspect were beyond all description. They inspired irresistible love, yet not without some mixture of that awe and veneration, which distinguished sense and virtue apparent in the countenance are wont to create."

When she was entered into the marriage state the highest esteem and most tender affection appeared in all her conduct to Mr. Rowe, and by the most gentle and obliging manners, and the exercise of every social virtue, she confirmed the empire she had gained over his heart. She made it her study to soften the anxieties, and heighten all the satisfactions of his life. Her capacity for superior things did not tempt her to neglect the less honorable cares, which the laws of custom and decency impose on the female sex in the connubial state, and much less was she led by a sense of her own merit to assume any thing to herself inconsistent with that duty and submission which the precepts of Christian piety so expressly enjoin. Mr. Rowe had some mixture of natural warmth in his temper, of which he had not always a perfect command. If at any time this broke out into some little excesses of anger, it never awakened any passion of the like kind in Mrs. Rowe, but on the contrary, she always remained mistress of herself, and studied by the gentlest language and tenderest endearment, to restore Mr. Rowe's mind to that calmness which reason approves; and she equally endeavored, in every other instance, by the softest arts of persuasion, and in a manner remote from all airs of superiority, to lead him on towards that perfection of virtue, to which she herself aspired with the truest Christian zeal. During the long illness which ended in his death, she scarce ever stirred from him a moment, and alleviated his severe affliction, by performing with inconceivable tenderness and assiduity, all the offices of compassion suited to his melancholy situation. She partook of his sleepless nights, and never quitted his bed unless to serve him or watch by him; and as she could scarcely be persuaded to forsake even his breathless clay, so she consecrated her future years to his memory with resolutions of perpetual widowhood, which she inviolably maintained. Her conduct in this last instance, on the review of it, after an interval of several years, and in the near prospect of death, afforded her great satisfaction; for she thus expresses herself in a letter intended after her own decease to be delivered to Mrs. Arabella Marrow, if that lady had survived her. "The solitude in which I have spent my time, since Mr. Rowe's death, has given me leisure to make the darkness of the grave, and the solemnity of dying, familiar scenes to my imagination. Whatever such distinguished sense and merit could claim, I have endeavored to pay my much loved husband's memory. I reflect with pleasure on my conduct on this occasion, not only from a principle of justice and gratitude to him, but from a conscious sense of honor, and love of a virtuous reputation after death—but if the soul in a separate state should be insensible of human censure or applause, yet there is a disinterested homage due to the sacred name of virtue."

She mourned over the deaths, first of her husband, and afterwards of her father, with all that becoming tenderness and sensibility, which ought to touch every human and generous heart at the loss of the dearest persons on earth ; yet her submission to the determinations of Divine Providence was exemplary, and she never presumed to breathe any criminal murmurs against the will of Heaven, which is ever just and good, nor behaved in these dark hours of distress and temptation in a manner unsuitable to that eminent piety which appeared in every other part of her life.

She was a gentle and kind mistress, treating her servants with great condescension and goodness, and almost with the affability of a friend and equal. She caused due care to be taken of them whenever they were ill, and did not think it misbecame her to sit by the bed of a sick servant to read to her books of piety.

The tenderness of her humanity would not suffer her to be offended with light faults; and as she never dismissed any one from her family, "so," says her biographer, "I think none of her servants ever left her, but with a view to the changing their condition by marriage." She knew when she was well served, and reposed so much trust in those whose fidelity she had experienced, that it might verge to excess; "yet even such great confidence," continues her historian "was due to that servant who was with Mrs. Rowe at the time of her death, whose long and faithful duty to her mistress, and remarkable sorrow for her loss, deserve to be mentioned with honor."

Mrs. Rowe was a warm and generous friend, just, if not partial, to the merit of those whom she loved, and most gentle and candid to their errors. She was always forward to do them good offices; but in a distinguished manner she studied with infinite art and zeal to insinuate the love of virtue into all her acquaintance, and to promote their most important interest, by inciting them to the practice of whatever was pleasing in the sight of God and would be crowned with his peculiar favor. This she proposed as the best end of friendship.

She was not entirely free from the attacks of malice, that she might not be without the opportunity of exercising the divine spirit of forgiveness; yet one could scarce learn from her discourse that she had an enemy, for she was not wont to complain of any indecent conduct or injuries done to herself. So that it was apparent that such treatment made light impressions on her mind, or that she had endeavored to suppress them with the happiest success.

Her charities were so great, that if we consider the mediocrity of her fortune, that they can scarce be paralleled. They were indeed only limited by the utmost extent of her power, for she devoted the whole of her income, besides what was barely sufficient for the necessities of life, to the relief of the indigent and distressed. This her manuscript acquaints us with in the following vow, which as it evinces a heart glowing with the love of God and mankind, is worthy of the highest praise: but as this solemn engagement involved Mrs. Rowe in some perplexities, it seems peculiarly fit to add, that her example ought not to influence pious minds to fetter themselves in things not absolutely commanded, since the observation of such vows may be attended with unforeseen difficulties, injurious to the future peace of their lives.

I consecrate, says Mrs. Rowe, in this her solemn vow, half my yearly income to charitable uses. And though by this according to human appearances, I have reduced myself to some necessity, I cast all my care on that gracious God to whom I am devoted, and to whose truth I subscribe with my hand. I attest his faithfulness, and bring in my testimony to the veracity of his word. I set to my seal that God is true, and O! by the God of truth I swear to perform this, and beyond this; for if thou wilt indeed bless me, and enlarge my coast, all that I have beyond the bare convenience and necessity of life shall be the Lord's; and O grant me sufficiency, that I may abound in every good work; O let me be the messenger of consolation to the poor! Here am I, Lord, send me. Let me have the honor to administer to the necessities of my brethren. I am indeed unworthy to wipe the feet of the least of the servants of my Lord, much more unworthy of this glorious commission; and yet, O send me, for thy goodness is free! send whom thou wilt on embassies to the kings and rulers of the earth, but let me be a servant to the servants of my Lord. Let me administer consolation and relief to the afflicted members of my exalted and glorious Redeemer. Let this be my lot, and I give the glories of the world to the wind.

Pursuant to this sacred vow, which as she expresses herself in another place of her manuscript, was not made in an hour of fear and distress, but in the joy and gratitude of her soul, she not only avoided all superfluous expenses in dress and luxury, but through an excess of benevolence, if there can be any excess in such a godlike disposition, to enlarge her abilities of doing good to her fellow creatures, she denied herself what might in some sense be called the necessaries of life.

Misery and indigence were a sufficient recommendation to her compassionate regard and assistance, yet she showed a distinguished readiness to alleviate the afflictions of persons of merit and virtue; and one, who had the best opportunity of making the observation, declared, that she never knew any such apply to Mrs. Rowe without success. The first time she accepted of an acknowledgment from the bookseller for any of her works, she bestowed the whole sum on a family in distress, and there is great reason to believe that she employed all the money that she ever received on such an account in as generous a manner: and once, when she had not by her a sum large enough to supply the like necessities of another family, she readily sold a piece of plate for this purpose. It was her custom, on going abroad, to furnish herself with pieces of money of different value, that she might relieve any objects of compassion who should fall in her way, according to their several degrees of merit or indigence. Nor was her munificence confined to the neighborhood of the place where she lived, but, during her residence in the country, she sent large sums to London, and other distant parts. She contributed to some designs that had the appearance of charity, though she could not approve of them in every respect, observing, that it was fit sometimes to give for the credit of religion, when other inducements were wanting, that the professors of Christianity might not be charged with covetousness; a vice which she so much abhorred, that scarce any grosser kind of immorality could more effectually exclude a person from her friendship. "I never," said she, "grudge any money but when it is laid out upon myself, for I consider how much it would buy for the poor." Besides the sums which she gave away, and the distribution of books on practical subjects, she employed her own hands in labors of charity to clothe the necessitous. This she did not only for the natives of the Lower Palatinate, when they were driven from their country by the rage of war, which appeared a calamity peculiarly worthy of compassion, but it was her frequent employment to make garments of almost every kind, and bestow them on those who wanted them. She discovered a strong sense of humanity, and often shewed her exquisite concern for the unhappy, by weeping over their distresses. These were the generous tears of virtue, and not of any feminine weakness, for she was rarely observed to weep at afflictions that befell herself. She was indeed so sensibly affected with the miseries of the poor, as not only to send her servants to examine what they stood in need of when they were sick, but often visited them in person, when they were so wretched that their houses were not fit for her to enter into, and even when their distempers were highly malignant and contagious. One kind of munificence in which she greatly delighted, was causing children to be taught to read and work. These she furnished with supplies of clothing, as well as bibles, and other necessary books of instruction. This she did not only at Frome, but also at a neighboring village, where part of her estate lay: and when she met in the streets with children of promising countenances who were perfectly unknown to her, if upon inquiry it appeared that through the poverty of their parents they were not put to school, she added them to the number of those who were taught at her own expense. She condescended herself to instruct them in the plain and necessary principles and duties of religion; and the grief she felt when any of them did not answer the hopes she had entertained, was equal to the great satisfaction she received, when it appeared that her care and bounty had been well placed. She was also a contributor to a charitable institution at

Frome, of a more public nature, though, according to the general custom of such schools, all who were educated in it, were obliged to worship God in that one particular form from which she herself took the liberty to dissent. In truth, her charities were not confined to those of her own party or sentiments, but bestowed on indigent persons of almost all the sects into which Christianity is divided; and even those whose religious opinions seemed to her of the most dangerous consequence, were large recipients of her bounty. Nor was her beneficence limited to those who in strict terms might be called *poor*, for, as she was wont to say, "It was one of the greatest benefits that could be done to mankind, to free them from the cares and anxieties that attend a narrow fortune;" in pursuance of which generous sentiments she has been often known to make large presents to persons who were not in the last extremes of indigence. With regard to those whose circumstances were such that the acceptance of alms might have put their modesty to some pain, she studied to spare their blushes while she relieved their wants. When one such person of her acquaintance was in some distress, she contrived to lose at play a sum of money sufficient to supply the necessity of the case, which was perhaps the only time she touched a card in her whole life. She possessed in an eminent degree the art of giving, for she knew how to heighten every favor by the ready and obliging manner in which she conferred it. Indeed to the poor she seemed a ministering angel. Her goodness prevented their requests;* and smiles, gentle language, and the warmest expressions of good-will, always accompanied her substantial acts of mercy. The distressed were encouraged to disclose all their wants by the kindest assurances of relief, and she treated them with the sweetness and easy goodness of a friend rather than the superiority of a benefactress; nor was she inclined to take offense at the appearance of ingratitude in her dependents. When she chanced to overhear some unthankful poor, who sat down at her servants' table, murmur at their food, though she had fed upon the same herself, she only put this gentle construction on their behavior, "That they expected something better than ordinary at her table;" and she was so far from resenting this indecent delicacy of appetite, that she did not even at that time omit the alms she usually gave when indigent persons were entertained at her house.

It is truly astonishing how the moderate estate Mrs. Rowe possessed could supply such various and extensive benefactions; and her own sense of this once broke out to an intimate friend. "I am surprised," said she to her, "how it is possible my estate should answer all these things, when I consider what I do, and yet I never want money." This she only spoke to give honor to the divine blessing, which, as she was wont to acknowledge with great piety, protected her from losses, and succeeded all her affairs; for it would be extreme injustice to interpret her expressions of gratitude to the goodness of Providence in a different manner, since her great care to conceal her charities from the observation of mortals, gives the highest evidence that no love of human applause tainted the purity of her benevolent dispositions.

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* "These hands will shortly be stiff and useless in the grave, that are now capable of distributing to the necessities of the poor and afflicted, if thou wouldst give me the glad commission. O send me the ready messenger of consolation to their wants and distress! Hear their blessings and prayers for me! Before they asked I have heard their wants."—A passage in her manuscript Devotions.

THE COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD.

ANNA, Countess of Seafield, the eldest daughter of Sir William Dunbar of Durn, son to the Laird of Grangehill, and Janet Brodie his wife, grandchild of the Lord Brodie, was born in the year 1672, and bred up virtuously from her infancy by her parents, and particularly by her grandmother, Lady Dunbar, who was a virtuous and pious woman, and took care to instil into her grandchild's mind a sense of piety and devotion from her very infancy. There appeared in her, from her childhood, a sweetness of temper and disposition which made her agreeable to all that saw her, and which was always observable in her to the last.

When she was a young girl with her parents, her mother would have had her learn housewifery; but her inclination led her rather to read, and therefore she stayed mostly in her closet, and gave herself much to reading, and still avoided the company of the servants, having an abhorrence of the profaneness and ribaldry with which they are ready to defile one another's ears, and pollute their hearts. And in this sense, one's great enemies are oftentimes those of one's own house; and children, in their younger years, are greatly corrupted by the example and speeches of servants.

Her parents, knowing how ready young people are to corrupt one another, and that one of the best means to keep them from evil is to preserve them from the occasion of it, chose not to send her to the city, to the women's schools, according to the ordinary custom, there to be trained up in the things which become those of her own age and quality to learn; but to keep a virtuous woman within their house to attend their daughter, and instruct her in such things as were fit for her to learn.

She began very early to read good and devout books, and took delight to hear them read to her; and when a portion of some of them had been read, she would retire to her closet, and was often observed there on her knees in prayer to God. When she was about eight years of age, while reading the Holy Scriptures, she happened to read these words, "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." On which, reflecting on her own sinful state, she was struck again with great terror, looking on herself as one of those against whom this is threatened. In this state her grandmother did greatly comfort her; and when she would be in the greatest anguish, these two passages of holy Scripture gave cure and relief to her spirit: "One day with the Lord is as a thousand years; and a thousand years as one day. When the wicked turneth away from his wickedness which he hath committed, and doth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive." However, the deep impression of this threatening remained on her spirit for several years.

When she was with her parents, her mother happened to be visited with a severe and long sickness, during which she constantly attended her, and ministered to her in every thing, sitting up by her in the night to serve her; and the seeing her mother so afflicted, and the apprehensions of her death, and the solitary nights she spent in attending her, made her very thoughtful; so that she employed them much in reading the Scriptures and devout books, and came thereby to have a deep sense of her duty to God, and received her parent's blessing for her so pious care of her; of the good of all which she was afterwards very sensible.

In the sixteenth year of her age she was married to the Hon. James Ogilvie, second son to the Earl of Findlater, who was afterwards created Earl of Seafield, and whose eminent parts appeared in the discharge of two great offices of state, that of secretary of state, and that of lord high chancellor, to which he was advanced in this and the last reign, first to the one, and then to the other; and that for two several times, continuing in the last till the late union of both kingdoms into one, of Great Britain.

When he came first to ask her for his wife, her father having told her of it the night before, some of her acquaintances pressed her to look out of her window to see him while he alighted, for she had never seen him, but she would not do it. When he first addressed her, she gave him no other return but that she was to obey her parents, and be directed by them. When all was agreed to, he made her a present of a rich diamond ring, but she would by no means accept of it till the marriage was solemnized: she considering that many have been contracted, who have not been married together: and that if it should so happen with her, such a present could not be kept, and therefore she chose rather not to accept of it.

The entering into the married state so young, where she foresaw so many difficulties, made her very thoughtful, and therefore she had recourse to God, and begged earnestly counsel and direction from him. And this she said she did afterwards in all her difficulties, and that she found God was pleased to direct her and bring her through them, she knew not how.

When she was first married, her husband had no plentiful fortune in the world, although he had the prospect of being his father's heir, his elder brother, though alive, being very infirm; yet the estate of the family was under such burdens, that it was scarcely better than none at all. This made her give great application to a careful and prudent management; and their worldly wealth still increasing, and God blessing them with a plentiful fortune, and her husband being for the most part from home, and committing to her the care and management of his own estate, she did it with great application and fidelity. She looked on herself as the steward of it for her husband, and that she was obliged to be faithful to her trust.

When her first son was born, being of a thin body, she was prevailed with to give him to be nursed by another woman, who proving a very bad nurse, occasioned much sickness to the child, which brought him to the gates of death, for which the mother had deep remorse; and having met with the same affliction in her second child, for which she was touched with like trouble, she resolved afterwards to nurse her own children, which she accordingly essayed in the next child, her present eldest daughter; but, after two months' suckling, she became so weak that she was forced to give it over.

Though her husband was for the most part, always abroad, being employed in the public affairs, yet she kept still at home, being careful to educate and bring up her children in virtue and piety, and looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness: a rare example for the ladies of this age.

She was most careful to nip the first buds of vice that appeared in her children, and to pull them up by the root. She still inculcated to them the heinousness of their disobedience to God, and their sinning against him, and would not forgive them the offense they had done, till they had first earnestly begged pardon of God. And she made them still conceive that the reason of their obedience to her commands, was because it was the will of God, and he commanded it. Her eldest son, in his childhood, when about five or six years of age, having learned from the servants to take the name of God in vain, she wrought in him such a sense of the baseness and heinousness of that crime, that ever afterwards he had a horror of it. At another time, about the eighth or ninth year of his age, she having given him a little money to carry to a beggar whom she saw at the gate, he was tempted by a boy of the same age with himself, to buy figs with it. This coming to her ears, she so laid before him the heinousness of this sin, the greatness of the theft he had committed in robbing the poor, the dreadfulness of the account he must have to give at the last judgment for this uncharitableness, when we shall be judged by Jesus Christ according to our charity or want of it; and did so inculcate upon him the thoughts of death and judgment, heaven and hell, as made him to tremble, and gave him a deep sense of that charity and compassion which we ought to have for the poor and miserable. There was nothing she was more careful to curb in her children than the least inclination to lying or deceit. She was also careful to suppress in them the least inclination to pride and self-conceit. And when she found them lifted up, she would take occasion to humble them, and so to point out to them their faults as to mortify their pride.

Though it was still her care to make no shew in her devotion, and not to be seen of men; yet, for the most part, she constantly retired thrice a day for prayer and meditation on the holy Scriptures; and

and in particular on the Lord's-day in the afternoon; and frequently took in some one of her children with her, keeping her child under her arm while she prayed with great devotion; and afterwards would sit down and speak seriously to the child of the obedience and love he owed to God, the duty of depending upon him, and having recourse to him by prayer on all occasions, repenting and confessing his sins before him. And she would then reprove him mildly of any particular faults she thought he was guilty of, and recommend to him the particular duties he ought to perform; and especially to employ the Lord's-day in reading and meditating on the holy Scriptures and in prayer. She would then dismiss the child to get by heart a portion of a psalm, or some other part of the holy Scripture; and after she had ended her own devotions, would call in the child again, and take an account of it. She accustomed the children, from their infancy, to pray morning and evening, and recommended to them, before they fell asleep, to call to mind some passage of Scripture, and meditate upon it; and when they awoke in the morning, to do the same.

About a year after their marriage, they came to live with the Earl of Findlater, her husband's father, at his house of Cullen; where, the Countess of Findlater being deceased, the whole care of the family was committed to her; in the management of which she discovered a wonderful prudence and discretion, far beyond what could have been expected from a young lady of eighteen years of age. There were in the family, besides the lady and her own husband, the Earl of Findlater, his eldest son Lord Deskfoord, the earl's two daughters, both of them older than herself, and a younger son: and these were of such different tempers and interests, that it was not easy to oblige one without disobliging the other; and yet this young lady so lived among them, as to obtain the esteem and goodwill of all, and to avoid a concern in their little quarrels and resentments. She heard them complain of each other, without offending the person complained of, and was displeasing to none of them.

The Earl of Seafield had been in public office several years, both in Edinburgh and London, before he obliged his lady to leave her country-house to come to live with him at court or in the city. The ladies used to express their surprise why she lived still in the country, and concluded her lord was ashamed to bring her to the court and the city, because of her rural breeding. They earnestly pressed him to bring her up, and they pleased themselves with the fancy of the sport and divertisement they should have in the manners, speech, conversation, and behavior of a country lass, and how odd she would look when she was out of her element. She knew not what it was to disobey her husband; and as she was well pleased to live in the country as long as he saw it fit, so she made no scruple, upon his call, to come to the city. Before she came first to Edinburgh, she had never been in a town so remarkable as Aberdeen, and therefore one would think every thing might seem strange to her; but, on the contrary, she did not appear at all affected with the novelty of things. When the ladies and others came to visit her, they were surprised to find how much they had been mistaken in their opinion of her, and that, instead of rural manners, they beheld a lady endued with all the *valuable* accomplishments of the breeding of a court and city, and tainted with none of their vices. Her behavior towards others was so courteous, that never any one who saw her, of what quality soever, thought her wanting in the respect due to them. Whatever occasions offered of doing good offices to others, she was ready to embrace them. In conversation she had an easiness of expressing herself in proper words, without the least affectation. She was so well versed both in ancient and modern history, and in the present state of Europe, and in matters of religion, that no subject of conversation did usually occur to which she was a stranger. She had nothing of the coquetry of the age; her behavior in all things was perfectly modest and unaffected; and both in Scotland and England, in the opinion of the most discerning persons, she obtained the character of one of the most accomplished ladies in Britain, and had the good will and esteem of all ranks of people.

The Earl of Seafield being engaged in the interest and service of the court at the time when the discontents of the nation swelled to a great height, he became one chief butt of their displeasure, which is the ordinary fate of ministers of state. His lady on all occasions stood up for the honor and interest of her husband, and to vindicate him from the reproaches cast upon him; and yet, nevertheless, retained the general good will, so that when the rabble arose at Edinburgh with respect to Darien, and broke the glass windows, and did other indignities to houses which wanted illuminations; though there were none in the Earl of Seafield's house, where his lady then was, and though they were on their march to commit insolencies there; yet, upon a suggestion made them that none was there but this virtuous lady, and that it would be ungenerous to treat her indiscreetly, they turned their course another way.

In the year 1706, her lord being then Chancellor of Scotland, and about to return from court, and having desired her to meet him at Edinburgh against such a time, while she was making ready for the journey, she was seized suddenly in her closet, at the moment when she was employed in preparing to receive the sacrament on the next Lord's-day, with a violent vomiting of blood, which returned more than once, and brought her to the very gates of death. God was pleased to call her, not only by this sudden and unexpected stroke, but by the checks and motions of his Holy Spirit; and she was struck with a deep sense of God's wonderful mercies to her, and of her abuse of them. She had before her the prospect of death and eternity, and felt how unfit she was to enter into it. On the review of her whole life, though she had not been guilty of what the world would account heinous crimes, yet she found that she had been seeking herself and her own reputation more than God; and saw what a difference there was between that virtue which is founded on true humility and the sincere love of God, and is the work of his grace and Spirit, and that which is only the effect of self-love. She was struck with deep remorse that in all things she had sought herself more than God, and by ardent prayers implored his mercy and compassion for Christ Jesus' sake. And while she was in the extremity of weakness, she caused her eldest daughter to read to her the fifth chapter of Matthew, and made so excellent a discourse on the eight beatitudes therein contained, that it greatly affected and left a deep impression on the spirits of all who were present. She devoted herself wholly to God, and begged earnestly, if it were his holy will, that he would be pleased to spare her yet awhile, even but for one year more. The Lord heard her prayer, and, beyond the expectation of all, she was restored to health, and had the least she desired granted her, so that her soul was full of devout adoration. And in this divine frame and disposition of spirit, she wrote meditations on the Lord's prayer, which, when she perused them, served to enkindle her devotion.

The whole of these meditations are inserted in the manuscript. A few extracts from them will serve to mark their character.

"O holy Lord God, come then and rule in my heart. Be my king, and establish thyself a throne in my affections; and govern my will, that I may be a most obedient subject unto thee. O hasten the day when all knees shall bow before thee, and all tongues shall confess thy name, when the gospel shall shine gloriously, and Jew and Gentile shall, in their heart and practice, acknowledge the Messiah, and turn their affections to the great and mighty God."

"O God, I desire to give up my will unto thee, and let thy will be done in and by me; and not only in me, but in all that is mine. O pull down every thought that raiseth itself in disobedience to thee, and every base imagination, that thy will may be fully obeyed, not only by me, but in all the earth. Give thy enlightening Spirit, that thy will may be known, and that it may dissipate the thick clouds of iniquity that darken or go between thee and us. Lord, let me no longer satisfy myself with praying, Thy will be done; but by an actual giving myself to be guided by thy revealed will, and by submission to thy providential will, may I follow thee in all thy steps."

"Lord Jesus, thou art the bread of life: give me that bread which shall feed me to life everlasting; and grant, that as I cannot live without a dependence on thee, so may I never desire to live without it, but that the eyes of my soul may be always looking towards thee, and receiving with thankfulness my temporal and spiritual food from thy hands. O that I could give my heart entirely to thee! Lord, I am a poor defiled wretch; but it is by thy blood I must be cleansed, whose I am, and to whom I do resign myself, soul and body, and all that is mine. This is but what gratitude obliges me to, since he gave himself for sinners, of whom I am the chief."

"O holy Lord Jesus, grant that my passions may be subdued to thee, and that all my revenge and anger may be against sin; that I may strive, through thy strength, to root it out of my heart, that I may be a declared enemy to the devil, the world and the flesh, whom I renounced in my baptism, and have declared war against often in the vows which I have made to thee."

"O keep me from relying on any thing but Christ, and him crucified, and on thy abounding mercy. O holy Lord God, purge me from sin, and pardon the sins of my holy duties, my wandering and vain thoughts in prayer. O take away my hardness and stupidity of heart; possess my will, and fill my affections! Thou art the only object that is worthy of all love! Thou only canst satisfy a right placed affection!"

These are the excellent meditations which this lady then formed on this divine prayer; and they manifest not only the clearness and exactness of her thoughts, but also the deep sense and feeling of her heart with respect to the greatness and goodness of God, and the infinite obligations she had to love him with all her heart, and her great undutifulness to so good a God, and the hopes she had in his mercy through Jesus Christ, to which she flies, yielding up her will wholly unto his, and resolving in the strength of his grace to live from henceforth wholly unto him, that he might reign and rule in her heart, and no idol might find any place there. Nothing of this was known till a few days before her death, when she desired one of her maids to look for such a paper in her cabinet, and bring it to her, that some parts of it being read to her she might the more reproach herself for not having walked answerably to such powerful calls, and such solemn engagements.

The Countess of Seafield continued in a tolerable state of health for about a year after her former sickness; and she was then seized again with the same malady, and had the sentence of death in herself, that she might not trust in herself, but in God who raiseth the dead. She was deeply sensible how far short she had come in answering her former call from God, and her engagements to him; and she had recourse to his infinite mercy, begging he would yet spare her to recover strength, before she went hence. Her prayer was again heard and her spitting of blood was stayed. Recovering some degree of bodily health, and being desired by her lord to see him at Edinburgh, public affairs requiring his return to court, she went thither and staid for some time. She was here seized with a violent cough, which continued till she was delivered of a son. For a few days after this, she was more easy; but in a little time the cough and the hectic returned with more violence than ever.

Soon after her return home, being low in health and in agony of mind, she happened to read that passage of holy Scripture, 1 Thess.

v. 16. "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, in every thing give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." She was thereby greatly comforted; and the duty of continual resignation to the will of God, and of continual prayer to him, was thereby so pressed upon her, that she was led to more frequent prayer, and to the entire surrender of her heart to God. She complained indeed, of frequent distractions, but she begged that He would accept the will for the deed; and in all her agonies and troubles she was enabled to resign herself to the divine will, and to comfort herself thus: "His wrath endureth but for a moment. In his favor is life. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Some weeks after she was brought to bed, being under great pain and weakness of body, and agony of spirit, she asked her son, what apprehensions he had of death, when of late he was so low in his health at London and given over by the physicians, whether he thought he should then die? he replied, that he had not at that time any positive impression on his spirit that he should then die, as she seemed to have, but was very uncertain what the event might be. On this, she asked what he then thought of himself in case he should die? To which he answered, that when he considered his own great impurity, and called to mind many instances of it, and also of his great ingratitude to God, notwithstanding God's tender and continual care of him, he judged that it was hardly possible he should ever be admitted into his presence, or have any communion with him; but that when he was in these thoughts, he happened, in reading his Bible, to meet with this passage of Scripture: "But let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breast plate of faith and love, and for an helmet the hope of salvation; for God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us that we may live with him;" that this immediately encouraged him to hope that, through the merits of Jesus Christ, his sins might be done away, and greatly comforted him; and that afterwards, looking a little farther, he observed these words: "Rejoice evermore: pray without ceasing: in every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you:" which words suggested to him how great reason he had to be thankful for whatever might be the will of God concerning him, since God had ever been so good to him, notwithstanding his ingratitude and impurity; and since his will could not but be the best, that therefore he should never let grief or melancholy prevail over him, but should comfort himself with his being commanded to rejoice evermore, and in every thing to give thanks; and that in all his infirmities of body and heaviness of mind, and temptations from the devil, the world, and the flesh, he should always have recourse to the remedy which God himself had prescribed to him, viz. to pray without ceasing. He added that on many occasions afterwards, when he happened to be in any of those circumstances, the remembrance of these passages of Scripture had comforted and supported him. On this his mother expressed a great deal of joy and said, that when she herself, in the last winter, had been weak in health, and in great anguish of mind on his account, the same passages of Scripture had greatly refreshed her spirit. She confessed she had been far from rejoicing in God's will, and praying without ceasing; but she hoped God would mercifully look upon her infirmities, while she resolved, forgetting what was past, to do the best for the future.

She had now a prospect of her approaching end, and applied wholly to prepare for it. She abandoned the concern of all other things and was taken up wholly with the thoughts of death and eternity. She often said, that it was quite a different thing to meditate on death at a distance, and to behold it just at the door. She was struck with a deep sense of her undutifulness to God, of the misspending of her time, of her having been an unfaithful steward of what he had committed to her trust, of her unfaithfulness to her former calls and solemn engagements, and that now, when the cry was to go out and meet the Bridegroom, she might have had oil in her lamp but she had slumbered and slept. She continued for several days in great distress of mind, judging and condemning herself, confessing that she had sought to please herself more than God, and that self-love and the cares of the world had occupied her thoughts more than God and that she was not worthy of any regard from him. Thus she poured out her soul before God day and night, through a deep sense of her sins and a dread of the divine judgment; often saying, "There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God." And being told by some who visited her, that no repentance was acceptable to God, but that which flowed from the true love of God, and not from self-love and the dread of hell, and she, doubting if hers was any thing else, was ready to despond. And when to comfort her it was told her that she had led a very virtuous life, and so had no reason to entertain such fears, she said it was far from being so, and that she had sought only to please herself.

Being in this state, and bewailing to one her sinful condition, and that although God had preserved her from gross and scandalous sins, yet when she placed herself in God's presence, and beheld his purity, she saw in herself nothing but vileness, having sought only to please herself, and not God; it was said in reply, that she had reason to bless God, who had opened her eyes to see her own sinfulness, and that this was a token of his great mercy to her; though her sins were great and many, yet the Lord was "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." "He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." She saw with what compassion Jesus treated sinners, while he was upon earth. "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy sins are forgiven thee." "But," said she, "I have misspent all my life; and now no more time remains for me." It was told her that neither the greatness nor the multitude of sins would exclude from God's mercy those who should seek him and turn to him with all their hearts; and that although her time was now short, yet she ought to consider that not only they who were called at the third, sixth, and ninth hours received their penny, but he also who was called at the eleventh. She said, that "God had some years ago mercifully called her, and had she answered that call, she might have been a grown Christian before now, but she had slumbered and slept." It was told her that she had great reason to deplore this; but such was the infinite goodness and mercy of God, that he continued yet to call her: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man will hear my voice, and open the door, I will come unto him."—"O my God," she said, "I would open my heart wholly to thee: come and take possession of it." Some, it was further argued, who had been powerfully called, and yet had afterwards not only slumbered but fallen into grievous sins, have been again called and found mercy. David had been called in his youth, yet afterwards fell into grievous sins; but God had mercy on him, and granted him the grace of repentance and pardon. Peter was called to be our Lord's disciple, and followed him, but yet afterwards denied his Lord; and when his Lord looked on him, he went out and wept bitterly: and we see with what compassion our Lord treated him: he did not so much as upbraid him with his sin, but said, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? feed my sheep." "I do not," she observed, "in the least distrust the mercy, the boundless mercy and compassion of God, but the deceitfulness of my own heart, which makes me think I am penitent, when perhaps it is only the fear of hell which affects me; and should I recover again, I should again slumber and sleep." You have indeed reason to distrust yourself, it was said to her, and we are bid to work out our salvation with fear and trembling; but he that will judge you is the Lord who died for you. Therefore you are to resign yourself wholly to your merciful God and Savior, and to labor, by his grace, to have the present temper of your heart all contrition, all love, all adoration. God of his mercy has given you this disposition at present, and he will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, until he bring forth judgment unto victory. He now has given you a heart to adore and love him, and to abhor and hate yourself for having been so undutiful to him. It is God who worketh this holy disposition in your heart, and will perfect it unto the end: and as to your fear, in case your health be restored, of returning to a state of slumber, the Lord will either strengthen you to resist temptations, if he see it is for his glory to continue you longer in this life, or he will remove you out of the hazard of temptation. "His will," she said, "be done! I have often entreated the Lord to give me a token of his favor before I go hence; but he leads me through this dark path of the valley and shadow of death." It was replied to her, you have no reason to murmur at this, but to bear it with patience.

You are not worthy of any comfort here ; and therefore, if he think not fit to grant you any in this dark path, his will be done. If he see it expedient for you, he will not fail to grant it at last; but this is the time of your trial, and God sees it fit to visit you, not only with bodily afflictions but also with affliction of spirit, for your greater purification, and to wean your heart from the love of the world and of yourself, and to make you more humble, and to let you see the vanity of all earthly things, which can give no ease to a wounded spirit, and to make you thirst the more earnestly for God, and feel that nothing can satisfy you without him. Besides, the graces you are to labor after are Faith, Hope (not Assurance,) and Charity. So in the midst of this darkness, you must still hope in God, even against hope, resign yourself wholly to him, and ardently love him. They tell of one of the fathers of the desert, that a devout young man having committed himself to his conduct, to be trained up by him in a divine life, the devil, transforming himself into an angel of light, appeared to the father, and bid him be no longer solicitous in training up that youth, for he was ordained for eternal torment. The old man was exceedingly distressed at this ; which the youth observing, entreated to know the cause of his grief, and having learnt it, he said, " O let not this trouble you, good father ; for whatever may become of me hereafter, I will only set myself to love my God the more ardently while here, and to praise him and rejoice in his goodness." At last the old man was convinced it was a delusion, and was comforted. The countess then said, " O my good God, I will ever praise thee ; I will never cease to praise thee ; I hope only in thy mercy, and in the merit of my blessed Redeemer ; I resign myself wholly to thee ; I will never cease to love thee ; O take the full possession of my heart, and never let any creature enter there any more !" You must not, it was again said to her, be discouraged if the Lord should not presently grant your request. Remember the Canaanitish woman. Jesus at first seemed to take no notice of her, and, when prevailed upon to speak to her, he seemed to deny her request. Yet this was but to make her faith and prayer the more ardent. Be not then discouraged, but wait for God : blessed are all they that wait for him. " O what reason have I," she said, " to wait for my God, who has waited for me so long, whose patience and long suffering have been so great towards me ! Yes, my God, I will wait: thy will be done, not mine !" Besides, it was added, you must not despond, though God should not think fit to grant you any token of his favor in this world ; for our Lord Jesus, to support his followers under such inward darkness and trials, was pleased, even upon the cross, to suffer the eclipse of the light of his Father's countenance, so that this inward cross of spirit was more painful than the outward one ; which made him cry out, " My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?" If he who knew no sin yet became sin for us, underwent such agonies to bring us to God, why should we think it strange if God should see fit thus to bruise us, that the old man, self, and corrupt nature, may be crucified in us? On this, the countess said, "O my Savior, was this thy state; O why should I complain, who deserve not the least favor? Did Jesus on the cross cry out, as one forsaken of his God, and shall I complain at wanting the sense of his favor? O my God, I resign myself wholly to thee: thy will be done, not mine. Thou canst do nothing amiss. I cast myself down at his feet: if I perish it shall be there. Though he slay me yet will I trust in him. I will never cease to praise him, never cease to love him."

These conversations passed about ten or twelve days before her departure out of this life; and it pleased God to give her from that time a more quiet resignation to his will, and a humble hope in his infinite mercy, and her heart seemed always with God and in a divine frame. She had a profound view of the purity of God, combined with a deep sense of her own vileness; and these considerations made her sometimes despond, as being wholly unfit for communion with God. But she would be again comforted, and say, "yet my tongue shall never cease to praise him while I have a being." She had deep views also of the approaching judgment; so that when spoken to about worldly affairs, she would say, "what signifies all this to me? I am shortly to appear before my Creator and Judge."

After having been asked about her spiritual taste, or after silent prayer to God, she would sometimes express great spiritual delight; but she would then check herself under an apprehension that she was deluding herself, and say, that it was nothing but passion (meaning natural emotion) in her, and not a true settled principle of religion, for she had often had such fits of devotion before. She therefore begged earnestly that God would settle a solid principle of religion in her heart; that Christ might dwell in her heart by faith, and she might be rooted and grounded in divine love. She never tasted any thing without begging God's blessing, or having some ejaculation, as, "Most blessed God, I do not deserve this, who am an unworthy wretch: but thou art good and dost good: Lord, give me thy blessing with it!"

She had a deep sense of her sins, and was desirous to take shame to herself, and to acknowledge them before all, expressing great indignation against herself on account of them. "What value I," said she, "my reputation? I will confess my sins for they are great and many. I am sorry that any one should have thought me good. I loathe and abhor myself for my sins." There were two sins which she especially acknowledged with great grief and indignation against herself. One was, the misspending of her time, in being so much taken up about the cares and concerns of the world; the other, in extending her pity and her hands so little in the relief of the poor. She said, that when first married to her husband, their circumstances were but mean in the world; yet God had since blessed them with a plentiful fortune, and that she had not, as she ought to have done, clothed the naked, and fed the hungry, and relieved the miserable; and though it was true she looked upon herself as intrusted with all by her husband, yet both of them ought to have considered that they were but stewards intrusted by God, and she might have relieved the necessitous without wronging her husband. She entreated, that whoever thought themselves wronged by her, they would let her know it, and she would make reparation according to her power. When any of the neighbors came into the room where she was, she would ask them if she had wronged them in any thing, and desired to know it, that she might repair it. She called for some written obligations she had received of several persons, and cancelled them, delivering them up to them.

She was most patient in her trouble, had nothing of fretfulness, but was calm and easy to all about her. She refused no medicine that was offered to her, however disagreeable to the taste, and although she had a strong aversion to all drugs. She labored in every thing to deny herself.

She expressed an ardent love to God, and desired to be wholly his, and prayed that he might take the entire possession of her heart. She would often say, "O my God, take thou the full possession of my soul: shed abroad thy love in my heart: fill it with thy love: let there be no room for the world: let nothing of this world obtain admission, O thou my God, my Lord, my all!" She often repeated these words, "Peace on earth, good will to men: O how great is thy good will towards men!" She said she loved all the world, all mankind, all her neighbors, and only hated herself.

About six or seven days before her death she sent for her children, that she might give them her last advice and blessing. To her son, Lord Deskfoord, she said, that he must be as a mother to the rest, and see to their education; and prayed that God would bless him and direct him in all his actions. If there were any worldly thing she desired, it was that the family might stand in his person. But, checking herself, she said, "we ought not to seek worldly things of God, and that she was not worthy that there should be the least remembrance of her after death." She only begged, therefore, that God would give him a heart in every thing to love and fear him. To the Lady Betty she said, she had been her idol from her infancy, and that she had loved her but too well. As she must now be mistress of the family, she bid her labor for a serious and composed temper of mind. She urged it upon her never to be idle, but always to be employed, and to spend much of her time in praying and reading devout books. She bid her also be kind to her sister, as, notwithstanding the badness of her temper, she had a particular kindness for her. Above all things, she charged her continually to love and fear God, and both in great things and in small to seek counsel from Him; and she would see that all her difficulties, on all occasions, would vanish, and God would give her wisdom without her knowing how: and this, she said, she had proved by her own experience. To the Lady Janet she said, that she had to complain of her temper as stubborn and perverse. She charged her to become more gentle and kind, and in particular to be affectionate and attentive to her sister and to seek God with all her heart, and to look on all the advice given to her sister, as given to herself. To Master George she said, that as he could not understand any advice she could give him, she should only pray to God to bless him, and to make him a good man; and, calling for his tutor, she charged him to instruct him in spiritual as well as temporal things, and earnestly to inculcate them on him. Then, looking on them all, she said, "Ye are no more mine; ye are God's." After which, turning towards her mother, who was leaning on the back part of the bed, and observing her very sorrowful, and bitterly lamenting her approaching death, she said, "Mother part willingly with me, for you see I have parted willingly with mine."

She was very anxious that her heart should have no attachment but to God. When some inconsiderate person told her hastily that my Lord Seafield would be there in a few hours, she felt considerable emotion; but, recovering herself, she said, "What! shall the creature yet interpose between me and God? Begone, all ye creatures. I have vowed it. I have renounced you all, and given up myself to God. I have vowed, O Lord, that I will be entirely thine. Lord, take thou the full possession of my heart: fill every part of it with thy love." Formerly, when her husband had returned home after a long absence, at the first meeting, her spirits would have been in such a commotion that she would have fainted away. She was afraid lest any such weakness should have seized her now, and therefore still lifted up her heart to God, begging that he would permit no creature to share in it. When her husband came first into the room where she lay, she received him in a manner which did not discover any emotion, asked him of his welfare, excused herself as to conversation because of her deafness, and entreated him to retire to his chamber to refresh himself after such a wearisome journey; and when he had retired, she renewed her ejaculations to Heaven, and said, "Lord, strengthen my spirit, and preserve my heart from straying one hair-breadth from thee to any created thing, from thee, my God, my all." She would often say, "the day of my union with thee is at hand; Lord make me ready. If I perish, I will perish at his feet. I will hold him fast. Though he should slay me, yet will I love him. My tongue shall never cease to praise him while I have a being." The second time her lord came to see her, she held out her hand to him with a smile, and said, "I am no longer yours; I am God's: God bless you, and make you entirely his."

She was still affected with a deep sense of her having been wanting in due compassion and charity towards the poor. She therefore begged of her husband that he would be pleased to erect a hospital for the maintenance of four poor widows, of good reputation, who had children, where they might be maintained, and live with their children, till those were capable of being put to service or a trade; and on the decease of any one of them, another might be put in her room. To this he readily consented, which gave her no small satisfaction. She blessed God, who had disposed him to consent to it so readily. She was in great hopes that her husband, through the divine grace, should become truly good, which she earnestly begged of God; and to this end she urged him to be rid of all public affairs and attendance on a court, as being the bane of all inclinations to true and solid virtue.

Her heart was now wholly turned to God and to eternity; and day and night, while she waked, for she slept but little, she spent her time in ardent ejaculations, or in reading or hearing some portion of the holy Scriptures with great devotion. Her son having about this time read a letter concerning the love of God, was desirous it might be read to her, as being well suited to the present disposition of her heart. Having heard it with great attention, she said she had read it over two several times before, and wished nothing more than to have her heart wholly moulded into the love of God: she had always regarded the love of God as the essence of religion.

Her fever increasing much at night, on Thursday night she could get no sleep, and so fell into a little delirium. After a time, however, she fell asleep, and awoke free from any delirium. Expressing the sense she had of her unworthiness and ingratitude to God, a lady who was present said, she could see no reason why she should have so ill an opinion of herself, as all who knew her were persuaded that she had led a very good life. To this she replied, that that arose from their not knowing her. She could wish that all might know her real character, and might learn, from her example, not to defer their repentance, but to turn unto God while in health. The same lady observing that she had great reason to bless God who had given her such a son, she replied, that she did bless God for what he was, and prayed that he might be made better, and not to be as those who put their hand to the plough and look back again. While she was speaking of her approaching end, and that it was now not far off, her mother said, she hoped she might still recover. She answered, "God forbid that I should flatter myself by thinking either that I shall live long in this world, or that I have a full assurance of a blessed eternity; for I stand I know not how." And turning to her younger sister she said, "O Jane, Jane, be wise; deny yourself, take up your cross, and follow Christ."

That night she caused them to read to her our Savior's farewell sermon, and then said, "I shall shortly bid farewell to the vanities of the world, and enjoy him whom my soul loveth." When she awaked from her slumberings, during which she had been troubled with vain dreams, she said she should shortly behold the glory of God: and she begged earnestly that she might have no thought but of him, and that he would inspire her with his holy Spirit, that, neither sleeping nor waking, she might have any unholy or unprofitable thoughts.

Friday night, the fever still increasing, she fell again into a little delirium, sleeping none that night. However, in the morning the delirium left her, and she became quite composed. She had before been much affected with the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and was sensible that God did not always bestow on those he most loved, plenty of the good things of this life, and that she had not made that good use of them that she might and ought to have done; and therefore, thinking that the meanest things were too good for her, she desired to be buried in the meanest manner that is used in this country.

In the afternoon, her fever still increasing, she was seized again with a slight delirium. During its continuance, prayers were made for her, of which she seemed insensible. A little time after, one prayed over her, blessing God that he had turned her heart wholly unto him, and had taken possession of it, and begging earnestly that God would rebuke Satan, and cause him to depart from her: her spirit was immediately composed, and she broke forth into a most devout prayer and ardent adoration of God, at which all who were present were greatly surprised. Her husband drawing near to her, she held forth her hand to him, and then fell into a little delirium again. It was thought that she was calling for the young infant; but when brought she took no notice of him. She was heard to say, "Come, shew me the way." One present reminded her that Jesus had said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life;" and added, that He was now come to lead her to the Father, and to guide her through this dark path. And then he earnestly prayed, that Almighty God, the Creator of the world, would have mercy on the work of his own hands; that Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world, would save the soul that he had bought; that the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, would support and comfort her in this her last agony. When he had ended, she broke forth into a divine rapture of adoration and praise with her last breath: "My Redeemer liveth: praise to the Lord: Amen. Thou hast promised mercy; thou wilt not leave me: praise to the Lord: Amen. Take me by the hand, O my Savior, and lead me through the dark path unto the Father. O my God, leave me not. I know, O Christ, thou wilt not leave me. Thou never didst forsake a soul that was wholly given up to thee: praise to the Lord: Amen. Heavenly Father, into thy merciful hands I commend my spirit. Thou knowest that I have forsaken the world, and given my heart wholly unto thee. Come, and take possession of it. All I had in the world, they are thine: I give them unto thee; do thou accept of them. I trust only in thy mercy, and in the merits of my blessed Redeemer: praise to the Lord: Amen. Come, Lord Jesus, and lead me to the Father. Heavenly Father, into thy merciful arms I commend my spirit. Amen." With these words she closed her eyes, and seemed to all present to be yielding up her last breath; and thus she continued for some time, her pulse being quite gone. But in a little time she opened her eyes again, and with an air, as it seemed, of joy and wonder, she continued looking upwards with a fixed gaze for near half an hour. By degrees she let her eyes fall, shut them, and yielded up her last breath. Those who were present were not a little affected both with her last words and her last looks, which they all beheld with silent admiration; and they were led to think that God had been pleased to grant her the desire of her heart, some special mark of his favor, in her passing out of this world, and that she was entered into the joy of her Lord.

From the funeral sermon which was preached on the occasion of this lady's death, I shall extract a few concluding observations.

"Adored be the infinite mercy and goodness of God for this fresh instance of a sinner who hath caused joy in heaven by true penitence. She was a great ornament to her family, sex, and country; a virtuous woman, whose price was far above rubies;—the heart of whose husband might trust in her;—who looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness;—whose children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her;—who was not vain of her favor, which is deceitful, and beauty, which is vain; but truly feared the Lord, and therefore ought to be praised;—but who, especially in her latter years, and in the last days of her life, gave such evidences of a truly penitent spirit. She then felt the difference between that virtue which has a vain shew in the world, and yet is founded too much on self-love and self-seeking; and that which is founded on a deep and true humility, divine love, and self-contempt;—between a heart divided between God and the world, and a heart wholly devoted unto God. How much did she abhor herself! How profoundly penitent was she for her sins! How was her heart totally weaned from this world, and wholly resigned unto God! How ardent were the breathings of her soul to him! How humble was her hope in his infinite mercy! How often did she say, 'I will cast myself at his feet: if I perish, I will perish there!' And what an earnest had we of her blessed acceptance with her heavenly Father and Redeemer, in her last joyful and rapturous breathing out of her spirit into the hands of her heavenly Father! O may we be stirred up to follow such a blessed example of true penitence! May the children trace this path of their excellent mother! May they ever remember and practice her last dying counsel! May her widowed husband give joy to her spirit, by being united to her in this spirit of true penitence! And may we all forsake our evil ways and unrighteous thoughts, and turn unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon us, even to our God, for he will abundantly pardon! Amen."

ELIZABETH WEST.

Though this woman, who was born in Edinburgh towards the close of the seventeenth century, moved in the humble sphere of a servant, she was rich with respect to vital religion, a star of the first magnitude. We shall give some extracts from her diary, which discover lively, fervent godliness. The style is plain and homely, but the matter substantial and sweet.

"Though I cannot tell the time and place, when and where the Lord did me first good; yet this I know, that he began with me very early, when I was young in years, to incline my heart to seek the Lord. I wanted not good education from my mother, and likewise from my aunt, who was a pious woman and took much pains on me. When I was conversing with my comrades, I would be telling them what my mother was saying to me, that if I were good, I would get to heaven. Now, thought I, heaven was such a place, where I should get fine clothes, and every thing that was excellent.

"This so allured me, that I could have been content to do any thing to get to heaven: I resolved I would neither swear nor lie, nor do any thing that was ill; but I would pray and seek the Lord, then I would be sure to get to heaven; yet I found a strong inclination in my heart to break all my resolutions: for, the first temptation that came in my way to sin, I embraced it cheerfully. I was extraordinarily given to play of all sorts, which took my heart wholly up, so that I thought it a melancholy thing to be religious; but when I had gone to my bed I would think, what if I go to hell, where I shall never come out? That word *never* wrought strongly on me: but the remedy I took to still my conscience was, I would say my prayers I learned at the school; then I was well enough. I cannot distinctly give an account how I spent my time: for some years I satisfied myself with the Pharisee's religion, that I was not so bad as others; but, in the Lord's own time, when he was pleased to send the gospel among us at the Revolution, then I began more seriously to seek the Lord; I left off my form of prayer, and betook me to another way, which I thought would please God better. I was for a considerable time under the ministry of Mr. William Erskine: all that I can observe, during the time he preached among us, was, that I attained to a great delight in hearing the word, which wrought upon my affections, that I durst not neglect secret prayer; where sometimes I would be very tender, and shed some tears, then I thought there was no doubt but I was converted. It pleased the Lord soon to remove Mr. William Erskine.

"Then I frequently heard Mr. James Kirkton with a great deal of delight; for his sermons were very taking, and I had a good memory; so gained applause with those among whom I conversed. This pleased me extremely, though I knew never what it was to make application of any thing I heard. O how great reason have I to admire the goodness of the Lord, that did not send me to the pit in this selfish condition! seeking justification by works, never remembering what I was by nature. In this case I remained until it pleased the Lord to send Mr. George Meldrum to be our minister, in place of Mr. William Erskine, who was the Lord's messenger to me indeed: the first time I heard him, I thought I felt something I never felt before, but knew not what it was: that word was made out to me, Hos. xi. 1, 2, 3. He preached on these words, Joshua, xxiv. 15. 'Choose you this day whom ye will serve.'—Where he besought us earnestly, with tears, that we should choose presently, whom we should serve. He said, 'Many will say, I will do that afterwards; but few will say, I will choose presently.' He protested he would not go out of the pulpit till we would give our consent presently to the bargain without delay. If I rightly remember, this was the first time that ever I could observe the Lord speaking to me in public. At this time I thought the Lord made me willing in a day of his power to choose and consent to serve the Lord. O that I may never forget this day!

"After this, I found corruption begin to stir in me; but, whatever troubled me, I got it spoken to on the Sabbath day, which struck me with wonder. I several times resorted to Mr. Meldrum and told him my case, (though very confusedly): his converse to me was both meek and comfortable; but, particularly, he exhorted me to keep a record of all the Lord's dealings with my soul, if I could write. I thought this a strange command; but I heard the same exhortation from Mr. John Flint, at Lasswade, on these words, Isa. xliv. 5. 'One shall say, I am the Lord's: and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord.' This being on a communion Sabbath, he exhorted every one to write with their hands to be the Lord's. I would fain have put this exhortation in practice, but knew not how to begin; it being presently before the Sacrament in Edinburgh, which was the first after the Revolution, and the first ever I was partaker of.

"*December* 25, 1694.—As all the Lord's ways with me have been as so many wonders, so I think it my duty to record one dispensation of Providence which I met with this night; and in so doing, O that I were as a beacon set up, that others may be aware of these rocks on which I had almost split, if God had not prevented it; This night I was sitting alone, thinking on a sermon which I had heard, and of three remarkable observations, from Matt. viii. 31, 32.

"The first was: The devil will take little before he wants all; he lost the man, he is content with the swine. The second is: They run fast that the devil drives. The third: The devil brings all his hogs to an ill market, they ran violently, and perished in the waters. In the mean time, when I was thinking on these observations, I forgot one of them; I desired that God would bring it to my memory again, which was not granted to me presently. Immediately I was tempted to atheism, and that strongly; the temptation was this, there is no God: it is a vain thing to believe in Christ. And this was pressed on me by arguments of such a nature, that it is not convenient to record. This temptation struck in me a strange consternation what to do. If there be no God, from whence proceedeth my being? In this desperate case I went to prayer, crying, What shall I do, what shall I do, O Maker of heaven and earth? I am in a great strait about thy being: once I thought that thou wast the God of my salvation; but now it seems that all has been in vain. But while I was on my knees, musing like one out of their senses, drowned in the deeps of unbelief; then did the Lord step to my help, and had pity on me when he saw me sinking. Yea, he took not advantage of my weakness to destroy me; but he let his power appear in holding me up. He brought the observation to my memory which I forgot; and then he convinced me of my sins, which filled me with wonder and admiration. What! might not the Lord have thrown me into hell for entertaining such hellish thoughts? Then I betook myself to God by prayer, that for Christ's sake he would pardon my sin of entertaining such a sinful temptation. O but the Lord was condescending to me; for he surprised me with his presence; I got a new confirmation of my interest in Christ, and was made to plead the promise that he was my God, and my King, and my Redeemer. I dare say it, as in his sight, I never experienced a sweeter time than this was. It well becomes me to record it, both for my own comfort and the good of others. O that I could praise the Lord in my conversation, and that from this time I might be set apart to serve the Lord for ever and ever! This was the strongest assault that ever I met with; but glory, glory to God the Father (the offended,) to God the Son (who was in the offender's stead,) to God the Holy Ghost who strengthened me with strength, so that Satan got not his will of me this night, though it was the beginning of sorrow to me indeed, for this battle of atheism began this night, yet I seemed to get some victory over it; but I found the remainders to lie still in my bosom ready upon every temptation to break forth. After this I fell into an extraordinary deadness of spirit; I was sensibly deserted; I wist not what to do; I could tell my case to none, it was so extraordinary: I had some Christian comrades with whom I frequently conversed to my great satisfaction; but I could find none of them in my case, which made me bemoan the more.

"*January* 1, 1695.—I was with them in the morning, when they were conversing about the love of Christ: this wrought a strong desire in me again to know more of this Jesus. Alas! I was perfectly ignorant; I came home, but O I would fain have been at Christ's school to learn the first lesson of religion; for I thought I was nothing but a hypocrite, and that all the promises I had got were but upon condition that I should walk up according to my receipt of mercies; and, as far as I came short, the promises were not to be made out to me; then that word came in mind, where Moses was reproving the chiding of the children of Israel, he tells them from the Lord, 'That because they had not walked in the ways of the Lord, therefore they should know his breach of promise.' Then I thought this message was expressly to me, which increased my trouble; thinking now, God is at enmity with me, none of the promises belong to me. In this case I remained till the 12th day, being Saturday; at night I went to prayer, but very sadly lamenting my condition, and crying, O for another offer of a reconciled God in Christ, I would give all the world! Upon the morrow, being the Sabbath, our minister, Mr. George Meldrum, took that text, Col. i. 21. 'And you who were sometime enemies in your minds by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled.' Where indeed I had a Christ freely offered to me; and he told us, that God had sent him with this message, we then as ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. I must confess, this minister was many times God's messenger to me, but especially this day: it was my duty to love and pray for him, that his Master's message may prosper in all places where he shall be sent. He delighted in nothing but in preaching Christ, and him crucified. If my heart deceived me not, I thought I got favor with God this night, and that very comfortably; but, alas! it was but a blink before a shower. Then the tempter came on me again, to make me misbelieve, and that I was mistaken about favor with God, for all that I had met with was but mere delusion; for I was still ignorant; and that which grieved me was my sin that I lived under such a clear gospel-ministry. O! my ignorance of God and Christ stared me in the face in such a manner, that it made me cry, I am undone! I have been born to be a monument of his displeasure! O what shall I do! God has forsaken me! O that I had never been born! for I get no leave to come to God in prayer as I was wont. Then I began to debate myself out of Christ by many arguments which are not convenient to name, but especially that I was but an outside Christian, for I had nothing but a bare profession; indeed I had show enough, and name enough, and tongue enough; but the inwards of religion I wanted: I was like a body without a soul. I saw myself lost and undone; but, which was worst of all, it did not affect me as it would have done another; some would not have slept a sound sleep, but as for me it never had that effect on me. Notwithstanding all this, I saw much of God's love to me; in this especially, that whatever troubled me through the week, Mr. Meldrum spoke suitably on the Sabbath, which struck me with admiration; for if I had told my case to him or any other, I should have thought he had got notice of me some way, but I revealed my mind to none: so that I saw it was the Spirit of God speaking to me by him. O how sweet and refreshing I found the Sabbath-days!

"*Edinburgh*, *April* 14, 1695.—Being the Sabbath-day.—I may remember this day with wonder and praise. In the morning, when I was at secret prayer, I got near access to the throne of grace, and poured out my heart before the Lord with a great deal of sweetness and composure of spirit: then that word was brought to my mind, Deut. xvi. 1. 'Observe the month of Abib; for in the month Abib the Lord brought you out of the land of Egypt.' This word was very suitable to my present circumstance, and I was helped to make application.

"After this I came to the place of public worship, where that servant of Christ, Mr. George Meldrum, preached on Rev. iii. 20. 'Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man will hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me.' He observed these four things from the words.

"First, That, by nature, we were all holding Christ at the door, and would not let him in. 2dly, That it was Christ's work to stand and knock, though we were obstinate in keeping the door fast. 3dly, That many unkind answers we give him, and yet he takes not the first refusal. 4thly, That he is yet willing to make a new offer to all that will accept of him on his own terms. My memory cannot serve me to set down every word he spoke distinctly; but this I am sure, I thought he told me every thing that I did or thought; how I had kept Christ at the door with my unholy carriage and deportment. I thought nothing, but that I should burst within myself the time I was hearing, it touched my case so near. This was a day of power to me indeed, as ever I felt.

"It pleased the Lord to give me another occasion of renewing my former engagements, which were dreadfully broken on my part. I saw that I could not walk with the Lord; therefore I must not let any opportunity pass of giving myself to the Lord. I also was at the time laboring under the power of a body of sin and death, and saw no remedy but in Christ.

"There was word of a communion at Prestonpans; at the hearing of which there arose a vehement desire in my heart to be there, having experienced the manifestations of his presence formerly. I was persuaded I had the Lord's call to go there, from these two scriptures; 'Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.' The other was, 'Follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.' I met with some oppositions, which had a tendency to hinder me to go there; but the Lord overcame them all. I cannot but remark two of these hindrances: in the first place, I had a tooth-ache, which distressed me mightily. There was none that thought I would be so cruel to myself as to adventure on such a journey to-morrow, and yet I was firmly resolved I would be there. The other hinderance was, that the weather was extraordinarily boisterous, with great rains, terrible winds, and thunder; so that I thought the house would have been blown down about me that night.

"On the morrow, when I awaked, the pain of my tooth was quite gone from me, which I reckoned no small mercy; but still the wind continued loud and bitter, which made all the family plead with me to forbear my going there, but I gave a deaf ear to them all, and away I came to Prestonpans. When I met with the poor women, with their burdens of coals and salt on their backs, coming to the market at Edinburgh, then I thought the badness of the weather does not hinder these from their earthly market: O what a fool would I have been, if any thing should have hindered me from the heavenly market!

"When I came to the place, O how sweet and refreshing were these Saturday's sermons to me! Mr. John Moncrief was on Exod. xx. 24. 'In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and bless thee.' He observed, that ordinances were the trysting-places between Christ and his people: and whoever there was that had been trysting Christ to come to this communion, if they were come to keep the tryst on their part, he was also come to keep it on his part.

"When the minister came to serve the first table he said, 'Wha is thy request, queen Esther, and it shall be granted thee?' O then, my heart cried out, my request is, that the Savior's image may be stamped on my heart presently. Come, Lord, here is a temple for thee to dwell in, such as it is; but do thou to it as thou did to the temple, whip out all buyers and sellers, and every thing that defileth it. I have great idols unmortified; corruptions, which, Haman-like, strive to overcome me. O make me more holy than ever I was before, that the image of my Lord may appear in my converse with others in the world!

"Let me have as near a conformity to thee as ever any attained to. I this day request for more light in reading thy holy word; for as yet it is the darkest book I ever read upon. I also request for my poor parents, as formerly, and all my Christian acquaintances, ministers and people, and for our land in general: and that the gospel may never depart from Scotland. Come purge thy house of every thing that hinders thy appearance among the golden candlesticks. O Lord grant me greater degress of humility, both outward and inward; for I find my self-conceit sometimes like to overcome me. I here this day promise, as in thy sight, to stand to thy interest, though persecution should arise; and to lay down my life, if thou call for it. Come, Lord, tie both me and my resolutions to thyself fast, and I slide not back in trying times, and be not like that son, that said, 'He would go to work in the vineyards, but went not.' I must confess to the glory of God, I got great liberty in seeking all these things, both in public and secret.

"O but it was a comfortable day to me, wherein my interest in Christ was as visible to me, as if it had been written in golden letters before my eyes! It is impossible for the tongues of men or angels to declare the joy and comfort I experienced, and wherein I gave myself to the Lord; and in testimony hereof I take myself to witness, and all in heaven and earth, that I am not my own, but the Lord's." Written and subscribed at Prestonpans, October 9, 1697.

"The next sacramental occasion I heard of was at Largo in Fife. I met with oppositions from without to hinder me to go; but they were no more to me than the blowing of a feather in the air; for to Largo I must go. Another and I took our journey on Friday morning, and the way was very pleasant, for the Lord helped us to suitable converse, inquiring at one another, what our errand was at Largo?

"On Saturday morning when we came to the place, Mr. John Moncrief was on these words, Zech. ix. 9. "Behold thy King cometh unto thee.'

"Then Mr. George Hamilton spoke on these words, Col. ii. 6. 'As ye have received the Lord Jesus Christ so walk ye in him.' As the one was telling us 'the King was coming;' so the other exhorted us 'to receive him:' the Spirit of the Lord bearing witness with them both, that they were sent expressly from their Master, Christ.

"On Sabbath morning the tempter was not idle with me, to discourage and disquiet my spirit, and began to suggest, whether it was my duty to communicate or not? I answered, I was persuaded it was my duty, for I got a sharp reproof last communion I was at, and did not partake. But did the devil leave me so? No, no; he took another way with me; for it was against his will I should communicate that day; he wakened up all the devils and corruptions of my heart; and when I saw them, I presently concluded I would not communicate that day: and as for my unbelief, it mastered me to such a degree, that I could believe nothing, I was so struck with stupidity. Mr. William Moncrief, who was the minister of that parish, (it being the first communion that was given there,) being on Matt. xxii. 'Come to the marriage; for all things are ready;' in the time he was delivering these great truths (and wonderful and large were the offers he made of King Christ that day) there arose the greatest frame upon the spirits of the people that ever my ears heard or eyes saw: notwithstanding of all this I remained a stupid, hard hearted creature, and still the temptation ran with me, it is not true the minister is saying; and many such suggestions were whispered in my ears by the tempter.

"When he came to fence the table, I thought he cut me off; for there was not one sin he mentioned but that I was guilty of it; yet there was a secret word borne in on me, 'This is the voice of my beloved.' But how shall I testify what a change was wrought in a moment? And O that my recording this were for the glory of God, and the edification of those that hear of it! how the Lord suddenly surprised me, when I was not thinking on it, so that I was never so sensible of an immediate call from the Spirit of God, as at this time.

"When the minister had declared faithfully who were not worthy to come to his Master's table, then he came to open his commission, whom his Master had warranted him to call in; in which number I was, for I heard my name and surname there, and was persuaded of it, the Spirit of the Lord bearing witness with my spirit to the call, so as it could not be resisted. And that word came with force and power, 'Now this is the voice of my beloved; Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.' With that there arose such a vehement desire in my heart to be at Christ, that I had no patience, but to the first table I went, where immediately that word came, 'I in you, and you in me, as the branches are in the tree.' What a frame of spirit I was in is better felt than told; where my vehement desire was, that the Lord might imprint his image on my heart, and that the Holy Spirit might take up an everlasting abode with me, and that I might have sympathy with the church in all her distresses.

"I cannot but set down some of the words Mr. John Moncrief had at the table he served: he said, 'Communicants, what hath made all this weeping among you to-day? O say some, we are weeping with Mary, because of an absent Christ. Is this the cause of thy weeping, poor soul? I shall tell thee, may be ye shall meet with Mary's comfort: Jesus may be nearer thee than thou knowest of; when she thought her Lord was gone, he says, Mary; and presently she was comforted: Rabboni! Is this my Lord? O, but says another, I am weeping with Peter, because I have denied him. Well, let me say this to you, may be it shall fare with thee as it did with Peter: Christ says to Mary, go tell my disciples, and Peter that I am risen. Poor mourning Peter, he must be comforted. But says another, I am weeping with Christ himself at Lazarus's grave for love; the love of Christ makes me weep. If it be so, may not I then say of you, as the Jews said of Christ, Behold how the folks of Largo love Christ to-day!'

"*Edinburgh, September* 11, 1698.—O Lord, this day being set apart for humiliation and supplication, I desire to join with the rest, to humble myself under the sense of my own provocations, that I have had a hand in provoking thee to lay the land desolate. Therefore, great Lord, though thou make me to perish in the common calamity, I must acknowledge thou art right, for I have sinned. Also I desire to be humbled under the sense of the family sins in which I live; and that because thou art not worshipped in it by my parents as thou oughtest to be: therefore, although thou arise in particular against us with visible judgments, 'thou art righteous, O Lord.' Also I desire to be humbled under the land's sins; for from the highest to the lowest, all flesh hath sinned, and made public defection from thy ways; and especially in breach of solemn covenant, which was the glory of our land, and in shedding the blood of the saints; for which we have all reason to mourn: by this thou hast been provoked, and that justly, to send dreadful plagues among us. I desire to be humbled for the sins of the real godly amongst us; and that because they are not adorners of religion, neither are we bringing forth fruit suitable to the pains taken on us; but thy way is evil spoken of by the wicked, when they see among the people of God so much pride, passion, and worldly-mindedness, selfishness, division, and many other evils; therefore, O Lord, just art thou, though thou shouldest proclaim over us, what thou proclaimedst over the barren vineyard, Isa. v. Now, O Lord, justly art thou contending with all of us: yet let me supplicate thy throne this day, in the name, and for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, with whom I entered into covenant last Lord's day, at Prestonpans, that the judgments thou art threatening by thy servants, and by thy providential dispensations, may be done away: nevertheless, if it seem thee good to bring them on us, O Lord, fit and make us ready for them; give us strength to bear the burden, that we do not apostatize and fall away when the trial comes. I supplicate this day, that if thou send thy sore judgments among us, that they may be mixed with mercy; if thou send famine among us, and break the staff of bread, then, Lord, give thy Holy Spirit unto us, that we may learn to feed by faith on the bread of life. Or, if thou send the sword among us, with a cruel enemy to avenge thy quarrel; then, Lord, grant that we may stand stedfast and faithful to thy cause and interest, that we may not turn aside for their threatenings. I here this day give myself to thee: my life, my name, my natural enjoyments, if thou shalt call for them: only make my call clear, that I be not confused when the trial comes. And then, if thou give strength, I am content, though thou call me to a gibbet, or a stake to be burnt, or any other way thou seest meet to try me with: here I am, do with me what thou pleasest. I have sinned, be thou glorified, and let me enjoy thee for ever, is all my desire. Or if thou shalt send that sore judgment of pestilence among us, then be thou our Physician to heal all our diseases, especially spiritual ones: only, Lord, whatever be the rod thou art going to lay upon us, come with it thyself, and then welcome, welcome is the cross, in whatever sort it be. Now, O Lord, give me the victory over myself, this weary body of sin and death, which holds me daily in spiritual bondage; there is no enemy or judgment I am so afraid of, as this woful natural disposition of mine to all things contrary to thy holy law. O let my sinful, selfish nature, from this day, be like the house of Saul, growing weaker and weaker; and let the new nature, which belongs to thee, be like the house of David, stronger and stronger; so that I may be strengthened to carry the cross cheerfully, rejoicing and unweariedly, when thou callest me to it. Let not my resolutions be like that man's, who came to Christ and would do any thing to be saved; and yet, when the cross was spoken of, he went away sorrowful; but I lay my resolutions in thy hand, to keep them for me against the time of need, acknowledging my own weakness, for I have neither strength nor will to do any thing; but I have chosen thee for my all, and in all, from this time forth, and for ever; so let it be. Amen.

"O Lord, thou knowest my requests this day, and at other times, put up for my father, that thou wouldest work a second conversion on his spirit, that may send him to Jesus; for I am afraid that to this day he is sleeping in a very dangerous condition; but yet I believe, that thou hast put words in my mouth for him, so I hope against hope. As also for my mother, that if thou hast begun the good work in her, let it appear in her conversation, in changing her affection from things below, and setting them on things above. As also for my brother, that a work of grace may thrive in him: Lord, let him see the folly of spending so much time in seeking this world's trash, and set him more in seeking the kingdom of heaven. I commit them all to thee, do with them as seems thee good; only be thou glorified. As also, for thy glory's sake, remember this sinful church and nation; and when thou comest with thy sore judgments, let them be for purging and purifying both ministers and people, that they may come out of the furnace all glorious, that other nations may see thou lovest to dwell in thy covenanted Scotland. Now, Lord, for Christ's sake, when thou in wrath visit this land, and although I should fall into the common calamity, yet let my soul be united to thee in peace; keep my faith, and do not suffer me to flinch from the least article of thy truths, but speak thou for me, when I shall be called to own thee publicly before the enemy. O let not my self-ends get more room there than thy glory! I must end this day with a song of praise, that the Lord hath been pleased to countenance and accept of an offering of mine hand; and that he would put me in a disposition for such a solemn day, to pour out my requests in the bitterness of my soul. Let this day be remembered by me, that I may sing glory and praise; and that, to eternity, my song may be, to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one God, to him be endless praise and glory, for now and evermore. Amen.

"About this time the condition of my father lay very near my heart, and that because I could see nothing like a change on him to the better, but particularly on the 7th of January, 1706, it being Sabbath, I was strangely weighted with it, and was made to plead the out-making of the promise on his account, that he would shew wonders to the dead, I having the impression of his death on me, though at that time he was well in health. I often made use of that word in prayer, Psal. cxix. 'It is time to work, Lord, it is time for thee to work.' He is growing old, and wearing near his grave; O Lord, let free grace be glorified in his salvation, according to thy promises.

"On Thursday next, of a sudden he had a purging of blood; and in the afternoon he vomited excessively, so that none thought he could put off this night; I knowing nothing of it, for I was not at this time in my father's house.

"On Friday morning they sent and told me my father was not well. No sooner I heard this, but I concluded it was his death! which immediately put me in a praying posture for him, 'that now free grace might be exalted in his salvation, according to the promise.'

"The first time I saw him, I told him with tears, that it was death approaching, and besought him to lay it to heart. He made me little or no answer, but grievous were the looks he gave me, which sent me to the throne of grace, inquiring of the Lord what could be the matter I was sent so many errands for him, both at communions and other solemn occasions, and so loaded with him for ordinary in prayer, where I would have got liberty for him, when I could have sought no other thing, since now they were all like to come to nought; he on a death-bed, and no appearance of a work of grace begun yet. This tossed me up and down in a terrible manner as ever any was. It was not the loss of him as my parent, that so troubled me; no, no; in this respect I could have parted with him freely; but the thing that troubled me was, fearing he would be a cast-away. The thoughts of this made me utter these words before the Lord in prayer, O Lord, in the days of thy flesh, some came to thee for their servant, some for their son, some for their daughter, some for themselves, and they got all good answers. Now I come for my father; O deny me not for thy own name's sake!

"About nine o'clock he grew very weak, and his speech failed him; then I cried to the Lord to hear my last request for him: I continued pleading with a troubled and vexed spirit, until it pleased the Lord, in his great condescendence, to bear that word in my mind, Mal. iii. 16. 'He shall be mine in that day that I make up my jewels; and I will spare him as a man doth his son that serveth him.' This brought with it a sweet calm and composure of spirit to me, so that I came patiently, and saw him depart this life, about eleven of the clock at night, being the 13th of January, 1700.

"About this time there happened a very lamentable providence in the city: the 3d of February, about ten at night, a fire broke out in the Meal-market, the like of which, I believe, was not seen in many generations: it burnt so vehemently, that it was thought the most part of the city would have been consumed; the flames were so terrible, that none durst come near to quench it; it was also a very great wind, which blew to such a degree, that, with the sparks that came from the fire, there was nothing to be seen through the whole city, but as it had been showers of fire like showers of snow, they were so thick; it was to me an emblem of hell, and oftentimes Sodom came in my mind that night. O but it was a sad and lamentable sight to look upon, to see the most populous place in the city, the Parliament-square, in a red flame, the flames flying in the elements, and no hands endeavoring to put them out. I cannot but remark, that this night these words were fulfilled, which I heard pronounced against the city by Mr. John Moncrief, in the College-kirk, Sabbath after the fire in the Canongate-head ; the words were these, Micah vi. 9. 'God's voice crieth to the city, and the man of wisdom shall see thy name ; hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.'

"I left my place, and went to Jerviswood's family in Edinburgh ; but Providence so ordered it, that I was sent to the country house, which was at Melistoun in the south : this was unexpected, but yet I willingly complied with it. As we were in the way going there, about the middle of the day I retired a little to the fields secretly, in which place the Lord gave me a sweet promise that he would be with me, and revive me as the corn, and as the dew upon Israel ; that I should grow as the lily, and send forth branches as Lebanon : this encouraged me in my journey there, where I was kindly received and entertained.

"Now, as for the Lord's way with me in that place, I cannot but remark, some few days after I came there, the Sacrament was given at Stichel : to which place I went, and on Saturday I met with very much sweetness in the sermons, for it was soul comforting news I heard there. The first text was on these words, in Isaiah, 'I will pour water on the dry ground, and floods on the thirsty ;' where the very desire of my soul was spoken to, and I was made to apply it. The other text was, 'to this man will I look, who is of a broken and a contrite heart.' This was also a blessed sermon to me, where I thought the Lord was giving me an invitation to come to his blessed table to morrow : and accordingly I went ; and blessed be God, he was not altogether a hiding God : but I got not what I would have been at. We were very much exhorted to watchfulness, and to be on our guard, which was very sweet to me in hearing ; but, I may say it, to my great shame, I had not so much delight in putting it in practice ; for I soon let my heart wander on trifles of no value ; so that I soon lost my good motions by my own neglect. But, what shall I say ? My winter season was lengthened out in a great measure ; sometimes a fair day and a warm blink ; then presently a storm on the back of it from Satan, my own corruptions, and a wicked world ; sometimes light breaks in so as I could read the love of God in Christ Jesus to my poor soul, and that there shall be an accomplishment of these long delayed promises to my comfort ; but then, ere ever I was aware, darkness came and overshadowed all ? so that I was a prey to unbelief and discouragement. Through this summer season I had several occasions of communions in that place, for which I bless the Lord ; and also for our ordinary Sabbath day's sermons, which were very refreshing to me.

"There is another thing I cannot forbear to remark, concerning my outward affairs in this family : I must acknowledge every one was more civil to me and kind than another, except a French woman who was in the family; she was one that was visibly void of religion, as also her outward behavior was most unsavory and unbecoming; notwithstanding of this, I put the best construction upon her I could, because she was a stranger. This person seemed to have a very great esteem of me; and many times she would bless the Lord that ever she was in company with me: yet I never noticed any thing she said, knowing her to be a very great liar. But there was one day, being Sabbath morning, she coming down stairs, singing to a little dog in her arms, at this I could not wink, but reproved her for so doing: at which she seemed to be displeased, and wist not what way to be revenged on me; but, to make amends for a fault, when we went to church, she was wholly employed in mocking the minister, and shooting out her finger in time of sermon, so that a great many in the kirk took notice of her, were mightily offended, and told me, they wondered that such a person should be allowed to dwell in a family where better things were expected. I considering that the heads of the family were from home, I took it upon me to reprove her sharply: on the back of this she turned the most outrageous, mischievous spirit against me, that she contrived the most horrid lies which could be invented: but the Lord of his goodness turned her malice to her own shame, and nowise to my hurt, but rather to the contrary: yet this trial was somewhat weighty to me, considering this woman's reproachful tongue; but I was helped, first by the Lord, and then by all those among whom I dwelt, who, though they were strangers to me, yet their sympathy was beyond expression.

"I left this family in November, and returned back to the family out of which I came at last at the Inch; where I was received with very much kindness by all in it, and particularly by those who were my enemies before; in which I saw much of the wisdom and wise conduct of the Almighty, who does all things well: and this my soul knows to its experience: there being many things in my charge in this family, that now were made more easy in many respects. O the depths of his wisdom! I saw in this providence, beyond what I can express: yet, even at this time, I wanted not a strong body of sin and death weighing me down, and making me cry out many times with bitterness of spirit, 'O that I had wings like a dove! then would I fly away, and be at rest,' from a tempting devil, a corrupt heart, a wicked world, and the sin that does so easily beset me.

"These things I would not so particularly record, but it is to let us see the care and concern the Lord hath about his poor people when in trouble, even with respect to their external concerns: he hath a fatherly and tender heart, he pities and helps in the most convenient seasons. I must acknowledge, that this dispensation of Providence to me, the vilest and unworthiest of all his creatures, was so remarkable, and exactly the return of prayer in all the circumstances of it; that I am more and more every day made to wonder at his wise conduct of Providence, not only toward my soul, for which he hath done great things, but also with respect to my lot in the world. But I may say with the Psalmist, ‘ He is the God that performeth all things (well) for me, spiritual and temporal.’ I get nothing but what he makes me first cry to him for by prayer, and then in his own time and way he answers and performs what he hath made me believe. O happy are they that have so good a God to trust in !”

THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE

LADY ELIZABETH HASTINGS.

The Lady Elizabeth Hastings was born April 19, 1682. Her father was Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon, and her mother was the daughter of Sir John Lewis, of Ledstone, in the county of York, Bath, one moiety, and more, of whose very large estate came to her by inheritance.

There was a fine dawn of her future excellences in her tender age. A countenance that united in it something great, and something condescending; an ingenuous temper; a quickness of understanding; a benevolent spirit; a flexibility of nature; a devout frame and a solemn sense of divine things; were observable in her first departure out of her infancy, and her footsteps slipt not in the dangerous ascent of life, so that she was not only free from every stain of vice in her early days, but superior to the world, and its vain and trifling amusements.

Before she launched into life, she was fond of privacy and retirement, and was much in devotional exercises in her closet. In some contests between the Earl, her father, and Lord Hastings, her brother, she observed such a prudence in her conduct, that she preserved the kindness and affection of both, and after the death of the former, and till the decease of the latter, she would be doing good things with her substance, when her abilities were not so great.

Her ladyship's active life most conspicuously commenced soon after the death of her brother by the whole blood, the Right Honorable George, Earl of Huntingdon, already mentioned under the title of Lord Hastings, when her excellent virtues shone out by what has been the eclipse of virtue in others, the accession of a large fortune.

Then it was that she became known, and was observed to be something more than a lady of great beauty and fine accomplishments, of affability, and easy access, of condescension, and good nature, and of regular motions in religion. Her aims were set high, and no attainments in piety and goodness would content her soul short of perfection.

When she had not many months finished her twenty-seventh year, her singular accomplishments and merits were celebrated by Sir Richard Steele, the ingenious author of the paper called the Tatler under the name of Aspasia.

"But these ancients," says our writer, "would be as much astonshed to see in the same age so illustrious a pattern to all who love things praiseworthy as the divine Aspasia. Methinks I now see her walking in her garden like our first parent, with unaffected charms, before beauty had spectators, and bearing celestial conscious virtue in her aspect. Her countenance is the lively picture of her mind, which is the seat of honor, truth, compassion, knowledge, and innocence.

"'There dwells the scorn of vice, and pity too.'

"In the midst of the most ample fortune, and veneration of all that behold and know her, without the least affectation, she consults retirement, the contemplation of her own being, and that Supreme Power which bestowed it. Without the learning of schools, or knowledge of a long course of arguments, she goes on in a steady course of uninterrupted piety and virtue, and adds, to the severity of the last age all the freedom and ease of this. The language and mien of a court she is possessed of in the highest degree, but the simplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage are her more welcome entertainments. Aspasia is a female philosopher, who does not only live up to the resignation of the most retired lives of the ancient sages, but also to the schemes and plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This lady is the most exact economist, without appearing busy; the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the praise of it; and shuns applause with as much industry, as others do reproach. This character is so particular, that it will be very easily fixed on her only by all that know her; but, I dare say, she will be the last that finds it out.*"

In order to assist her endeavors to reach the sublimest heights of honor and virtue, our lady commenced an acquaintance with persons eminent for religion, Doctor John Sharp, Archbishop of York, Robert Nelson, Esq., and Doctor Richard Lucas. Many years after the decease of all of them she has been heard to felicitate herself upon the privilege of her friendship with them, and how much she was esteemed and honored by Mr. Nelson in particular; and we have no reason to think but she had a like esteem from the others, is evident from a letter of his yet remaining, in which he applies to her the following text, Prov. xxxi. 29, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

In the place (Ledstone-house,) where her ladyship spent the greater part of her life, almost every eye beheld her with wonder. The higher ranks of mankind were by her acquaintance some of them charmed into the love of virtue, while others found their virtues heightened and improved. As to the lower part, they were guided by her wisdom, and, if they wanted it, were cherished by her bounty.

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* Tatler, Number 42, dated July 16, 1709.

Such was the superiority of her understanding, that in matters of high moment hundreds would ask counsel of her, who were themselves well qualified to give it to others, for she was blessed with a rectitude of judgment, and could readily penetrate through perplexities, unravel them, and mark out the wisest and safest conduct, having ever for her ground the interests of truth, fidelity, honor, and religion. Her end was the glory of God, and the good of all men, keeping all her capacities, all her powers, and all her fortune continually upon the stretch for the benefit of her fellow-creatures; weeping with them that weep, rejoicing with them that rejoice; given to hospitality, distributing to the necessities of the saints, and to others that were less so; having joy at the conversion of a sinner, or any the smallest appearances of it.

Besides the wisdom which is called secular, as having for its objects the affairs of this life, her ladyship's mind was endowed with that wisdom which comes from above, and was so influenced by it, that whether she wrote or spoke, it was ever in consistency with it. Her will was in full subjection to the precepts of the gospel. She took her measures from them, and observed a close conformity to them. Her will also bowed to the Divine Will in her afflictions. Because they were the pleasure of God, they were hers too; and, when his arrows stuck fast within her, and his hand pressed her sore, she possessed herself in these painful parts of life with great cheerfulness, and preferred them in her whole judgment, and upon the most important considerations, to the days of health and ease. As to her affections, they were set upon things above, panting and longing after the pleasures that are there; or attaching herself to such employments as infallibly lead to them.

Her ladyship's attendance and apparel were such as became her place and station. Her body she knew was the temple of the Holy Ghost, and she possessed it in sanctification and honor. Her support of it by meat, and drink, and sleep, was ever bounded by necessity. The intervals that happened as to the last were improved in pious meditation or prudent deliberations what better measures to take in the duties of her Christian calling.

The word of God was a lamp to her feet, and a light unto her paths. Her delight was in his law, and she made it her every day's study. She held her Bible to her heart to receive its quickening virtue, and used it at the same time as she would a mirror to her face, to discover every spot and blemish. The other books that she used were well chosen, and they were much in her esteem, and often in her hands, in order to learn from them to examine herself by them, and to see what she had in common with the children of God, and if in any thing she fell short of them. She compared spiritual things with spiritual, she pondered with her own heart, and searched out her spirit, weighing herself as it were in a balance.

She used her pen much, sometimes for her own service, but more for the service of others. Besides what papers went abroad, great numbers remained, but were unhappily destroyed by a severe sentence of her own. By them she would have been more fully and better known, and more excellent things might have been spoken of her than what could have been gathered by any other information.

She began every day with supplications, and prayers, and intercessions in private; addressing herself to her God with all diligence and earnestness, and with a recollected spirit, and fervency. True it is that she allowed herself little intermission in this duty of prayer, every where attending to the all-seeing eye of God upon her, and having her soul winged, and carried up with holy pantings and aspirations towards him. So well did she know the mighty importance of prayer, its gracious acceptance with the Almighty, and its powerful help to enlighten, relieve, strenghten, and purify the soul, that she made most public provision for the practice of it, as for herself, so also for her family, collecting all the members of it, excepting such as were necessarily detained, four times a day, for the exercise of this duty. Happy was it for those servants who came under her roof, for there was every thing for them that might do them good, in a gentle, gracious, considerate, bountiful, compassionate mistress, presiding over them with the disposition of a parent, providing for the improvement of their minds, for the decency of their behavior, and the inoffensiveness of their manners, and using every possible means and methods to bring them to true religion. And as her great talents were every way fitted to turn many to righteousness, so they were as successful, and she both near and afar off much enlarged the borders of God's kingdom.

She much delighted in public worship, and constantly attended it. Her behavior in the house of God was solemn, and grave, and awful, and clear of all pharisaical affectation, and no doubt much quickened and animated the devotions of others.

She was ever mindful of every jot and tittle of the law. In this spirit her care extended even to her cattle, because that it is declared to be a property of mercy. She would have the skill and contrivance of every artificer used in her house employed for the ease of her servants, and that they might suffer no inconvenience or hardship. Besides providing for the order, harmony, and peace of her family, she kept great elegance in and about her house, that her poor neighbors might not fall into idleness and poverty for want of employment; and, while she thus tenderly regarded the poor, she would visit the higher part of the world, lest those who sought after her friendship should complain of her, or fall into uncharitableness concerning her, or censure her for being proud and supercilious.

A just display of her ladyship's art and manner in company would be to place her in one of the most amiable lights. Her talents for conversation were most shining and great, and more in truth than she would allow herself to use; accordingly, she would restrain a brisk and lively imagination, and give the demonstrative proofs of a deep and sound understanding, and to flourishes of wit and humor would prefer the much better ornaments of courtesy and complaisance. It was her great care that they with whom she conversed should be convinced of the honor and esteem she bore them, to observe a carriage by which none should be awed or made uneasy at the superiority of her condition, to see that she failed not in any part of right decorum, that none might think themselves neglected or overlooked by her, and to hear and speak according to what occurred, or was before her, watching all the while with penetration and eagerness for a happy transition of the discourse to religion; and, when that was once gained, she was then in the true enjoyment of her spirit, and was got into her natural element: for, to say the truth, in all her intercourses she was never rightly at ease unless religion had some place in the conversation, and she thought the spirit of it was dead, in the majority of the company at least, if there was an utter neglect and silence as to the one thing needful.

At her table her countenance was open and serene; her voice soft and melodious, her language polite, and seasoned with salt, treating of things useful and weighty, and bringing out of her rich treasures of wisdom things new and old. Here she displayed all the elegances of good breeding, addressing herself to all with great meekness and condescension, and adapting herself to every one's respective talents and capacities. The smiles of her benevolence were enjoyed by all, and every one felt the sweetness of her company.

As her house and table were rarely destitute of one or more of her family, so she made them all the parts of herself, and embraced all her relations, according as they stood in the several degrees of consanguinity, with true and tender affection. She would also inquire and seek after any of the withering and drooping branches of her family, and would kindly support and cherish them, directing her aim by kindnesses of this nature to serve their best interests, and lead them into the paths of godliness.

But what shall we say of her care of all cares, the strangers, the fatherless, and the widow; the needy, and him that hath no helper; the lame, the halt, and the blind? These objects drew out the compassions of her soul. She had a share in all their sufferings; she would often converse with them, and inquire into their history with the utmost condescension. She would study their particular cases, and put them in the way of a better condition. She would visit them in sickness, and bear the expenses of it. Some of them were ever in her court-yard, or in her house, and frequently in great numbers; and it was not chargeable upon any neglect of hers, if any one went away unrelieved with meat, physic, clothing, or money, according to their several necessities, and many times a single person would receive all four. Many of those that lived remote had yearly allowances, and large sums frequently were sent into distant parts of the kingdom.

Her still larger applications of her substance were fixed pensions upon reduced families, exhibitions to scholars in the universities, the maintenance of her own charity-school, her contributions to other schools, disbursements to religious societies for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, and for promoting Christian knowledge at home, and the erection and augmentation of churches. To which may be added, free and frequent remission of debts, in cases of straitness or insolvency; together with a noble plenty and all becoming magnificence in her house, and mighty acts of generosity to relations, friends, and even to those who were neither. Her ladyship's declared and most admirable rule was to give the first place to *justice*, the second to *charity*, and the third to *generosity*. Of this third method of applying her substance, surprising instances might be produced, as in five hundred pounds a year given to one relation, three thousand pounds in money to another, three hundred guineas, all the money that at the time was within her reach, and large promises of more, to a young lady who had very much impaired her fortune by engaging in the South-Sea scheme.

At the same time there were these visible glories that adorned her ladyship's life, and spread holiness around her; she well knew that the great scene of religion lies within, and in the right government there, called the hidden man of the heart: accordingly her eye was ever upon her heart, to see that all its principles were cleansed from evil mixtures, that they had no taint of self-love, and were not sullied with vain-glory, to observe the tendency of all its motions, which way the bias of it was set, and how its struggles weakened towards sinful excursions; and she would continually cherish the divine life by acts of faith in the blood of her Redeemer, by rating her own righteousness as nothing, and by marking well, and daily committing to writing all her slips, and penitentially mourning over them.

Such were the diligence and circumspection which this lady used in her Christian calling. In this practice of piety did she walk closely with her God, and in this manner, through a series of almost thirty years, did she shine, the bright example of every virtue, at the same time that she gave a clear demonstration on how right a basis every thing stood, and by what principles she was governed, in that she could never endure to hear one word spoken in her own praise.

We shall now accompany her to the closing scene. As was her day such was her evening, if indeed her sun did not go down with an improved and redoubled lustre. Her ladyship, in early life, had received a contusion upon her right breast, which left behind it a small inward tumor, attended with little or no disturbance, and, for that cause, probably not much regarded. This continued several years without any sensible increase, till about twenty months before her death it gave her cause of complaint, upon which application was made to a reverend gentleman, (Dr. Johnson,) very eminent for his skill in surgery, who, upon sight and examination, was clear in his judgment, that there was an absolute necessity that the affected part should be separated from the body.

"What her ladyships's first impressions were upon hearing of this, I will not," says the author of her historical character, "undertake to relate: perhaps nature might flinch at first." But a neighboring clergyman, who had a correspondence with one in the family, being made acquainted by his friend what afflicting sorrow the family was in, and his friend in particular, without being informed from what cause, he imagined that it was no common matter, but something of a very distressing nature, and something, too, in which her ladyship had a very large share, this clergyman immediately wrote back, as suitably as he could, upon no other grounds than his own conjecture, and happily touched upon the necessity of sufferings, setting forth briefly those which Christ endured in the flesh, and observing that he will bring all his followers in conformity to himself in all things, and that sufferings were the way to his perfection, and must be so to ours, and that they are the expressly declared condition of our being glorified with him, the marks and characteristics of our adoption, and the most sovereign medicines sent from heaven to heal our spiritual diseases.

Her ladyship beforehand saw into the truth of all this, as she had well explored and digested every other truth in the whole system of our holy religion, and would often express some uneasiness that her own sufferings, in the account she made of them, should in a manner be little or none. And it was the sentiment of one, who had a station under her, and was not unskilled in this kind of knowledge, that the mighty torrent of sufferings, which broke in upon her at the last, was designed by her heavenly Father for this end among others to solace her spirit, and to strengthen her assurance that she had every mark and token of her favor and acceptance with him.

The letter mentioned above was shown to her ladyship, who, with an emotion beyond what was usual with her, declared, "that she would not wish to be out of her present situation for all the world, nor exchange it for any other at any price;" and accordingly with great meekness and tranquillity, without any change in her temper, with a cheerfulness scarce to be believed, in perfect serenity and freedom, she went through every day till the time appointed for the operation, as one who sat loose to, and was indifferent for life or death.

When the day came for the excision of her breast, great skill and wisdom were used in all things, every bad event was guarded against, and her hands were held by men of strength—but her hands might have been held by a spider's thread. She shewed no reluctance, no struggle, or contention, nor did she even make any complaint;

only, indeed, towards the end of her bloody baptism, she drew such a sigh, as any compassionate reader may do to be told this. Though even this small expression of anguish has been denied by a clergyman of great worth, who assisted at the operation, and was one of the number who held her ladyship's hands, and from his account one would think that her flesh was as insensible of pain as her spirit was superior to it.

The following night was not indeed a night of much sleep, but it was a night of truly celestial rest; a night of thanksgiving to her God for the visible demonstration of his power in and about her, for his stretched out arm in her great deliverance, for the bountiful provisions he had made for all the occasions of her body and soul, and, in a word, for all his blessings, holding all the powers of her spirit in tuneful employment, and exercising them in acts of love, gratitude, and adoration; so that some doubt may be made whether the Israelites, with their heavenly-commissioned captain at the head of them, offered more acceptable melody to their Almighty Deliverer, after their escape from Pharaoh and his armies at the Red Sea, than did this lady at this juncture, under distresses, one would think, superior to what theirs had been.

Her ladyship, sooner than was expected, was restored; and, with every improvement that could be made, returned into the same tenor of life which she had so long observed before, in some variety of employments indeed, but such as were calculated for the glory of God, and the good of mankind.

She saw what an excellent and serviceable handmaid learning was to religion, and upon that account was a great lover of it, and indeed was far from being destitute of learning herself, for she was able to compose and judge well, and could mark out the beauties, excellencies, errors, and defects in authors, and whether they were written in taste or not; and as to practical divinity, and things belonging to the direction of conscience, she rarely ever made an erroneous determination.

Impressed with these sentiments, and possessed of these talents, she thought provision made for the better state of learning, as it is begun and carried on in schools, and further promoted and finished in universities, was a right exercise of her attention and care, and a proper object for her munificent donations; and how suitable and proportioned to the magnificence of her spirit these were, may be found in the codicil annexed to her will, containing the devise of her manor of Wheldale to the provost and scholars of Queen's College, Oxford, for the educating students for the ministry.

In the weakly condition in which she now must be, it was very much her employment to provide that all her settlements should be secured from prostitution, and guarded against spoil and depredation, and that all her good purposes might be followed with execution and effect. To this end, with an indefatigable industry, she digested, improved, enlarged, and altered several schemes, rules, orders, and provisions, and all this very much from her own ability and wisdom.

But this care, this work, this labor of love, to which she dedicated a large share of her estate, and for many years a large stock of her health, were shortly to be exchanged for tranquillity and rest. The distemper, only repressed for a time, broke out with new malignity, to the much greater affliction of thousands in the world, than of her that bore it for she had now been for some time in the school of affliction, had been exercised with its sharpest discipline, and had found its salutary effects, and, as she had lost one part of her body without being shaken or hurt, so she trusted in God that, if there was need, as in reality there was an expectation, she might with safety lose another, and she knew that her own sufferings were infinitely short of what her Savior endured for her on the cross, and that there was great probability that the last draught of her cup might not be so bitter as was the first. Under these views and sentiments her hope was full of immortality, and the eternal weight of glory now in full prospect, made all her afflictions light. Her faith was not to be diverted from it, though her condition would not allow her for several months, for obtaining any ease, to turn herself in her bed, and therefore she would hold to her long-established purposes, and strive to enter in at the strait gate, and excel every thing that was past as much as she could, not looking back at the things that were behind, but pressing forward to the things that were before. Though she had little appetite to eat, she could find strength to pray, and, as the author of her historical character verily believes, she suffered not any one hour of the day to pass without prayer. But every other duty is to be attended to as well as this, and doing good to the souls of others was ever the same with her doing good to her own; and because her family mourned, and refused to be comforted, some of them perhaps having less acquiescence in the divine will than she had, she would therefore be cheerful, that they might cease to weep; and for a pattern for them, when in like circumstances with hers, she made no complaints among them which a mortal creature could suppress, and accepted all their kindness and services with condescending acknowledgments, passing by without observation any errors, mistakes, neglects, or inadvertences, into which any of them might fall.

In this near and certain approach of death, her cherishing warmth, like that of the sun, though it might be most felt by those of her family, yet reached those of greater distance. Witness the great number of letters she wrote and dictated to others, when she became unable to write herself, full of sweet counsel, having for their argument the blessedness of piety, setting forth its true nature and pressing home the necessity of it, and witness also the great resort to her house of persons of all conditions to behold the living power of religion in her, and to be partakers of, and be benefited by, her wisdom, whom she would instruct herself, or engage those who had any talent that way to do, having them in great numbers about her, and continuing in heavenly conversation and conferences with them as long as she had strength to speak, and keeping up her attention to others when her strength was gone. At other seasons she would seek out for, and draw to her, the company of holy persons, refreshing and warming her spirit with them, as her great delight was ever in them; she and they mutually giving and receiving light, heat, comfort, and strength from the words of the wise, and their divine sayings. She and they at the same time having their spirits mingled and holding mystical communion with all the saints upon earth, and in heaven; as her alms all along, in the same series of days, under the great and necessary expenses upon herself, under every other increase of expense still driving on, and carried with a like impetuous succession as the waves of a swelling tide. "Where," would she often say to those about her, "is there a poor member of Christ's whom I can comfort and refresh?" Silver and gold were given to many who very rarely had seen so much which they could call their own, and in this period forty guineas were issued in one sum for the enlargement of a gentleman who was a prisoner for debt at Rothwell, though she had never seen him, or heard any thing of him, except some few words of his case, and in his favor, in all her life before.

Her ladyship was for several months separated from public worship, of which she was a great lover, and to observe which she held herself under sacred and inviolable obligations. So great and exemplary was her zeal in this respect, that she could not excuse herself from an attendance at the house of God for having had a bad night, or for having taken a little cold, or because the roads were deep, and there was some danger that the coach would be overturned, but she continued to go under great want of sleep, and great cold taken, and even under afflictions worse than these, even after her coach had been overturned, and after part of her body was mouldering in the church yard: but now impediments were thrown in her way which she could not possibly overcome. What must she do in this distress? Her expedient was, now she could not go to the church, to bring the church as far as she could to herself. Accordingly she had in this season the established service, as formerly, daily read, and the holy sacrament administered to her every Lord's day.

She was now in a very tottering state, though with less pain, or at least less complaint, than ever could be thought of, or rationally expected. The skill of the reverend gentleman already mentioned cannot be praised according to his merit. Under God he kept her pains moderate, and gave her relaxation and relief under every distress. But her firmest support was her faith in Christ, which fifty years ago being only as a grain of mustard seed, had now grown up into a spreading tree, and she could refresh herself under its shadow. By the virtue of this grace she had overcome the fears of death, and taken out its sting; and neither the sight of death, nor the rigor of the law, could in the least dismay her soul. She had walked by the rule the law of God had set her; and, though she had not perfectly obeyed it, yet her Redeemer had, and his righteousness was hers, and wrought for her, and he spoke peace to her spirit, and strengthened her with assurance that, as he had long brought her up in his nurture and admonition, and was now putting his last hand for the finishing his own work, so the gates of his kingdom were opened for her entrance into his joy.

But she knew she must wait his pleasure, and desired nothing but it; though it must not be admitted that her ladyship had a willingness, consistent enough with her full resignation to the divine will, to travel still in the wilderness till such time as her durable charities were established by law. Dr. Johnson, at once the physician of her body and soul, knew this and directed all his skill for the continuance of her life, till her benevolent wishes were accomplished; and so indulgent was the Almighty to her in this respect, that she survived the legal and necessary time by seven or eight days; when with triumph she entered into the joy of her Lord.

We shall add to the above account of this most excellent lady what may be called its epitome, as it was published in the Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1740, p. 36, in the list of deaths for the year 1740. The first of them is the following article:—"December 22, 1739. The Honorable the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, at her seat at Ledstone, Yorkshire, sister to George late Earl of Huntingdon, and half sister to Theophilus the present Earl. Though the splendor of her birth was truly great, it seemed as it were eclipsed by her shining qualities. She was amiable in her person, genteel in her mien, polite in her manners, and agreeable in her conversation. Her judgment was solid, her regard to friendship sacred and her sense of honor strict to the last degree; and she was of so rare modesty and humility, that a more disagreeable thing could not be done than publishing her good deeds, and rendering her due praise. She was, above all, a sincere Christian. Her piety towards God was ardent and unaffected, and her benevolence towards mankind was such as the good angels are blessed with. Thousands had she comforted and relieved, many enriched and advanced. Her patience and resignation under her last, long and tedious sickness, her mourning for the sins of men, her unwearied endeavors for their eternal welfare, her generous and charitable apppointments, her tender expressions to her relations, friends and servants, and her grateful acknowledgments to her physicians, require whole pages to set them in a proper light. In short scarce any age has afforded a greater blessing to many, or a brighter example to all. Her corpse was interred, with great funeral solemnity, in the family vault at Ledstone, near her grandfather, Sir John Lewis, Bart., the following inscription being put upon her leaden coffin, &c."

The Right. Hon. the Lady Elizabeth Hastings,
Daughter of Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon,
By Elizabeth his first wiſe
Daughter and co-heir of Sir John Lewis,
Knight and Baronet.
From whom descended to her the manors of
Ledstone, Ledsham, Thorparch, Collingham, Weldale,
Wyke, and Shadwell.
In the four first she erected charity schools,
And for the support of them and other charities,
She gave, in her life time, Collingham, Shadwell,
And her estate in Burton Salmon.
She was born the 19th of April, 1682.
Died the 22d of December, 1739.
A pattern to succeeding ages
Of all that's good, and all that's great.

LADY HUNTINGDON.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, was the daughter of Washington, Earl of Ferrers; was born Aug. 24, 1707, and married June 3, 1728, to Theophilus Earl of Huntingdon.

In her early youth, when about nine years old, the sight of a corpse about her own age, carried to the grave, engaged her to attend the funeral, and there the first impressions of deep seriousness about an eternal world laid hold of her conscience; and with many tears she cried earnestly on the spot to God, that whenever he was pleased to call her hence, he would deliver her from all her fears, and give her a happy departure; she often afterwards visited the grave, and always preserved a lively sense of the affecting scene.

Though no clear views of evangelical truth had hitherto been opened to her mind, she frequently retired to her closet, and poured out her heart to God. When she grew up and was introduced into the world, she continued to pray, that if she married, it might be into a serious family. None kept up more of the ancient dignity of English nobility than the house of Huntingdon, or were more amiable in a moral view, and with the head of that family she became united. Lady Betty and Lady Margaret Hastings, his lordship's sisters, were women of singular excellence.

Her sister-in-law, Lady Margaret, was brought to the saving knowledge of the gospel under the preaching of the zealous methodists of that time. Conversing one day with Lady Margaret on this subject, Lady Huntingdon was very much struck with a sentiment she uttered, "that since she had known and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ for life and salvation, she had been as happy as an angel." To any such sensations of happiness, Lady H. felt that she was yet a stranger. A dangerous illness having soon after this brought her to the brink of the grave, the fear of death fell terribly upon her, and her conscience was greatly distressed: under these affecting circumstances the words of Lady Margaret returned strongly to her recollection, and she felt an earnest desire, renouncing all other hope, to cast herself wholly upon Christ: she lifted up her heart to Jesus the Savior in prayer, her distress and fear were removed, and she was filled with joy and peace in believing. Her disorder soon took a favorable turn, and she was not only restored to perfect health, but, what was infinitely better, to newness of life, and determined thenceforward to present herself to God as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, which she was now convinced was her reasonable service.

The change which divine grace thus wrought upon her ladyship, soon became observable to all around her, by the open confession which she made of the faith once delivered to the saints, and by the zealous support which she gave to the cause of God, amidst all the reproach with which it was attended: she had set her face as a flint, and was not ashamed of Christ and his cross. There were not wanting indeed some, who under the guise of friendship wished Lord Huntingdon to interpose his authority: but however he differed from her in sentiment, he continued to shew her the same affection and respect, and on his demise left her the entire management of her children and of their fortunes.

Some of the dignified clergy were not so candid and liberal, as appears from the following authentic anecdote. Her ladyship one day in conversation with Dr. Benson, bishop of Gloucester, (who had been the tutor of Lord H. and had ordained Mr. Whitefield,) pressed him so hard with the articles and homilies, and so plainly and faithfully urged upon him the awful responsibility of his station, that his temper was ruffled, and he rose in haste to depart, bitterly lamenting that he had ever laid his hands on George Whitefield, to whom he imputed, though without cause, the change wrought in her ladyship. Calling him back: "My lord," said she, "mark my words: when you come upon your dying bed, that will be one of the few ordinations you will reflect upon with complacence." It deserves remark, that bishop Benson on his dying bed sent ten guineas to Mr. Whitefield, as a token of his favor, and begged to be remembered by him in his prayers.

During Lord Huntingdon's life, his countess warmly espoused the cause of God and truth, though her means of usefulness were necessarily circumscribed, and her family engagements occupied much of her time and attention. Having become her own mistress, she resolved to devote herself wholly to the service of Christ, and the souls redeemed by him. Her zealous heart embarced cordially all she esteemed as real Christians, whatever their denomination or opinions might be; but being herself in sentiment more congenial with Mr. Whitefield, than the Mr. Wesleys, she favored those who were the ministers of the Calvinistic persuasion, according to the literal sense of the articles of the Church of England. And with an intention of giving them a greater scene of usefulness, she opened her house in Park-street for the preaching of the gospel, supposing, as a peeress of the realm, that she had an indisputable right to employ, as her family chaplains, those ministers of the church whom she patronised. On the week days her kitchen was filled with the poor of the flock, for whom she provided instruction; and on the Lord's-day the great and noble were invited to spend the evening in her drawing-room, where Mr. Whitefield, Mr. Romaine, Mr. Jones, and other ministers of Christ, addressed to them faithfully the word of life, and were heard with apparently deep and serious attention.

For the supply of her chapels, Lady Huntingdon first confined herself to the ministers of the established church, as her preachers, many of whom accepted her invitation, and labored in the places which she had opened: but her zeal enlarging with her success, and a great variety of persons throughout the kingdom begging her assistance, in London, and many of the most populous cities, she purchased, built, or hired chapels for the performance of divine service. As these multiplied through England, Ireland and Wales, the ministers who had before labored for her ladyship, were unequal to the task; and some unwilling to move in a sphere so extensive, and which began to be branded as irregular, and to meet great opposition: yet many persevered in their services, when summoned to the work, and were content to bear the cross.

In order to provide proper persons for the work, her ladyship now retired to South Wales, and erected a chapel and college in the parish of Talgarth, Brecknockshire. The chapel was opened in 1768. The college was provided with able teachers, and soon filled with students. From that retirement Lady Huntingdon despatched the requisite supplies for the increased congregations under her patronage; and as the calls were often urgent, her students were too frequently thrust forth into the harvest, before they had made any considerable proficiency in the languages, or sacred literature, in which it had been her intention they should be instructed. Few of them knew much more than their native tongue; yet being men of strong sense, and real devotedness to God, their ministry was greatly blessed, and the accounts of their success animated her to greater exertions. They were itinerant—moved from congregation to congregation in a rotation established; and her correspondence with them to regulate and provide a constant supply, was a labor to which her active spirit alone was equal.

The seminary in Wales ceased at her ladyship's death, the lease having just expired, and no endowment left, her income dying with her: but a new college on a plan more promising for literature, has been established at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, near London: and under the superintending care of trustees, appointed for that purpose a number of students have already been educated there; and many are gone forth, now preaching the gospel, from this seminary.

Her ladyship still devising plans for the diffusion of the gospel, especially in places where Satan had his seat, erected, in the year 1769, a chapel at Tunbridge Wells, so much frequented for many years by the great and gay of the metropolis, and yet a place of fashionable resort. Nor was the metropolis itself, that emporium of error and dissipation, forgotten by her benevolent and ardent mind. A large building in Spa Fields called the Pantheon, had been erected for entertaining and amusing parties of pleasure, especially on the Lord's day. The Rev. Herbert Jones and William Taylor, two clergymen under the patronage of Lady Huntingdon, took the place for religious worship; and it was opened, July 6, 1777, with a sermon by the former clergyman, on the very appropriate text, Gen. xxviii. 19, "And he (Jacob) called the name of that place Bethel; but the name of that city was called Luz, at the first." The place will contain more than two thousand, and its local situation is highly favorable. This chapel, however, soon became an object of dislike to the strict members of the Establishment. Accordingly, a suit was instituted by the minister of the parish of Clerkenwell, in the consistorial court of the Bishop of London, against the two clergymen who officiated there. To that spiritual court they were summoned, and were forbidden to preach there any longer, on pain of expulsion from the church. They chose to obey God rather than man; and Lady Huntingdon, having purchased the chapel, several clergymen seceded from the established church, and put themselves under the protection of the toleration act. These clergymen drew up and subscribed a confession of faith; which was afterwards signed by all the ministers in her ladyship's connexion, and by candidates for ordination. The first six were ordained in Spa Fields Chapel, March 9, 1783, by the Rev. Messrs. Wills and Taylor. The doctrines taught in all the countess's chapels are strictly evangelical, while the episcopalian mode of worship is used, though some alterations are made in the liturgy, particularly respecting baptism and burial.

Some years afterwards, Lady Huntingdon purchased another large place in Whitechapel, which had been intended for a theatre, and was constructed accordingly. No material alterations were deemed necessary; and it was perhaps proper to shew by substantial and permanent signs, the triumph of wisdom and goodness over folly and vice. The dressing rooms for the actors were converted into a vestry, and the pulpit is erected on the front of the stage. The pit is filled with the poor, to whom the gospel is preached; and the galleries exhibit decent, serious hearers of the word of life. The place, which is in the form of a low, yet wide spread tabernacle, will hold five thousand persons, and bears the name of Sion Chapel.

Such are her ladyship's principal chapels. There are several others of less note, which our limits prevent us from specifying and describing.

Though Lady Huntingdon devoted the whole of her substance to the gospel, yet it is not a little surprising how her income sufficed for the immensity of expense in which she was necessarily involved. Her jointure was not more than twelve hundred pounds a year: and only after the death of her son, a few years preceding her own, she had the addition of another thousand. She often involved herself in expenses for building chapels, which she found it burthensome to discharge; but the Lord brought her always honorably through her engagements, and provided a supply when her own was exhausted.

Lady Huntingdon's person, endowments and spirit, were all uncommon. She was rather above the middle size, her presence noble and commanding respect; her address singularly engaging; her intelligence acute; her diligence indefatigable; and the constant labor of her thought and correspondence inconceivable. During forty five years of widowhood, she devoted her time, talents and substance to the support and diffusion of the gospel.

To the age of fourscore and upwards, she maintained all the vigor of youth; and though in her latter years the contraction of her throat reduced her almost wholly to a liquid diet, her spirits never seemed to fail her; and to the very last days of her life, her active mind was planning still greater and more extensive schemes of usefulness, for the universal spread of the gospel of Christ.

Her most distinguishing excellence was, the fervent zeal which always burned in her bosom, to make known the gospel of the grace of God; which no disappointments quenched, no labors slackened, no opposition discouraged, no progress of years abated; it flamed strongest in her latest moments. The world has seldom seen such a character—thousands and tens of thousands will have reason, living and dying to bless her memory, as having been the happy instrument of bringing them out of darkness into marvelous light; and multitudes saved by her instrumentality, have met in the regions of glory to rejoice together in the presence of God and of the Lamb.

But it may be said by some was she a perfect character? No. This is not the lot of mortals on this side of the grave. When the moon walketh in her brightness, her shadows are most visible.

Lady Huntingdon was in her temper warm and sanguine—her predilections for some, and her prejudices against others, were sometimes too hastily adopted—and by these she was led to form conclusions not always correspondent with truth and wisdom.

The success attending her efforts seemed to impress her mind with a persuasion, that a particular benediction would rest upon whomsoever she should send forth, and rendered her choice not always judicious; though seldom were there ever less offenses in so extended a work.

She had so long directed the procedures of her connexion, that she too seldom asked the advice of the judicious ministers who labored with her; and bore not passively contradiction.

For many years Lady Huntingdon had two female companions who lived with her on terms of the most cordial friendship, Miss Scutt and Lady Ann Erskine; the latter sister to the Earl of Buchan, and to the two famous counsellers of that name. These ladies, and particularly the latter, co-operated with the Countess in her work and labor of Christian love, and were constantly present during her last illness.

In the month of November 1790, Lady Huntingdon broke a blood vessel, which was the commencement of her last illness. On being then asked how she did, by Lady Ann, she replied, "I am well; all is well! well for ever! I see, wherever I turn my eyes, whether I live or die, nothing but victory." As death drew nearer, though it was delayed for some months, she often repeated with great emphasis, "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh! O Lady Ann, the coming of the Lord draweth nigh!" adding, "the thought fills my soul with joy unspeakable, whether I shall see his glory more abundantly appear, or whether it be an intimation of my own departure to him." At another time: "All the little ruffles and difficulties which surround me, and all the pains I am exercised with in this poor body, through mercy, affect not the settled peace and joy of my soul."

To a friend who called on her a few weeks before her death, she said, "I see myself a poor worm drawing near to Jesus: what hope could I entertain if I did not know the efficacy of his blood, and turn as a prisoner of hope to his hold?—How little could any thing of mine give a moment's rest to a departing soul? So much sin and self mixed with the best, and always so short of what we owe!—'Tis well for us that he can pity and pardon: and we have confidence that he will do so.—I confess, my dear friend, I have no hope, but that which inspired the dying malefactor at the side of my Lord; and I must be saved in the same way, as freely, as fully, or not at all."

He replied, "Madam, I cordially join you, and feel with you, that though our lives may be devoted to the work of Jesus, and our deaths the consequence of his service, it is not to these sacrifices we should look for comfort in a dying hour." She replied, "No, verily:"—and enlarging on the idea of the mixture of infirmity and corruption which tarnished all our best meant services, she added, "That a sinner could only rest satisfactorily on one foundation, and would find nothing in the best works of his best days, that he could dare to produce before God for its own sake—sufficiently blessed and secure, if he could but cry, God be merciful to me a sinner, and let me be found in the beloved, and complete in him." To these, in the course of a long conversation, were added many like words of truth and grace.

During the whole of her illness, her pains never made her impatient; but she seemed more concerned about those who attended her than about herself. She said, tenderly, to Lady Ann Erskine and Miss Scutt, whose long, faithful, and tender attachment to her is well known, "I fear I shall be the death of you both," (alluding to their constant watching with her);—"it will be but a few days more."

But a few days before her decease, Lady Huntingdon said to a friend, "I cannot tell you in what light I now see these words: 'If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.'—To have in this room such company, and to have such an eternal prospect, I see this subject now in a light impossible to be described. I know my capacity will be then enlarged, but I am now as sensible of the presence of God, as I am of the presence of those I have with me."

On the very day of her death she conversed about sending missionaries to Tahiti. She had often in her lifetime mentioned, that from the first moment that God set her soul at liberty, she had such a desire for the conversion of souls, that she compared herself to a ship in full sail before the wind, and that she was carried on by such a divine influence as was not easily to be described.

An abundant entrance, suitable to a life so influenced, was ministered to her into heaven; for almost her last words were, "My work is done, I have nothing to do but go to my Father." Her ladyship died at her house in Spa Fields, next door to the chapel, June 17, 1791, in the 84th year of her age.

The body according to a direction somewhat whimsical, was clothed in a suit of white silk, with the same head dress which her ladyship usually wore, and in that attire was buried in the family vault, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch in Leicestershire: her funeral sermon was preached at Spa Fields Chapel, on the Lord's day, July 3, 1791, by the Rev. David Jones of Langan, on Genesis li. 24. "And Joseph said unto his brethren, behold I die, and God will surely visit you."

We shall subjoin a letter respecting Lady Huntingdon from an excellent judge, Dr. Lettsom, who, though of a different religious persuasion, paid a just tribute to her memory. The letter was written on occasion of her death, and addressed to Lady Ann Erskine.

"Dear Lady A. E.—I deeply sympathize with thee and all the family in Christ, in the removal of that evangelic woman so lately among us, the Countess of Huntingdon. Your souls were so united, and your affections so endeared together, that I cannot but feel in a particular manner on thy account, lest the mournful state of thy mind may undermine thy constitution, and endanger a life spent in mitigating the painful sufferings of body of our deceased friend while living. Her advanced age, and debilitated frame, had long prepared my mind for an event which has at length deprived the world of its brightest ornament. How often have we, when sitting by her sick-bed, witnessed the faithful composure with which she has viewed this awful change! Not with the fearful prospect of doubt; not with the dreadful apprehension of the judgment of an offended Creator. Hers was all peace within, a tranquillity and cheerfulness which conscious acceptance alone could convey. How often have we seen her, elevated above the earth and earthly things, uttering this language: 'My work is done, I have nothing to do but to go to my heavenly Father.' Let us, therefore, under a firm conviction of her felicity, endeavor to follow her, as she followed her Redeemer. Let us be thankful that she was preserved to advanced age with the perfect exercise of her mental faculties; and that under long and painful days and nights of sickness she never repined, but appeared constantly animated in prayer and thankfulness for the unutterable mercies she experienced. When I look back upon the last years of my attendance, and connect with it the multitudes of others whom my profession has introduced me to, I feel consolation in acknowledging, that, of all the daughters of affliction, she exhibited the greatest degree of Christian composure that I ever witnessed; and that submission to divine allotment, however severe and painful, which nothing but divine aid could inspire."

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY ANN AGNES ERSKINE.

GENUINE greatness and nobility, a heathen observed, were to be found alone in exalted virtue; and we know that those great in the sight of the Lord, are not usually to be found in high rank, or entitled; "not many mighty, not many noble, are called." Yet some singular exceptions are happily seen, demonstrating that the Lord hath in his hand the hearts of all men; and where such rare instances occur, they necessarily stand on an eminence, and engage more particular attention.

The noble lady, who is the subject of this Memoir, was the daughter of the Earl of Buchan, by a lady of the House of Stuart, and the eldest of a numerous family; some of the branches of which, were lately the first ornaments of the Bar in England and Scotland; and more distinguished by their talents and integrity than even by the nobility of their descent. The names of Thomas and Henry Erskine need only be mentioned to be universally known and honored. But these with all the numerous branches of the house of Buchan, are gathered to a lamented and an honored tomb. Such is the lot of mortality,—no greatness nor excellence can stay the departing spirit! Happy are they who are always waiting their appointed change, and ready to welcome it! Surviving relatives have a peculiar call to remember, what we are all so ready to confess and to forget,—that to morrow we die!

As our memorials especially embrace the faithful in Christ Jesus, it may be pleasing to remark, that the great grandfather of Lady Ann was a man of distinguished piety, of Kirkhill, and a considerable sufferer in the cause of religious profession in the days of Charles the Second: and as the names of Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine have received a stamp of especial reverence in the religious world, it may not be uninteresting to observe, that they were (as we are informed) branches of this family; and that the house in which they lived, is preserved by the present Lord Buchan, in its primitive state, as a relic and memorial of them.

Her early days were spent in Scotland; and she mentioned to a lady, her acquaintance, the gracious dealings of the Lord, when she was only about seven or eight years old. Her maid was reading to her a little book of the nature of Janeway's Token for Children; and the Life of Amelia Geddie, a little girl remarkable for early piety, made a deep impression on her mind, which she for a while retained; and at times prayed with fervor and feeling; and, as she then thought, with real answers to her prayer in repeated instances, both of childish infirmity and desires. A guitar, which she preserved to the day of her death, and sometimes amused her, though far from a proficient, was one of the instances she mentioned. Her mother, Lady Buchan, was on a visit from home at Edinburgh, and was to bring her something. Ann was waiting her return; and one day praying, she thought, What shall I ask to be brought me? and a guitar struck her mind, though she had never learned, nor thought of it before; and she prayed this might be brought her. Her mother, just coming through the street, thought of Ann as she passed a music-shop, and preferring a guitar to a toy, went in and bought it. "What have I got for you, Ann?" said she.—"A guitar." Trifling as this may seem, it left an abiding impression that there was a God that heard and answered prayer.

As she grew up, her early impressions wore off; and for some years she lived like too many of her rank and sex, in fashionable follies, and in the company of those who were strangers to themselves, little affected about the eternal world into which they were going, whose frivolity and love of pleasure left no place for matters of more solemn consideration. About this time the Earl of Buchan, for his family convenience, removed to Bath; and there commenced her acquaintance with the great and excellent Lady Huntingdon, whose life was spent in endeavoring to do good; and her efforts especially, directed, at that time, to those of her own rank and station. An acquaintance formed about this time with the elder branches of the Hawkstone family, eminent for their excellence, whom she visited, contributed to fix the sense of divine truths on her mind; and she became a professor of the principles of evangelical religion. A growing intimacy with Lady Huntingdon contributed to confirm her mind; and some congeniality of spirit probably engaged Lady Huntingdon to invite Lady Ann to be with her as her friend and companion; and as this was equally pleasing to both, for many years of the latter part of Lady Huntingdon's life, she was her constant friend and intimate. During these years, as a helper in the truth, she walked with her aged friend in great affection, making herself useful in assisting to discharge the burthen of cares and engagements in which Lady Huntingdon was involved: and how well she approved herself, may be concluded from the disposition that good lady made of her affairs to such as she thought would most faithfully pursue the line she had so successfully drawn.

At Lady Huntingdon's decease, Lady Ann Erskine, with several other persons, were appointed trustees and executors of her will.

During Lady Huntingdon's life, Lady Ann was only known as zealously disposed to promote the cause of truth, without appearing in any prominent character, not being by Providence favored with the liberal provision which her predecessor enjoyed, and which died with her. Indeed, her zeal always outran her income; and though no person ever spent so little on herself as Lady Huntingdon, she left such incumbrances as her estate was unequal to discharge, unless some of her chapels were disposed of. These incumbrances her executors and other friends immediately undertook to discharge, and preserve them for the purposes to which they had been devoted. It was on this occasion that Lady Ann Erskine was called forth to a more distinguished station than she had yet filled.

When Lady Huntingdon's disposition was known, a consultation of the trustees agreed, that as Lady Ann was better acquainted with Lady Huntingdon's mode of procedure than any other, and readily offered to devote herself to any active service; they, therefore, desired her to occupy part of Lady Huntingdon's house in Spa Fields, and be in constant residence there, to carry on all the needful correspondence, which was indeed immense, always advising with the trustees, and rendering an account to them, when required, of her procedure. To her, with Dr. Ford and Mr. Best, therefore, it was agreed the administration should be intrusted.

Lady Ann now became the prominent person; and though all Lady Huntingdon's income died with her, and Lady Ann possessed a mere pittance, there has hitherto appeared no lack of support to the cause. By wise and prudent management, the places have not only been supported, but many new chapels, raised, and a considerable number of persons in addition employed; many of whom come from the college at Cheshunt, managed by trustees united with the connexion of Lady Huntingdon. Indeed, in every view, Lady Ann was eminently qualified for her place, not only by an intimate knowledge of the manner in which her predecessor moved, but by a measure of ability, hereditary in the family of Erskine, as well as a devotedness of heart, that made it her pleasure to undergo any labor and difficulties for the sake of the work in which she was engaged.

Those who were always consulted in emergencies, and knew the complicated nature of the service, will witness how greatly she strove to please all for their good to edification; but none but herself knew the many heart-aches, and the need of patience in dealing with such a number of persons as managers of places, or employed in itinerating, where, as in a complicated machine, some wheel or tooth being out of order, rendered the uniform motion difficult to be preserved. To please every body was hardly possible, in her situation: that some might be dissatisfied, to whose wishes she could not accord; and that others slighted her, who were incompetent judges of her excellences, is not to be wondered at. That she was enabled to go on, with almost perfect satisfaction to her colleagues, and without the slightest breach for twelve years between them; that all cordially concurred in one great object, and pursued it ardently; that these are no mean proof of a Christian spirit, will be allowed by all who are acquainted with the difficulties to be encountered.

That during these last twelve years, when her most active life commenced, she was indefatigably employed in the work of God, is known beyond all contradiction. Those who knew her best, will witness the life of prayer and meditation on the word which she led. The very marks in her Bible will speak the deep attention she paid to it. Her correspondence was immense. Her room was hardly without visitors from morning to night, giving account of commissions fulfilled, or taking directions where to go, and what to do. It has been often said to her, by one of her active colleagues, that her departure would leave a void, which there was scarcely a prospect of again filling with like activity and intelligence. They indeed hoped it would be very distant; but her great Master ordained otherwise.

Her conversation was always heavenly; and, speaking of God's dealings with her own soul, none could express a deeper and humbler sense of her own unworthiness and nothingness. Nothing can speak more feelingly in this respect than the sentiment she uttered the last evening of her life: "The most holy are the most humble in their own eyes." She improved every opportunity of converse with her friends, especially the young, that visited her: hundreds are living witnesses, that if they were not the wiser and better for having conversed with her, they must be much to blame, and will have an awful account to make for abused blessings. Indeed her whole time and thoughts seemed to be engaged in endeavoring to fill her place, conscious of being highly honored in the service, and feeling it her delight as well as duty to discharge her trust, as she must answer to the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. She never set up for a preacher, she knew her place; but many a preacher will own now how much his spirit has been quickened by her example and converse. She was placed in a situation of some considerable authority; but her directions were counsels, and her orders entreaties. She is gone to her reward, and has finished her course with joy; and the work of Lady Huntingdon's Establishment was never better consolidated, or more apparently prosperous, than the day she left it; and nothing will more powerfully speak for her than such a testimony.

But this is not our home, nor our rest; it remaineth in a better world for those who are found faithful unto death. Lady Ann had, for some time, complaints which alarmed those who knew how much they should feel her loss; and though she struggled with ill health, and hardly suffered it to interrupt her labors, yet it seemed evident the mortal tabernacle was failing. Her constant call to business precluded her from exercise; and the stooping to write, and the sedentary life she led for weeks together, only moving from her room to the chapel, increased the dropsical tendency to which she had been for some time liable; and the natural conformation of a strait chest, rendered her respiration often laborious, and on any quick motion asthmatical. Yet her spirits so quickly rose, and her conversation became so enlivened, the apprehensions went off; and seeing it so frequently the case, led to hope that she might yet prolong her course. Those around her had often seen her apparently worse, and more feeble, than on the day preceding her dissolution.

The frame of her mind indeed seemed in a preparation for an eternal world; and two or three mornings before her departure, she came much refreshed from her room, and said to a friend with her, "The Lord hath met me this morning with so much sweetness of mind, that I seemed as if surrounded of God:" on which she added, with fervor, "My Lord and my God!" The day before her death she took an airing in a coach, and did not seem affected by it, but conversed as usual. The evening of that day she was visited by a gentleman of her acquaintance, and spoke in her usually spirited manner, as if nothing ailed her; and her health being the subject, she said, "I have no presentiment of death upon my mind: but she added, "Be that as it may, God is faithful; and I feel unshaken confidence in him:" with many other expressions of the hope that maketh not ashamed. About ten she took her usual supper, an egg; and soon after retiring to bed, took a composing draught, (having had no good sleep for the two preceding nights,) and prayed over it, that if the Lord had more work for her to do, he would bless it to the promoting a good night's sleep, and restoring her strength: and speaking to her attendant, who slept in the room with her, she added, "How happy am I that my soul is not in hell, where I might have been!" And on going out of the room, Lady Ann added, as if under some doubt and difficulty, "The Lord will reveal himself to me to-morrow!" The person asked if any outward matters made her uneasy? She replied, "No in those respcts I am perfectly easy." These were the last words she was heard to utter; and lying down in her bed, apparently fell asleep. About five o'clock the attendant heard her cough slightly, and supposed her again composed. At six she got up; and going to her bed-side, saw her reposing, her head on her hand, and thought her asleep;—on a nearer approach, it was the sleep of death!

So finished her course another faithful follower of the Lamb that was slain; and added one more to the list of honorable and devout women, whose memory is deserving of being held in everlasting remembrance. She lived to the age of sixty-five years; more than forty of which she had spent in the works of faith and labors of love.

LADY GLENORCHY.

WILHELMINA MAXWELL, VISCOUNTESS GLENORCHY, was the younger of two daughters left by Dr. William Maxwell, of Preston, a gentleman of high respectability and large fortune in Galloway, Scotland; and was born at Preston, September 2nd, 1741. Dr. Maxwell died four months before the birth of his youngest daughter; and his widow, afterwards Lady Alva, wishing to perpetuate the name of a husband so dear, called the fatherless child, Wilhelmina. She watched over the education of both daughters with maternal solicitude, and endeavored to preserve them from the vortex of fashionable pleasure. The eldest was married at Edinburgh, 1761, to William Earl of Sutherland: the youngest, who is the subject of these memoirs, was married at London, some months afterwards, to John Lord Viscount Glenorchy, only son of the Earl of Breadalbane.

Lady Glenorchy was only in her twentieth year, when dazzled with the fascinations of grandeur, she complied with the wishes of her friends, who had pushed on this splendid match. With fine talents, which had been improved by a liberal and expensive education, she combined an agreeable person, a temper vivacious and peculiarly formed for hilarity, a considerable share of wit and pleasantry, and every accomplishment which could render her an object of admiration in the circles of fashion. She was esteemed one of the first amateur musicians of the day, and had a charming voice. The year after her marriage, she accompanied Lord Glenorchy in a tour through France and Italy, where they spent about two years. On their return, she became involved in all the dissipation of high life, till her health began to suffer, and seasons of indisposition brought leisure for solemn reflections. Early in the summer of 1765, while at Taymouth castle in Perthshire, the seat of the Earl of Breadalbane, she was seized with a dangerous malignant fever. On her convalescence, a train of serious thoughts and reasonings was produced, followed by convictions and purposes, which ended in a complete renovation of heart and conduct. She had been taught in early youth that form of sound words which is contained in the Assembly's Catechism; and now the first question and answer occurring to her, "What is the chief end of man?"—"The chief end of man is to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever"—she was involuntarily led to muse on the words, and to put to herself the important questions: Have *I* answered the design of my being? Have *I* glorified God? Shall *I* enjoy him for ever? On reviewing her life of thoughtless gayety, she could come to no other conclusion than that there was no connection between such conduct, and the glorifying and enjoying of God, and that consequently, hitherto, she had not answered the chief end of her existence. The result will best be given in her own words, as contained in her diary. They occur in the memorandum made on her first birth day after the period at which her manuscript commences.

"*September* 2.—I desire this day to humble myself before God, and to bless him as my Creator, who called me into being at first; who hath been my preserver in the midst of many dangers; and who hath ever since my birth, loaded me with tender mercies and favors. But above all, I would bless his holy name, that he hath not left me in the state of alienation from him in which I was by nature, but that he hath of his free grace and mercy, brought me out of darkness, and shown me the glorious light of his gospel, and caused me to hope for salvation through Jesus Christ. Many a time was he pleased to convince me of sin in my early years; but these convictions were as the morning dew that soon passeth away. A life of dissipation and folly soon choked the good seed. Carnal company and diversions filled up the place in my soul that belonged alone to God. The first twenty years of my life were spent after the fashion of this world. Led away by vanity and youthful folly I forgot my Creator and Redeemer; and if at any time I was brought by sickness or retirement to serious reflection, my ideas of God were confused and full of terror: I saw my course of life was wrong, but had not the power to alter it, or to resist the torrent of fashionable dissipation that drew me along with it. Sometimes I resolved to begin a godly life,—to give all I had in charity, and to live only to God;—but I was then ignorant of God's righteousness, and went about to establish a sort of righteousness of my own, by which I hoped to be saved. God was therefore gracious in letting me feel how vain all my resolutions were, by allowing me to relapse again and again into a life of folly and vanity. My ignorance of the gospel was then so great, that I did not like to hear ministers preach much about Christ; I saw neither form nor comeliness in him, and thought it would have been more to the purpose, had they told us what we should do to inherit eternal life. My idea of Christ was,—that after I had done a great deal, he was to make up the rest: this was my religion! How marvellous is thy grace, O Lord! to pardon such a worthless creature, who thus depreciated thy great sufferings and meritorious death, and endeavored to rob thee of the glory which belongs to thee alone. But this was not the only way in which I tried to rob God of his glory. I claimed great merit in the patience with which he enabled me to bear the severe trials and afflictions he was graciously pleased to send upon me, to bend my stubborn heart to his will. I thought I had not deserved such a lot;—and thus I secretly rebelled against the Lord. About this time I got acquainted with the Hawkstone family, some of whom had the reputation of being Methodists. I liked their company and wished to be as religious as they were, being convinced that they were right; but still I loved the world in my heart, and could not think of secluding myself from its pleasures altogether. I would gladly have found out some way of reconciling God and the world, so as to save my soul and keep some of my favorite amusements. The Lord however followed me with convictions. My own thoughts became very uneasy to me, the burden of my misfortunes intolerable. My health and spirits at last sunk under them and for some time before I left off going to public amusements, (where I appeared outwardly gay and cheerful,) my heart was inwardly torn with anguish and inexpressible grief. The enemy now suggested to me, that I had no resource left, but to give myself up entirely to the gayeties of life, and seek consolation in whatever way it presented itself without paying any regard to those maxims of wisdom, which hitherto had kept me within some bounds. To the best of my remembrance it was the very same night on which the thought was suggested, that I was seized with a fever which threatened to cut short my days; during the course of which, the first question of the Assembly's Catechism was brought to my mind,—What is the chief end of man? as if some one had asked it. When I considered the answer to it, To glorify God and enjoy him forever, I was struck with shame and confusion. I found I had never sought to glorify God in my life, nor had any idea of what was meant by enjoying him forever. Death and judgment were set before me,—my past sins came to my remembrance. I saw no way to escape the punishment due unto them nor had I the least glimmering hope of obtaining the pardon of them, through the righteousness of another. In this dismal state I continued some days, viewing death as the king of terrors, without a friend to whom I could communicate my distress, and altogether ignorant of Jesus the friend of sinners. At this time the Lord put it into the heart of Miss Hill to write to me. I received her letter with inexpressible joy, as I thought she might possibly say something that would lessen my fears of death. I immediately wrote to her of my sad situation, and begged her advice. Her answer set me upon searching the Scriptures, with much prayer and supplication, that the Lord would show me the true way of salvation, and not suffer me to be led into error. One day in particular I took the Bible into my hands, and fell upon my knees before God, beseeching him with much importunity to reveal his will to me by his word. My mouth was filled with arguments, and I was enabled to plead with him, that as he had made me, and given me the desire I then felt to know him, he would surely teach me the way in which I should walk, and lead me into all truth,—that he knew I only wished to know his will in order to do it,—that I was afraid of being led into error; but as he was truth itself, his teaching must be infallible. I therefore committed my soul to him to be taught the true way of salvation. After this prayer was finished, I opened the

Bible then in my hands, and read part of third chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, where our state by nature, and the way of redemption through a propitiatory sacrifice are clearly set forth. The eyes of my understanding, were opened, and I saw wisdom and beauty in the way of salvation by a crucified Redeemer. I saw that God could be just, and justify the ungodly. The Lord Jesus now appeared to me as a refuge, and I was glad to flee to him as my only hope. This was in the summer of 1765. Since that time, I have had many ups and downs in my Christian course, but have never lost sight of Jesus as the Savior of the world though I have often had my doubts of my own interest in him. I can safely say, that I would not give up the little knowledge I have of him, for any thing on earth. And although I have already suffered reproach for observing his precepts, and shortly expect to be scoffed at by all my former acquaintances, and to have my name cast out as evil, yet I rejoice in that he thinketh me worthy to bear his cross. And I now beseech thee, O Lord, to accept of my soul, body, reputation, property and influence, and every thing that is called mine, and do with them whatever seemeth good in thy sight. I desire neither ease, health nor prosperity, any further than may be useful to promote thy glory. Let thy blessed will be done in me, and by me, from this day forth. O let me begin this day to live wholly to thee. Let thy grace be sufficient for me, and enable me to overcome the world. And to thee be ascribed the honor and glory, now and forevermore. Amen and amen."

Great Sugnal in Staffordshire, where Lord and Lady Glenorchy sometimes resided, is at no great distance from Hawkstone; and the families had by means of this nearness become acquainted with each other, so far as to exchange visits. At this period, several of the younger branches of the Hawkstone family, Mr. Richard Hill, the Rev. Rowland Hill, Miss Hill, and a younger sister, afterwards Mrs. Tudway, were decidedly pious; and they bore and braved the reproach ordinarily drawn by a religious character, from the thoughtless, the formal and the profligate. Lady Glenorchy was not yet twenty four, and Miss Hill not much older, when by this correspondence, their slight intimacy was ripened into a warm and permanent friendship. Nothing could be more judicious, faithful and affectionate, than the first letter which Miss Hill wrote in answer to the unexpected communication from Lady Glenorchy, in which her once gay friend laid open the agitated and anxious state of her feelings under deep religious convictions. By the blessing of God that letter was attended by the happiest effect: it was the means employed by divine grace to rescue her from despondency, and to direct her to "the city of refuge." From that moment, without conferring with flesh and blood Lady Glenorchy resolutely turned her back on the dissipated world, and devoted herself, and all that she could command or influence, without reserve, to the service of her Redeemer, and the glory of God. The correspondence between these friends, which was carried on without interruption from 1765 to 1768, was doubtless of the utmost benefit to both. None of Lady Glenorchy's letters, however, have been preserved: they were probably destroyed by Miss Hill, who survived her only a few years, on account of their containing much delicate communication.

Lady Glenorchy passed the winter of 1765, 6, in London and Bath, where every means was employed to induce her to return to the circles of dissipation: but neither severity nor artifice, both of which were put in practice, could divert her from her stedfastness. We find Miss Hill, in one of her letters, congratulating her on the resolution and fortitude she had displayed in resisting all invitations to places of public amusement at Bath, from a consciousness of the great danger she was in of being again entangled with the world. Lord Breadalbane, her father in law, though he did not enter into Lady Glenorchy's views in matters of religion, highly respected her integrity and talents, and entertained for her to his latest hour the warmest esteem. But she was exposed to much that was painful and trying from other quarters and was visited with some severe domestic trials. The loss of her only sister Lady Sutherland in 1766, must have been aggravated by the melancholy circumstances attending it. The death of their eldest daughter had so deeply affected Lord and Lady Sutherland, that leaving their seat at Dunrobin, they repaired to Bath, to seek relief in a change of scene and the amusements of the gay world; but they found it not. Soon after their arrival, his Lordship was seized with a malignant fever, with which he struggled with for fifty four days and then expired. The first twenty one days and nights his Countess never left his bed side; but at length overcome with fatigue and anxiety, she sunk a victim to her affection and fidelity, seventeen days before the death of her Lord. Lady Alva, her mother, uninformed of the event, was on her way to join her daughter at Bath, when, alighting from her carriage at an inn, she saw two hearses standing. On inquiring whose remains they contained, she was told they were those of Lord and Lady Sutherland, on their way to the royal chapel of Holyrood house, Edinburgh.

The winter of 1766, 7, Lady Glenorchy passed in the country, at a distance from all her religious friends, deprived of almost every outward means of religious instruction and comfort; and exposed thus singly to all the odium and unkind accusation which the singularity of consistent piety never fails to provoke. Every effort appears to have been made to reason or laugh her out of her convictions. She was charged with hypocrisy and superstition; and she felt these reproaches with an acuteness which occasioned the most poignant distress. Her health appears at length to have been affected by the conflict of her feelings. But her mild perseverance and resignation appear to have met with their reward. She never lost her influence over Lord Glenorchy, and at length obtained his tacit acquiescence in her plans. On her return to Taymouth, in the summer of 1767, she frequently invited clergymen to the castle to conduct domestic worship and to preach on the Lord's day, after canonical hours, to the household and as many of the neighbors as chose to attend. When in Edinburgh, she formed one of a select religious party, who used to meet at first in each other's houses, and afterwards at the house of the Rev. Mr. Walker, then senior minister of the High Church at Edinburgh, and colleague to the celebrated Dr. Blair. Among the distinguished ladies who used to assemble there, were the Marchioness of Lothian, the Countess of Leven and Northesk, Lady Banff, Lady Maxwell, Lady Ross Baillie, and others of rank and fortune. Mr. Walker on these occasions usually either expounded the Scriptures, or delivered a sermon; and these meetings were continued weekly by him to the close of his life.

It was about this period, probably at these meetings, that Lady Glenorchy contracted that intimacy with Lady Maxwell, which continued unbroken to the close of her life. In the year 1770, Lady Glenorchy first conceived the design, in union with Lady Maxwell, of opening a place of worship at Edinburgh, in which ministers of the Gospel of every denomination that held its essential truths might preach. With this view she hired St. Mary's chapel, which was opened by the Rev. Mr. Middleton; one of the six students, who, a year or two before, had been expelled from Oxford, for attending private religious meetings. This gentleman having received orders in the church of England, officiated at this time in a small Episcopal chapel at Dalkeith.

It was Lady Glenorchy's intention, that Divine service should be performed on Sunday evenings, alternately or indifferently by Presbyterian and Episcopal ministers, and that one day in the week, Mr. Wesley's preachers should be allowed the use of the chapel. The different opinions of the persons employed to officiate, however, in the nature of things never could coalesce. Large congregations were collected, and good was done to individuals; but the design which at that time was quite novel in Scotland met with much disapprobation from the religious public.

The ministers of the Established (Presbyterian) Church, refused to preach in it, on account of the admission of Mr. Wesley's preachers who were by no means generally acceptable. And at length soon after the Rev. Mr. De Courcy had accepted the appointment of domestic chaplain to Lord Glenorchy and minister of the chapel, her ladyship gave up all connection with the Wesleyan preachers.

In the year 1771, Lady Glenorchy became a widow. Lord Glenorchy had been seized with a fit in October of that year; alarming symptoms returned in the beginning of November, and on the eleventh, while Mr. De Courcy, was praying for him he expired. He was aware of his situation, and his last days afforded evidence that the religious sentiments with which Lady Glenorchy had labored to impress his mind, had not been lost upon him. Nothing could show more unequivocally his Lordship's confidence in her, and his affectionate sense of her real worth, notwithstanding any difference in their religious views, than the disposition which he had made of his property. His will gave Lady Glenorchy his whole real or landed estate of the Baronies of Barnton and King's Cramound, and other lands, and all things belonging to him, in full right, constituting her sole executrix and legatee ; with full power to convert the whole into money, and to employ or bestow the whole or any part "for encouraging the preaching of the gospel, and promoting the knowledge of the Protestant religion, erecting schools, and civilizing the inhabitants in Breadalbane, Glenorchy and Netherhouse, or other parts of the Highlands of Scotland," in such a way and manner as she shall judge proper and expedient. Of the existence of these deeds, Lady Glenorchy was completely ignorant till they were produced after his Lordship's death. She was thus at the age of thirty, left her own mistress, with an independent fortune of between two and three thousand pounds a year, under circumstances which called for all her prudence, firmness and discretion.

The first use which Lady Glenorchy made of the wealth, with which she found herself thus unexpectedly endowed, was the erection of a chapel at Edinburgh, which she designed to be in communion with the established church of Scotland. The first stone was laid in the month of August, 1772. It was, however, many years before her design was fully realized by the settlement of a stated pastor. Early in the following year it having been represented to her, by the minister of the parish, that the district of Strathfillan, was in urgent need of additional means of religious instruction, her ladyship lost no time in repairing the chapel there, endowing it, and placing it under the patronage of the Society in Scotland, for propogating Christian knowledge. The chapel still remains and continues to be useful. She also procured two missionary preachers of the Scottish establishment, under the sanction of the same society, to go at her own expense through the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

The state of her health rendering it necessary for her to pass the winter in a warmer climate, she spent the close of 1776, and a great part of the following year, in various parts of the west of England, where her zeal displayed itself in constant efforts to promote the spread of the gospel. At Exmouth, she purchased a house, and fitted it up as a chapel, in which a congregation of some hundreds was soon collected. She returned to Edinburgh, in the summer, but from this period, continued to spend part of every year in the west of England. In the year 1781, Lady Henrietta Hope, on the death of her father, the Earl of Hopetoun, took up her abode with Lady Glenorchy ; and the two friends, who were of one heart and mind in all things, went hand in hand in their labors of benevolence and works of charity. Though an invalid like herself, Lady Henrietta's happy temper, prudence and sagacity, rendered her society an invaluable acquisition to her friend. In passing through Carlisle that year, on her way to Buxton, observing an old Presbyterian church shut up, Lady Glenorchy, after due inquiry, purchased and endowed it, taking care to provide an evangelical minister. The church has since been enlarged and continues to flourish. Some years after, being compelled to remain at Matlock over Sunday, in consequence of her carriage having broken down, she found the state of religion in that village, on inquiry, very low, and immediately determined on the purchase of a chapel and house adjoining, which she ultimately accomplished. This chapel has also been the means of much good to the neighborhood. Hope chapel, erected at Bristol Hot wells, was undertaken at the joint expense of Lady Glenorchy and Lady Henrietta Hope: but the latter did not live to see her design carried into execution. She bequeathed £2500, however for this purpose, and Lady Glenorchy gave it that name in memory of her friend regarding it as her most suitable monument. Lady Glenorchy appears also to have been instrumental in opening a place of worship somewhere in Devonshire.

She also built a manufactory for the employment of the poor, where the education of children was strictly attended to: even the porter's lodges on each side of her gate were occupied as schools for the neighboring poor. Her pleasure-grounds were thrown open for the accommodation of the numbers who usually come from a distance to attend a communion season in Scotland. In a year of scarcity the same grounds were planted with potatoes for the supply of the poor. She distributed with great judgment various sums of money in aid of families who were poor, yet deserving. She never encouraged idleness or pride, and often remarked that it was better to assist people to do well in the sphere which Providence has assigned them, than to attempt to raise them beyond it. There was so much wisdom in the active application of her benevolent charities, as to render them both efficient and extensive. She seldom was seen in these works of beneficence; her object was to do good: the gratitude of those on whom she bestowed benefits, was no part of her motive, or even of her calculation. What she did, she did unto God, and in obedience to his commands: her faith and hope were in God. She contributed largely to the public spirited Institutions established at Edinburgh in her day. One or two of the most useful she was the first to suggest the idea of, always accompanying her recommendation with a handsome donation in money to encourage the work.

She indulged the hope of seeing a union of exertion amongst all Christian denominations, for sending the Gospel to the Heathen. How delighted would she have been with the Missionary Societies of London and elsewhere, had her life been spared to behold their extensive operations! She sold her estate of Barnton, that she might apply the money to a more disinterested object than her personal accommodation, and that her fortune might be expended with her life. "I recollect here," said Saurin in one of his sermons, "an epitaph said to be engraven on the tomb of Atolus of Rheims: *He exported his fortune before him into Heaven by his charities—he is gone thither to enjoy it.*" This might be truly said of lady Glenorchy. In her manners she discovered great dignity of character tempered with the meekness and benevolence of the Gospel. Her family was arranged with much economy, and a strict regard to moral and religious habits. She usually supported some promising and pious young minister as her chaplain, which served him as an introduction to respectability in the church. With very few exceptions, all those who entered her family as servants, were in the process of time brought under religious impressions. So far it pleased the Lord to honor her pious endeavors to render her family one of the dwellings of the God of Jacob.

She carried on an extensive correspondence with the agents of her charities in various places, as well as with characters in the highest walks of life. The late celebrated William Pitt, whom she had known when a boy, was pleased with her letters, and replied in the most respectful terms to the counsel which she at times had given him, on the higher concerns of his spiritual and eternal welfare.

Lady Glenorchy had drawn much information concerning the most useful subjects, from reading, from conversation, and correspondence with a numerous circle of worthy friends, and from acute observation of what passed within and around her. She entered into conversation with much affability, and communicated ideas with uncommon perspicuity and readiness. The vivacity of her temper, the justness and sweetness of her remarks, could not fail to render her company acceptable to any society. But important obligations of a spiritual kind afforded her little leisure or inclination for mixed company. Her courage in avowing and endeavoring to promote on every occasion an attachment to the Gospel, was truly admirable. None had more boldness, nor more ability in introducing religious discourse, and directing the attention of those with whom she conversed to subjects that were spiritual and edifying. None could sit for any time at her table, or in her company, without hearing some truths, which might be profitable to their souls. In her, religion wore no morose or forbidding appearance. Her temper was cheerful, her conversation and manners, though remote from the dissipation of the age, exhibited piety in a pleasing form, and conveyed the idea that, "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are paths of peace." She was indeed an enemy to the theatre, cards, and some other amusements, in which multitudes waste much precious time. She spoke from experience of their hurtfulness to our best interests: she thought it her duty to warn others of their danger, and to urge them to employ their time in a manner more suitable for immortal creatures, more improving to themselves, and more useful to society.

Those who have had opportunity to see any of her ladyship's letters or writings, know with what facility and propriety she expressed herself. She had those abilities as a writer, which qualified her not only for being an improving private correspondent, but conveying useful instruction to the public, though modesty restrained the free use of her pen for this purpose. While backward in this respect herself, she exerted her influence with success in exciting her friends to publish religious tracts, that were adapted to the times and calculated for public usefulness. She often defrayed the expense of them in whole or in part, gave them in presents to her friends and the poor, and was at much pains to promote their extensive circulation and utility. At her desire and expense was composed and published a Gaelic translation of "Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted," which has been highly useful in the Highlands, as the original work has been to many in other places.

She has been often heard to say that she considered herself as a steward of the gifts of God, and as accountable for the discharge of the important trust committed to her. Her life indeed was spent under the influence of this important truth. She considered her fortune and her possessions not as her own, but God's, and to be employed for his glory. She retrenched many personal expenses, and denied herself those luxuries which were likely to interfere with her schemes of doing good. It was to enlarge the sphere of her usefulness, that she disposed of a considerable landed property, of the beauties of which she was abundantly sensible: and arranged her affairs for carrying on with success, after her decease, those useful designs, in the prosecution of which her life was employed.

Her charities were very extensive, but many of them were distributed with such secrecy, that the benefactress could hardly be traced. She sometimes expended hundreds of pounds in relieving indigence, and placing the families of those of the household of faith in situations of comfort and usefulness.

Her ladyship's attention was much directed to the most useful of all charities, the religious education of youth. For this purpose she employed different teachers of acknowledged piety and abilities, by whom hundreds of children have been trained up in the knowledge of our holy religion, and fitted for useful stations in society. Many of them are already doing honor to their noble benefactress, and teachers in different departments. Some of them, we trust, are reaping the happy fruits of a pious education in the heavenly state. And many, very many indigent youth shall, we hope, be educated by the means which she has provided, for serving God and their generation faithfully, in this age and in future times.

In private, the widow and the fatherless, the stranger and the distressed, experienced her abundant beneficence. To enable her to prosecute these schemes of benevolence, she herself carefully looked into all her affairs, and studied the strictest economy: and though her dress, her table, her attendants, her equipage, always corresponded to her station; yet she denied herself the splendor which her fortune and rank could well have afforded and excused.

Deeply was Lady Glenorchy sensible of the necessity of watchfulness and prayer, and spent much of her time in the duties of secret devotion. She was careful to have her servants, duly instructed in religion, as well as the worship of God regularly maintained in her family. She failed not to give her frequent advice and assistance to all under her roof, as to the concerns of their souls and eternity. She was never absent from the devotions of the family, nor from the public ordinances of religion, when health permitted. Indeed from these, when dispensed by faithful ministers, she derived the highest delight, and under the increasing infirmities of a valetudinary constitution, she felt the animating hopes and consolations which religion inspires.

Her breast glowed with the most fervent love to the divine Redeemer of a lost world. His unparalleled condescension and grace were the favorite subjects of her attention and discourse. She thought she could never do enough to testify her gratitude to this most generous benefactor, and her attachment to the gospel. It was this principle, which excited an affectionate concern and many kind endeavors for her relations and friends. It was this motive, which influenced her to devote her substance to the purposes of piety and beneficence. It was this which induced her to erect the commodious chapel in Edinburgh, where some hundred poor persons are properly accomodated gratis for hearing the gospel, as well as furnished with alms to alleviate the calamities of poverty, sickness, and declining age. It was love to Jesus and to the souls of men, which influenced her to build or purchase chapels in different places, and to make a suitable provision for the faithful administration of the ordinances of the gospel. In short, this was the grand governing impulse of all her godly and benevolent exertions.

Lady Glenorchy knew the world too well, not to expect its hatred and reproach for a zealous and consistent profession of the gospel; but her natural fortitude, and greatness of soul, and the force of religion on her heart, rendered this of small consequence in her estimation: more than most Christians, she gloried in the cross of Christ. The falsehood and ill nature which for some time were propagated against her, she made the subject of the most refined and innocent pleasantry.

We intend not, however, to hold forth Lady Glenorchy's character as a perfect one. She had doubtless her infirmities, as well as others. Her natural temper was quick, and at times she seemed to feel too sensibly her own importance. But her ladyship's weaknesses, which she readily acknowledged, were few and inconsiderable, when compared with her virtues, or with the imperfections in the bulk of professors. The age has scarcely exhibited a character more exemplary, or a life more useful. Indeed so excellent a character, such a union of ability and will to do good, has seldom been seen in any age.

Full of plans for the glory of God, and the good of men, and busy in the prosecution of them, this excellent lady arrived in Edinburgh from Bath, where she had spent the winter, in the beginning of the summer 1786. Her friends observed, with concern, her declining state of health. She spoke much to them of death, and of her persuasion that, to her, it was near; and uniformly expressed her satisfaction and joy at the prospect. Her conversation was nevertheless as easy, pleasant, and cheerful as ever. Religion, in her, was not the production of gloom, either during the progress of life, or in the near views of its termination. On the 14th of July, she was seized with the first symptoms of an alarming illness. In the forenoon of the following day, the curtains of her bed being drawn, a relative approaching as softly as possible to ascertain whether she slept, heard her say, "Well if this be dying it is the pleasantest thing imaginable." She spoke but little after this, continuing to sleep softly through that night and most of the following day, till, near noon of the next, she expired, in the forty-fourth year of her age, at the house of the Countess of Sutherland, George's square, Edinburgh, on Monday the 17th of July 1786. Of her may be said in truth, what with equal propriety cannot be said of every departed Christian, "her path was as the shining light, which shineth more and more to the perfect day."

Her life we bewail as short, but her attainments and usefulness were much greater than many christians have reached in double her age. In the best sense of the phrase, Lady Glenorchy lived fast, as she was eager to redeem time for the most valuable purposes. She had a mind uncommonly active, and was fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. This angelic woman often said, that the first question in the Assembly's Catechism with the answer, which had been the mean of exciting her serious attention, was a strong spur to her in a religious course.

Lady Glenorchy was interred, July 24th, agreeably to her own request, in a vault in the centre of her chapel, Edinburgh. Next Lord's-day, two funeral sermons were preached in her ladyship's chapel to a very crowded and sorrowful audience; the one by the Rev. T. S. Jones, the pastor of that church—and the other by the Rev. Dr. Andrew Hunter, professor of divinity in the university of Edinburgh. Mr. Jones chose for his subject, Luke xii. 42—48, "And the Lord said, who is that faithful and wise steward?" &c. Dr. Hunter's text was equally suitable, and was taken from Psal. xii. 1. "Help, Lord," &c.

LADY HENRIETTA HOPE.

Lady Henrietta Hope, whose name is mentioned in the preceding memoir, was the third daughter of John, Earl of Hopetoun.

There can hardly be a stronger, and certainly not so amiable a criterion of a person's worth and good qualities, as his being the object of general affection and esteem in the particular place of his habitual residence. Estimating by this rule, Lady Henrietta Hope possessed indisputable pretensions to the most favorable representation; for she was universally beloved by all around her where she resided. This affection from superiors and inferiors, is a circumstance always honorable, and rendered peculiarly so in some situations.

Lady Henrietta Hope was formed for eminence. Possessed of a strong, clear understanding, and sound judgment; much improved by reading, conversation, deep thought and observation, she gave early presages of proving highly useful and ornamental to society, if permitted to see those years necessary for maturing the powers of the human mind: and the great expectations formed by her friends were not disappointed. She possessed the nicest moral sense, a heart for friendship, a keen sensibility of human pain, with an unceasing desire to relieve or at least alleviate in every possible way, the numerous distresses of her fellow creatures.

Yet, though favored with a mind thus enriched with every virtue of the moral character, united to the most amiable disposition and engaging manners, it was not till her twenty fifth year that Lady Henrietta Hope began to inquire about the great realities of eternity. At that time an impression concerning the one thing needful was made upon her mind, which never afterwards was effaced. Her own words upon this subject, at that memorable period are, "O to grace how great a debtor! Called at first out of nothing: and after twenty five years obstinacy and rebellion, awakened from a state of sin and misery, and death, and brought to the light of the glorious Gospel, to the knowledge of Jesus Christ revealed therein, and (though by slow degrees, through various mazes, manifold temptations, and sundry trials, may I not, in all humility say) to good hopes through grace: how shall I praise the riches of that grace which has abounded towards me!"

Being thus brought from darkness to light, and her mind relieved from anxiety respecting her own state, the language of her heart was that of the royal Psalmist: "What shall I render unto the Lord?" Believing it her duty, and viewing it as her privilege, she made an entire dedication of herself, with all she had, or ever should stand possessed of, to that great and gracious Being, who had dealt so bountifully with her. Nor did she ever breathe a wish to recall the solemn deed: no, the residue of her life, by its uniform tenor, proved the sacrifice not only sincere, but universal, in so far as her situation would permit.

The deepest humility marked Lady Henrietta Hope's character, almost to excess. From principle she courted the shade; though her mind, formed by natural and acquired abilities, fitted her for shining as a bright example of the transforming power of sovereign grace, united to every requisite for filling the most useful station in the Christian line. From this excess of the most amiable virtue, the public eye discovered but a few of the numerous instances of her generous and judicious exertions for the cause of religion in particular, and the general good of her fellow creatures at large, as she usually acted through the medium of others, who she believed (from overrating their abilities as she depreciated her own) were better qualified to appear on the stage of life, as the witnesses of Jesus; but, though unknown to many, they are all noted in the divine records and will, ere long, be read aloud before the assembled world.

Suffice to say, Lady Henrietta Hope, on many occasions, united with others, and gave largely both of judicious counsel and pecuniary aid, towards erecting chapels, building schools, and endowing them, together with extensive (both occasional and stated) provision for the poor and distressed of every description; while she used her influence with those in the higher walks of life, to gain them over to the interests of vital, experimental religion: for which she was well qualified, not only as holding forth by example the word of life in the most amiable light, but also from a thorough acquaintance with the doctrinal and preceptive parts of the holy religion she professed, together with no inconsiderable degree of elocution and command of her pen. Availing herself of these advantages with a single eye to the glory of God, and with that extreme modesty and winning softness peculiar to her, she often carried captive the minds of those she addressed, at least so far as to gain approbation. Nothing short of the interposition of a divine agent can produce in the human mind that belief of the important truths of the Gospel, termed by the apostle, "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Yet the divine blessing often renders effectual the feeble attempts of Christians to effect this great purpose; and there is reason to believe this eminent servant of God did not labor in vain. If to what is already said of this amiable lady, we add, her unwearied attention to every relative duty, her faithful discharge of every trust reposed in her, we must say, the portrait is pleasing, the character exemplary.

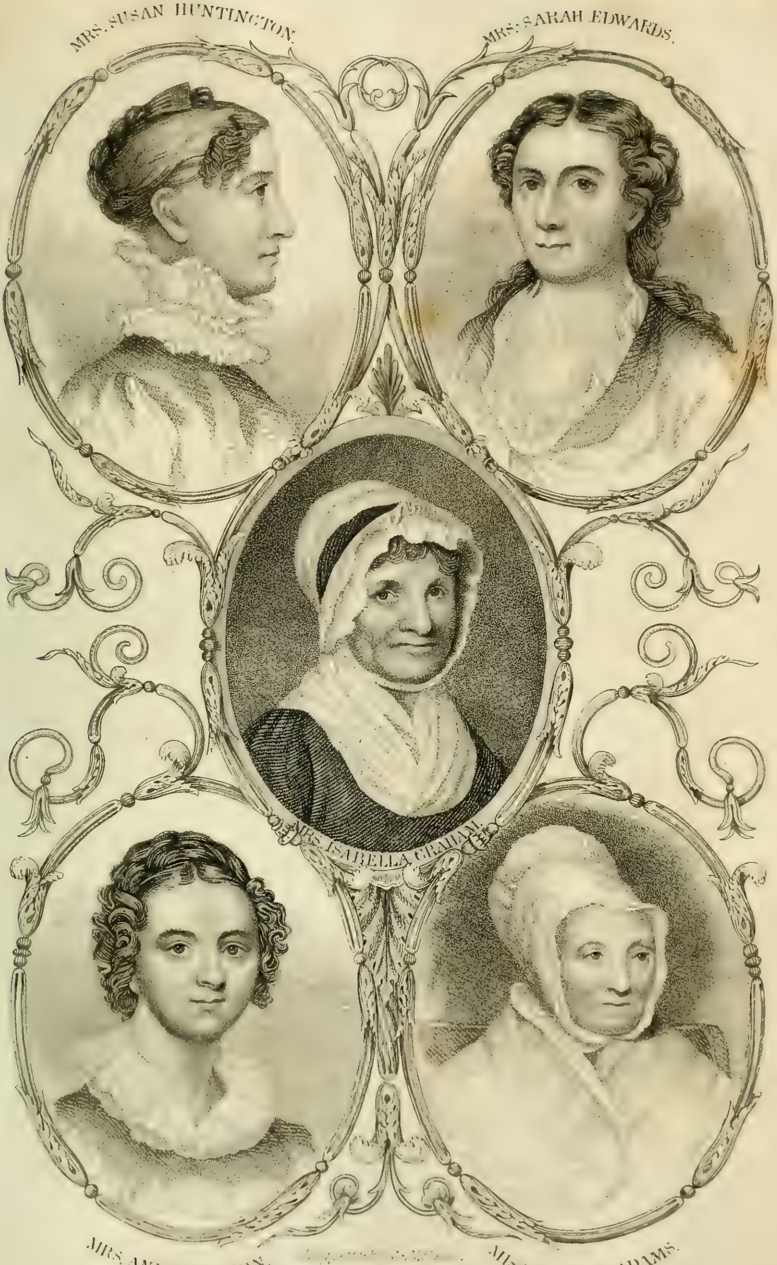
But as no degree of moral excellence, or strength of grace, can procure the Christian an exemption from trials in this probationary state, Lady Henrietta Hope, though possessed of the favor of her

God, the esteem of the world, the affection of her relations, and the love of her Christian friends, yet suffered much in the last years of her life, from a very delicate frame, which gave rise to many distressing complaints; all which she endured with that calm fortitude and unbroken resignation, that nothing but true religion can inspire.

In autumn 1785, Lady Henrietta Hope went to Bristol Hot wells, where, after every medical exertion proving ineffectual, and the meddicinal virtue of the wells yielding no relief, she meekly rendered up her ransomed soul into the hands of her gracious God, who called her home to receive her great reward, eternal life, the free gift of the most High, upon the 1st of January 1786, more full of honor than of days; leaving behind her a fair copy of every thing praiseworthy, and of good report. A considerable part of her fortune she left for pious and charitable purposes.

Of humble spirit, though of taste refin'd,
Her feelings tender, though her will resign'd;
Call'd by affliction, every grace to prove,
In patience perfect, and complete in love;
O'er death victorious, through her Savior's might,
She reigns triumphant with the saints in light.

HAVING thus made as copious a selection of the Lives of the pious women of Britain as our limits will admit, we here close the record of English female worth, and turn to the pages which honor our country's name, by the recorded virtues of AMERICAN women. Ungraced by titles, and seldom privileged with the immense wealth of the high-born ladies of Britain, female Christians on this side of the Atlantic have not been enabled to make so grand a display in the way of charities, but they have not been wanting in the active and earnest labors of Christian love. The testimony of many of our great and good men, who have traced the first source of their eminence in a mother's gentle nurture, tells how and where their influence has been felt. And the green graves, that hallow the shores and isles of Eastern India and the Pacific, or bloom amid our western wilderness, show that high devotion and deep feeling have sent them forth in labors of love, as far as man's mightier soul has led the way, in the fulfilment of the last charge and promise of the ascending Redeemer.


MRS. SUSAN HUNTINGTON.
MRS. SARAH EDWARDS.
MRS. ISABELLA GRAHAM.
MRS. ANN H. JUDSON.
MISS. HANNAH ADAMS.

Published by Danl. M.[illegible]

MRS. SARAH EDWARDS:

WIFE OF THE ELDER PRESIDENT EDWARDS.

THIS lady, illustrious by her parentage, and by her connection with the most renowned theologian of the last century, honored too by the eminence of many of her numerous descendents, owes her rank among the good and noble of her sex, however, not merely to the circumstances of birth and relation. In the laborious discharge of the important, unpretending duties of a wife and mother, she had a merit that was all her own, and in the high sphere of Christian virtue, she shone with no borrowed light. Gifted by nature with more than common mental powers, she might claim a place, also, among those whose example has demonstrated the high faculties and susceptibilities of the female mind. This brief record of her life will show, that though she was not of the number of those females who have attained the glory of a rank on the lists of science and literature, yet to her belongs a noble though modest fame;—"Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

She was born at New Haven, on the 9th of January, 1710. Her paternal grandfather, John Pierpont, who came from England and resided in Roxbury, Massachusetts, was a younger branch of the noble family of the dukes of Kingston. Her father, the Rev. James Pierpont, was an eminent, pious and useful minister, at New Haven. He married Mary, the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Hooker, of Farmington, who was the son of the Rev. Thomas Hooker, of Hartford, familiarly denominated "the father of the Connecticut churches," and well known, in the churches of England, for his distinguished talents and most ardent piety. Mr. Pierpont was one of the principal founders, and one of the Trustees of Yale College: and, to help forward the infant seminary, read lectures to the students, for some considerable time, as Professor of Moral Philosophy. The Platform of the Connecticut churches, established at Saybrook, in 1708, is ascribed to his pen. Miss Pierpont was a young lady of uncommon beauty. Not only is this the language of tradition; but Dr. Hopkins, who first saw her when the mother of seven children, says she was more than ordinarily beautiful; and her portrait, taken by a respectable English painter,* while it presents a form and features not often rivalled, exhibits also that peculiar loveliness of expression, which is the combined result of intelligence, cheerfulness and benevolence. The native powers of her mind, were of a superior order; and her parents being in easy circumstances, and of liberal views, provided for their children all the advantages of an enlightened and polished education. In her manners she was gentle and courteous, amiable in her behavior, and the law of kindness appeared to govern all her conversation and conduct. She was also a rare example of early piety; having exhibited the life and power of religion, and that in a remarkable manner, when only five years of age;* and having also confirmed the hopes which her friends then cherished, by the uniform and increasing excellence of her character, in childhood and youth. So warm and animated were her religious feelings, in every period of life, that they might perhaps have been regarded as enthusiastic, had they not been under the control of true delicacy and sound discretion.

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* The Rev. Dr. Erskine, the warm friend and the correspondent of Mr. Edwards, being desirous of procuring a correct portrait, both of him and his wife, and hearing that Smibert a distinguished painter was in Boston, forwarded to his agent in that town

She was married at New Haven, when only in the eighteenth year of her age, to the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, then minister of the Congregational church in Northampton, Massachusetts. Mr. Edwards had known her several years before their marriage, and from the following passage, written on a blank leaf, in 1723, it is obvious, that even then her uncommon piety, at least, had arrested his attention. "They say there is a young lady in [New Haven] who is beloved of that Great Being, who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for any thing, except to meditate on him—that she expects after a while to be received up where he is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven; being assured that he loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always. There she is to dwell with him, and to be ravished with his love and delight forever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do any thing wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness and universal benevolence of

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the sum requisite, not only for the portraits, but for the expenses of the journey. They were taken in 1740; and after the death of Dr. Erskine, were very kindly transmitted by his executor, to Dr. Edwards. Smibert, the painter of these portraits was an Italian by birth, extensively patronised in England, and was eminent in his art, as many fine paintings by him will show. The fine family picture of Bishop Berkeley in the Yale College collection is by him.

* Hopkins' Life of Edwards. Dr. H. resided in the family a considerable time.

mind; especially after this Great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure; and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her." After due allowance is made for animation of feeling, the reader will be convinced, that such a testimony, concerning a young lady of thirteen, could not have been given, by so competent a judge, had there not been something unusual in the purity and elevation of her mind, and the excellence of her life. Few persons, we are convinced, no older than she was at the time of her marriage, have made equal progress in holiness; and rare, very rare, is the instance, in which such a connection results in a purer or more uninterrupted happiness. It was a union, founded on high personal esteem, and on a mutual affection, which continnally grew, and ripened, and mellowed for the time of harvest. The station, which she was called to fill at this early age, is one of great delicacy, as well as responsibility, and is attended with many difficulties. She entered on the performance of the various duties to her family and the people, to which it summoned her, with a firm reliance on the guidance and support of God; and perhaps no stronger evidence can be given of her substantial worth, than that from the first she discharged them in such a manner, as to secure the high and increasing approbation of all who knew her.

In the midst of the remarkable and complicated labors to which Mr. Edwards was called, he found at home one, who was in every sense a *help meet* for him; one who made their common dwelling the abode of order and neatness, of peace and comfort, of harmony and love, to all its inmates, and of kindness and hospitality to the friend, the visitant and the stranger. "While she uniformly paid a becoming deference to her husband, and treated him with entire respect, she spared no pains in conforming to his inclinations, and rendering every thing in the family agreeable and pleasant: accounting it her greatest glory, and that wherein she could best serve God and her generation, to be the means, in this way, of promoting his usefulness and happiness. As he was of a weakly, infirm constitution, and was necessarily peculiarly exact in his diet, she was a tender nurse to him, cheerfully attending upon him at all times, and in all things ministering to his comfort. And no person of discernment could be conversant in the family, without observing, and admiring, the perfect harmony, and mutual love and esteem, that subsisted between them. At the same time, when she herself labored under bodily disorders and pains, which was not unfrequently the case, instead of troubling those around her with her complaints, and wearing a sour or dejected countenance, as if out of humor with every body, and every thing around her, because she was disregarded and neglected; she was accustomed to bear up under them, not only with patience, but with cheerfulness and good humor."

Devoted as Mr. Edwards was to study, and to the duties of his profession, it was necessary for him at all times, to be relieved from attention to all secular concerns; and it was a most happy circumstance, that he could trust every thing of this nature to the care of Mrs. Edwards, with entire safety and with undoubting confidence. "She was a most judicious and faithful mistress of a family, habitually industrious, a sound economist, managing her household affairs with diligence and discretion. She was conscientiously careful, that nothing should be wasted and lost; and often, when she herself took care to save any thing *of trifling value*, or directed her children or others to do so, or when she saw them *waste* any thing, she would repeat the words of our Savior—"THAT NOTHING BE LOST;" which words, she said she often thought of, as containing a maxim worth remembering, especially when considered as the reason alleged by Christ, why his disciples should gather up the fragments of that bread, which he had just before *created with a word*. She took almost the whole direction of the temporal affairs of the family, without doors and within, managing them with great wisdom and prudence, as well as cheerfulness; and in this, was particularly suited to the disposition, as well as the habits and necessities, of her husband, who chose to have no care, if possible, of any worldly business."

But there are other duties, of a still more tender and difficult nature, which none but a parent can adequately perform; and it was an unspeakable privilege to Mr. Edwards, now surrounded by a young and growing family, that when his duties to his people, especially in times of revival, necessarily occupied his whole attention, he could safely commit his children to the wisdom and piety, the love and faithfulness, of their mother. Her views of the responsibility of parents, were large and comprehensive. "She thought that, as a parent, she had great and important duties to do towards her children, before they were capable of government and instruction. For them, she constantly and earnestly prayed, and bore them on her heart before God, in all her secret and most solemn addresses to him; and that, even before they were born. The prospect of her becoming the mother of a rational immortal creature, which came into existence in an undone and infinitely dreadful state, was sufficient to lead her to bow before God daily, for his blessing on it—even redemption and eternal life by Jesus Christ. So that, through all the pain, labor and sorrow, which attended her being the mother of children, she was in travail for them, that they might be born of God."

She regularly prayed with her children, from a very early period, and, as there is the best reason to believe, with great earnestness and importunity. Being thoroughly sensible that, in many respects, the chief care of forming children by government and instruction, naturally lies on mothers, as they are most with their children, at an age when they commonly receive impressions that are permanent, and have great influence in forming the character for life, she was very careful to do her part in this important business. When she foresaw, or met with, any special difficulty in this matter, she was wont to apply to her husband, for advice and assistance; and on such occasions, they would both attend to it, as a matter of the utmost importance. She had an excellent way of governing her children; she knew how to make them regard and obey her cheerfully, without loud angry words, much less heavy blows. She seldom punished them; and in speaking to them, used gentle and pleasant words. If any correction was necessary, she did not administer it in a passion; and when she had occasion to reprove and rebuke, she would do it in few words, without warmth and noise, and with all calmness and gentleness of mind. In her directions and reproofs, in matters of importance, she would address herself to the reason of her children, that they might not only know her inclination and will, but at the same time be convinced of the reasonableness of it. She had need to speak but once; she was cheerfully obeyed: murmuring and answering again were not known among them. In their manners, they were uncommonly respectful to their parents. When their parents came into the room, they all rose instinctively from their seats, and never resumed them until their parents were seated; and when either parent was speaking, no matter with whom they had been conversing, they were all immediately silent and attentive. The kind and gentle treatment they received from their mother, while she strictly and punctiliously maintained her parental authority, seemed naturally to beget and promote a filial respect and affection, and to lead them to a mild tender treatment of each other. Quarrelling and contention, which too frequently take place among children, were in her family wholly unknown. She carefully observed the first appearance of resentment and ill will in her young children, towards any person whatever, and did not connive at it, as many who have the care of children do, but was careful to show her displeasure, and suppress it to the utmost; yet, not by angry, wrathful words, which often provoke children to wrath, and stir up their irascible passions, rather than abate them. Her system of discipline was begun at a very early age, and it was her rule, to resist the first, as well as every subsequent exhibition of temper or disobedience in the child, however young, until its will was brought into submission to the will of its parents: wisely reflecting, that until a child will obey his parents, he can never be brought to obey God.

Fond as Mr. Edwards was of welcoming the friend and the stranger, and much as his house was a favorite place of resort, to gentlemen both of the clergy and laity; it was absolutely necessary, at all times, and peculiarly so in seasons of religious attention, that some one, well knowing how to perform the rites of hospitality, and to pay all the civilities and charities of life, should relieve him from these attentions, during those hours which were consecrated to his professional duties; and here also, he could most advantageously avail himself of the assistance of Mrs. Edwards. Educated in the midst of polished life, familiar from childhood with the rules of decorum and good breeding, affable and easy in her manners, and governed by the feelings of liberality and benevolence, she was remarkable for her kindness to her friends, and to the visitants who resorted to Mr. Edwards; sparing no pains to make them welcome, and to provide for their convenience and comfort. She was also peculiarly kind to strangers, who came to her house. By her sweet and winning manners, and ready conversation, she soon became acquainted with them, and brought them to feel acquainted with herself; and showed such concern for their comfort, and so kindly offered what she thought they needed, that while her friendly attentions discovered at once that she knew the feelings of a stranger, they also made their way directly to his heart, and gaining his confidence, led him immediately to feel as if he were at home, in the midst of near and affectionate friends.

" She made it her rule, to speak well of all, so far as she could with truth and justice to herself and others. She was not wont to dwell with delight on the imperfections and failings of any; and when she heard persons speaking ill of others, she would say what she thought she could, with truth and justice, in their excuse, or divert the obloquy, by mentioning those things that were commendable in them. Thus she was tender of every one's character, even of those who injured and spoke evil of her; and carefully guarded against the too common vice, of evil speaking and backbiting. She could bear injuries and reproach, with great calmness, without any disposition to render evil for evil; but, on the contrary, was ready to pity and forgive those, who appeared to be her enemies." This course of conduct, steadily pursued, secured, in an unusual degree, the affection and confidence of those who knew her.

She proved also, an invaluable auxiliary to Mr. Edwards, in the duties of his profession, not only by her excellent example, but by her active efforts in doing good. " She was," says Dr. Hopkins, " eminent for her piety, and for experimental religion. Religious conversation was her delight; and, as far as propriety permitted, she promoted it in all companies. Her religious conversation showed at once, her clear comprehension of spiritual and divine things, and the deep impression which they had made upon her mind." It was not merely conversation *about* religion—about its truths, or duties, or its actual state—its doctrines or triumphs—or the character and conduct of its friends and ministers: it was religion itself;—that supreme love to God, to his kingdom and his glory, which, abounding in the heart, flows forth spontaneously, in the daily conversation and the daily life.

The friends of vital christianity, those who delighted in its great and essential truths, who showed its practical influence on their lives, and who were most engaged in promoting its prosperity, were her chosen friends and intimates. With such persons, she would converse freely and confidentially, telling them of the exercises of her own heart, and the happiness she had experienced in a life of religion, for their encouragement in the christian course. Her mind appeared to attend to spiritual and divine things constantly, on all occasions, and in every condition and business of life. Secret prayer was her uniform practice, and appeared to be the source of daily enjoyment. She was a constant attendant on public worship, and always exhibited the deepest solemnity and reverence in the house of God. She always prized highly the privilege of social worship, not only in the family, but in the private meetings of christians. Such meetings, on the part of females *only*, for prayer and religious conversation, have at times been objected to, as, both in their nature and results, inconsistent with the true delicacy of the sex. Her own judgment, formed deliberately, and in coincidence with that of her husband, was in favor of these meetings; and accordingly, she regularly encouraged and promoted them, during the remarkable revival of religion in 1734 and 1735, as well as at other times; attending on them herself, and not declining to take her proper share in the performance of their various duties. In this way, she exerted an important influence among her own sex, and over the young: an influence always salutary in promoting union, ardor and spiritual-mindedness, but especially powerful, in seasons of uncommon attention to religion.

One circumstance, which served essentially to extend and increase this influence, was the fact, that her religion had nothing gloomy or forbidding in its character. Unusual as it was in degree, it was eminently the religion of joy. On the testimony of Mr. Edwards, it possessed this character, even when she was a little child of about five or six years of age, as well as customarily in after life. At the commencement of this remarkable work of grace, she appears to have dedicated herself anew to God, with more entire devotion of heart to his service and glory, than she had ever been conscious of before; and during its progress, as well as afterwards, she experienced a degree of religious enjoyment, not previously known to herself, and not often vouchsafed to others.

Near the close of the year 1738, according to the testimony of Mr. Edwards, she was led, under an uncommon discovery of God's excellency, and in an high exercise of love to God, and of rest and joy in him, to make a new and most solemn dedication of herself to his service and glory, an entire renunciation of the world, and a resignation of all to God. After this, she had often such views of the glory of the Divine perfections, and of Christ's excellencies, and at times, for hours together, without any interruption, that she was overwhelmed, and as it were swallowed up, in the light and joy of the love of God. In the summer of 1740, after a new and more perfect resignation of herself to God, with yet greater fervency, her views of the glory of God, and of the excellency of Christ, became still more clear and transporting; and in the following winter, after a similar, but more perfect resignation of herself, and acceptance of God as the only portion and happiness of her soul, God appeared to vouchsafe to her, for a long period, a degree of spiritual light and enjoyment, which seemed to be, in reality, an anticipation of the joys of the heavenly world. There was so much that was unusual and striking in this state of mind, that her husband requested her to draw up an exact statement of it; which, having been preserved, is now presented to the reader.

"On Tuesday night, Jan. 19, 1742," observes Mrs. Edwards, "I felt very uneasy and unhappy, at my being so low in grace. I thought I very much needed help from God, and found a spirit of earnestness to seek help of him, that I might have more holiness. When I had for a time been earnestly wrestling with God for it, I felt within myself great quietness of spirit, unusual submission to God, and willingness to wait upon him, with respect to the time and manner in which he should help me, and wished that he should take his own time, and his own way, to do it.

"The next morning, I found a degree of uneasiness in my mind, at Mr. Edwards's suggesting, that he thought I had failed in some measure in point of prudence, in some conversation I had with Mr. Williams of Hadley, the day before. I found, that it seemed to bereave me of the quietness and calm of my mind, in any respect not to have the good opinion of my husband. This, I much disliked in myself, as arguing a want of a sufficient rest in God, and felt a disposition to fight against it, and look to God for his help, that I might have a more full and entire rest in him, independent of all other things. I continued in this frame, from early in the morning until about 10 o'clock, at which time the Rev. Mr. Reynolds went to prayer in the family.

"I had before this, so entirely given myself up to God, and resigned up every thing into his hands, that I had, for a long time, felt myself quite alone in the world; so that the peace and calm of my mind, and my rest in God, as my only and all sufficient happiness, seemed sensibly above the reach of disturbance from any thing but these two: 1st. My own good name and fair reputation among men, and especially the esteem and just treatment of the people of this town; 2dly. And more especially, the esteem, and love and kind treatment of my husband. At times, indeed, I had seemed to be considerably elevated above the influence of even these things; yet I had not found my calm, and peace and rest in God so sensibly, fully and constantly, above the reach of disturbance from them, until now.

"While Mr. Reynolds was at prayer in the family this morning, I felt an earnest desire that, in calling on God, he should say, *Father*, or that he should address the Almighty under that appellation: on which the thought turned in my mind—Why can I say, *Father?*—Can I now at this time, with the confidence of a child, and without the least misgiving of heart, call God my father?—This brought to my mind, two lines of Mr. Erskine's Sonnet:

"I see him lay his vengeance by,
"And smile in Jesus' face."

"I was thus deeply sensible, that my sins did loudly call for vengeance; but I then by faith saw God "lay his vengeance by, and smile in Jesus' face." It appeared to be real and certain that he did so. I had not the least doubt, that he then sweetly smiled upon me, with the look of forgiveness and love, having laid aside all his displeasure towards me, for Jesus' sake; which made me feel very weak, and somewhat faint.

"In consequence of this, I felt a strong desire to be alone with God, to go to him, without having any one to interrupt the silent and soft communion, which I earnestly desired between God and my own soul; and accordingly withdrew to my chamber. It should have been mentioned that, before I retired, while Mr. Reynolds was praying, these words, in Rom. viii. 34, came into my mind "*Who is he that condemneth; It is Christ that died, yea rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us;*" as well as the following words, "*Who shall separate us from the love of Christ,*" *etc.;* which occasioned great sweetness and delight in my soul. But when I was alone, the words came to my mind with far greater power and sweetness; upon which I took the Bible, and read the words to the end of the chapter, when they were impressed on my heart with vastly greater power and sweetness still. They appeared to me with undoubted certainty as the words of God, and as words which God did pronounce concerning me. I had no more doubt of it, than I had of my being. I seemed as it were to hear the great God proclaiming thus to the world concerning me; "*Who shall lay any thing to thy charge,*" *etc.;* and had it strongly impressed on me, how impossible it was for any thing in heaven or earth, in this world or the future, ever to separate me from the love of God which was in Christ Jesus. I cannot find language to express, how *certain* this appeared—the everlasting mountains and hills were but shadows to it. My safety, and happiness, and eternal enjoyment of God's immutable love, seemed as durable and unchangeable as God himself. Melted and overcome by the sweetness of this assurance, I fell into a great flow of tears, and could not forbear weeping aloud. It appeared certain to me that God was my Father, and Christ my Lord and Savior, that he was mine and I his. Under a delightful sense of the immediate presence and love of God, these words seemed to come over and over in my mind, "My God, my all; my God, my all." The presence of God was so near, and so real, that I seemed scarcely conscious of any thing else. God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ, seemed as distinct persons, both manifesting their inconceivable loveliness, and mildness, and gentleness, and their great and immutable love to me. I seemed to be taken under the care and charge of my God and Savior, in an inexpressibly endearing manner; and Christ appeared to me as a mighty Savior, under the character of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, taking my heart, with all its corruptions, under his care, and putting it at his feet. In all things, which concerned me, I felt myself safe under the protection of the Father and the Savior; who appeared with supreme kindness to keep a record of every thing that I did, and of every thing that was done to me, purely for my good.

"The peace and happiness, which I hereupon felt, was altogether inexpressible. It seemed to be that which came from heaven; to be eternal and unchangeable. I seemed to be lifted above earth and hell, out of the reach of every thing here below, so that I could look on all the rage and enmity of men or devils, with a kind of holy indifference, and an undisturbed tranquillity. At the same time, I felt compassion and love for all mankind, and a deep abasement of soul, under a sense of my own unworthiness. I thought of the ministers who were in the house, and felt willing to undergo any labor and self-denial, if they would but come to the help of the Lord. I also felt myself more perfectly weaned from all things here below, than ever before. The whole world, with all its enjoyments, and all its troubles, seemed to be nothing:—My God was my all, my only portion. No possible suffering appeared to be worth regarding: all persecutions and torments were a mere nothing. I seemed to dwell on high, and the place of defence to be the munition of rocks.

"After some time, the two evils mentioned above, as those which I should have been least able to bear, came to my mind—the ill treatment of the town, and the ill will of my husband; but now I was carried exceedingly above even such things as these, and I could feel that, if I were exposed to them both, they would seem comparatively nothing. There was then a deep snow on the ground, and I could think of being driven from my home into the cold and snow, of being chased from the town with the utmost contempt and malice, and of being left to perish with the cold, as cast out by all the world, with perfect calmness and serenity. It appeared to me, that it would not move me, or in the least disturb the inexpressible happiness and peace of my soul. My mind seemed as much above all such things, as the sun is above the earth.

"I continued in a very sweet and lively sense of divine things, day and night, sleeping and waking, until Saturday, Jan. 23. On Saturday morning, I had a most solemn and deep impression on my mind of the eye of God as fixed upon me, to observe what improvement I made of those spiritual communications I had received from him;

as well as of the respect shown Mr. Edwards, who had then been sent for to preach at Leicester. I was sensible that I was sinful enough to bestow it on my pride, or on my sloth, which seemed exceedingly dreadful to me. At night, my soul seemed to be filled with an inexpressibly sweet and pure love to God, and to the children of God; with a refreshing consolation and solace of soul, which made me willing to lie on the earth, at the feet of the servants of God, to declare his gracious dealings with me, and breathe forth before them my love, and gratitude, and praise.

"The next day, which was the Sabbath, I enjoyed a sweet, and lively and assured sense of God's infinite grace, and favor, and love to me, in taking me out of the depths of hell, and exalting me to the heavenly glory, and the dignity of a royal priesthood.

"On Monday night, Mr. Edwards, being gone that day to Leicester, I heard that Mr. Buell, was coming to this town, and from what I had heard of him, and of his success, I had strong hopes that there would be great effects from his labors here. At the same time, I had a deep and affecting impression, that the eye of God was ever upon my heart, and that it greatly concerned me to watch my heart, and see to it that I was perfectly resigned to God, with respect to the instruments he should make use of to revive religion in this town, and be entirely willing, if it was God's pleasure, that he should make use of Mr. Buell; and also that other christians should appear to excel me in christian experience, and in the benefit they should derive from ministers. I was conscious, that it would be exceedingly provoking to God if I should not be thus resigned, and earnestly endeavored to watch my heart, that no feelings of a contrary nature might arise; and was enabled, as I thought to exercise full resignation, and acquiescence in God's pleasure, as to these things. I was sensible what great cause I had to bless God, for the use he had made of Mr. Edwards hitherto; but thought, if he never blessed his labors any more, and should greatly bless the labors of other ministers, I could entirely acquiesce in his will. It appeared to me meet and proper, that God should employ babes and sucklings to advance his kingdom. When I thought of these things, it was my instinctive feeling to say, "Amen, Lord Jesus! Amen Lord Jesus!" This seemed to be the sweet and instinctive language of my soul.

"On Tuesday, I remained in a sweet and lively exercise of this resignation, and love to, and rest in God, seeming to be in my heart from day to day, far above the reach of every thing here below. On Tuesday night, especially the latter part of it, I felt a great earnestness of soul and engagedness in seeking God for the town, that religion might now revive, and that God would bless Mr. Buell to that end. God seemed to be very near to me while I was thusstriving with him for these things, and I had a strong hope that what I sought of him would be granted. There seemed naturally and unavoidably to arise in my mind an assurance, that now God would do great things for Northampton.

On Wednesday morning I heard that Mr. Buell, arrived the night before at Mr. Phelps's, and that there seemed to be great tokens and effects of the presence of God there, which greatly encouraged and rejoiced me. About an hour and a half after, Mr. Buell came to our house, I sat still in entire resignedness to God, and willingness that God should bless his labors here as much as he pleased; though it were to the enlivening of every saint, and to the conversion of every sinner, in the town. These feelings continued afterwards, when I saw his great success; as I never felt the least rising of heart to the contrary, but my submission was even and uniform, without interruption or disturbance. I rejoiced when I saw the honor which God put upon him, and the respect paid him by the people, and the greater success attending his preaching, than had followed the preaching of Mr. Edwards immediately before he went to Leicester. I found rest and rejoicing in it, and the sweet language of my soul continually was, "Amen, Lord Jesus! Amen, Lord Jesus!"

"At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a lecture was preached by Mr. Buell. In the latter part of the sermon, one or two appeared much moved, and after the blessing, when the people were going out, several others. To my mind there was the clearest evidence, that God was present in the congregation, on the word of redeeming love; and in the clear view of this, I was all at once filled with such intense admiration of the wonderful condescension and grace of God, in returning again to Northampton, as overwhelmed my soul, and immediately took away my bodily strength. This was accompanied with an earnest longing, that those of us, who were the children of God, might now arise and strive. It appeared to me, that the angels in heaven sung praises, for such wonderful, free and sovereign grace, and my heart was lifted up in adoration and praise. I continued to have clear views of the future world, of eternal happiness and misery, and my heart full of love to the souls of men. On seeing some that I found were in a natural condition, I felt a most tender compassion for them; but especially was I, while I remained in the meeting-house, from time to time overcome, and my strength taken away, by the sight of one and another, whom I regarded as the children of God, and who, I had heard were lively and animated in religion. We remained in the meeting-house about three hours, after the public exercises were over. During most of the time, my bodily strength was overcome; and the joy and thankfulness, which were excited in my mind, as I contemplated the great goodness of God, led me to converse with those who were near me, in a very earnest manner.

"When I came home, I found Mr. Buell, Mr. Christophers, Mr. Hopkins, Mrs. Eleanor Dwight, the wife of Mr. Joseph Allen, and Mr. Job Strong, at the house. Seeing and conversing with them on the Divine goodness, renewed my former feelings, and filled me with an intense desire that we might all arise, and with an active, flowing and fervent heart, give glory to God. The intenseness of my feelings again took away my bodily strength. The words of one of Dr. Watts's Hosannas powerfully affected me; and in the course of the conversation, I uttered them, as the real language of my heart with great earnestness and emotion.

"Hosanna to King David's Son,
"Who reigns on a superior throne," &c.

And while I was uttering the words, my mind was so deeply impressed with the love of Christ, and a sense of his immediate presence, that I could with difficulty refrain from rising from my seat, and leaping for joy. I continued to enjoy this intense, and lively, and refreshing sense of Divine things, accompanied with strong emotions, for nearly an hour; after which, I experienced a delightful calm, and peace and rest in God, until I retired for the night; and during the night, both waking and sleeping, I had joyful views of Divine things, and a complacential rest of soul in God. I awoke in the morning of of Thursday, June 28th, in the same happy frame of mind, and engaged in the duties of my family with a sweet consciousness, that God was present with me, and with earnest longings of soul for the continuance, and increase of the blessed fruits of the Holy Spirit in the town. About nine o'clock, these desires became so exceedingly intense, when I saw numbers of the people coming into the house, with an appearance of deep interest in religion, that my bodily strength was much weakened, and it was with difficulty that I could pursue my ordinary avocations. About 11 o'clock, as I accidentally went into the room where Mr. Buell was conversing with some of the people, I heard him say, "O that we, who are the children of God, should be cold and lifeless in religion!" and I felt such a sense of the deep ingratitude manifested by the children of God, in such coldness and deadness, that my strength was immediately taken away and I sunk down on the spot. Those who were near raised me, and placed me in a chair; and from the fulness of my heart, I expressed to them, in a very earnest manner, the deep sense I had of the wonderful grace of Christ towards me, of the assurance I had of his having saved me from hell, of my happiness running parallel with eternity, of the duty of giving up all to God, and of the peace and joy inspired by an entire dependence on his mercy and grace. Mr. Buell then read a melting hymn of Dr. Watts,* concerning the loveliness of Christ, the enjoyments and employments of heaven, and the christian's earnest desire of heavenly things, and the truth and reality of the things mentioned in the hymn, made so strong an impression on my mind, and my soul was drawn so powerfully towards Christ and heaven, that I leaped unconsciously from my chair. I seemed to be drawn upwards, soul and body, from the earth towards heaven; and it appeared to me that I must naturally and necessarily ascend thither. These feelings continued while the hymn was reading, and during the prayer of Mr. Christophers, which followed. After the prayer, Mr. Buell read two other hymns, on the glories of heaven, which moved me so exceedingly, and drew me so strongly heavenward, that it seemed as it were to draw my body upwards, and I felt as if I must necessarily ascend thither. At length my strength failed me, and I sunk down; when they took me up and laid me on the bed, where I lay for a considerable time, faint with joy, while contemplating the glories of the heavenly world. After I had lain a while, I felt more perfectly subdued and weaned from the world, and more fully resigned to God, than I had ever been conscious of before. I felt an entire indifference to the opinions, and representations and conduct of mankind respecting me; and a perfect willingness, that God should employ some other instrument than Mr. Edwards, in advancing the work of grace in Northampton. I was entirely swallowed up in God, as my only portion, and his honor and glory was the object of my supreme desire and delight. At the same time, I felt a far greater love to the children of God, than ever before. I seemed to love them as my own soul; and when I saw them my heart went out towards them, with an inexpressible endearedness and sweetness. I beheld them by faith in their risen and glorified state, with spiritual bodies re-fashioned after the image of Christ's glorious body, and arrayed in the beauty of heaven. The time when they would be so, appeared very near, and by faith it seemed as if it were present. This was accompanied with a ravishing sense of the unspeakable joys of the upper world. They appeared to my mind in all their reality and certainty, and as it were in actual and distinct vision; so plain and evident were they to the eye of my faith, I seemed to regard them as begun. These anticipations were renewed over and over, while I lay on the bed, from twelve o'clock till four, being too much exhausted by emotions of joy, to rise and sit up; and during most of the time, my feelings prompted me to converse very earnestly, with one and another of the pious women, who were present, on those spiritual and heavenly objects, of which I had so deep an impression. A little while before I arose, Mr. Buell and the people went to meeting.

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* Probably the 91st Hymn of the 2d Book, beginning with

"O the delights, the heavenly joys,
"The glories of the place.

"I continued in a sweet and lively sense of Divine things, until I retired to rest. That night, which was Thursday night, Jan. 28, was the sweetest night I ever had in my life. I never before, for so long a time together, enjoyed so much of the light, and rest, and sweetness of heaven in my soul, but without the least agitation of body during the whole time. The great part of the night I lay awake, sometimes asleep, and sometimes between sleeping and waking. But all night I continued in a constant, clear and lively sense of the heavenly sweetness of Christ's excellent and transcendent love, of his nearness to me, and of my dearness to him; with an inexpressibly sweet calmness of soul in an entire rest in him. I seemed to myself to perceive a glow of divine love come down from the heart of Christ in heaven, into my heart, in a constant stream, like a stream or pencil of sweet light. At the same time, my heart and soul all flowed out in love to Christ; so that there seemed to be a constant flowing and re-flowing of heavenly and divine love, from Christ's heart to mine; and I appeared to myself to float or swim, in these bright sweet beams of the love of Christ, like the motes swimming in the beams of the sun, or the streams of his light which come in at the window. My soul remained in a kind of heavenly elysium. So far as I am capable of making a comparison, I think that what I felt each minute, during the continuance of the whole time, was worth more than all the outward comfort and pleasure which I had enjoyed in my whole life put together. It was a pure delight, which fed and satisfied the soul. It was pleasure, without the least sting, or any interruption. It was a sweetness, which my soul was lost in. It seemed to be all that my feeble frame could sustain, of that fullness of joy, which is felt by those, who behold the face of Christ, and share his love in the heavenly world. There was but little difference, whether I was asleep or awake, so deep was the deep impression made on my soul; but if there was any difference, the sweetness was greatest and most uninterrupted, while I was asleep.

"As I awoke early the next morning, which was Friday, I was led to think of Mr. Williams of Hadley preaching that day in the town, as had been appointed; and to examine my heart, whether I was willing that he, who was a neighboring minister, should be extraordinarily blessed, and made a greater instrument of good in the town, than Mr. Edwards; and was enabled to say, with respect to that matter, "Amen, Lord Jesus!" and to be entirely willing, if God pleased, that he should be the instrument of converting every soul in the town. My soul acquiesced fully in the will of God, as to the instrument, if his work of renewing grace did but go on.

"This lively sense of the beauty and excellency of divine things, continued during the morning, accompanied with peculiar sweetness and delight. To my own imagination, my soul seemed to be gone out of me to God and Christ in heaven, and to have very little relation to my body. God and Christ were so present to me, and so near me, that I seemed removed from myself. The spiritual beauty of the Father and the Savior, seemed to engross my whole mind; and it was the instinctive feeling of my heart, "Thou art; and there is none beside thee." I never felt such an entire emptiness of self-love, or any regard to any private, selfish interest of my own. It seemed to me, that I had entirely done with myself. I felt that the opinions of the world concerning me were nothing, and that I had no more to do with any outward interests of my own, than with that of a person whom I never saw. The glory of God seemed to be all, and in all, and to swallow up every wish and desire of my heart.

"Mr. Sheldon came into the house about 10 o'clock, and said to me as he came in, "The Sun of righteousness arose on my soul this morning, before day;" upon which I said to him in reply, "That Sun has not set upon my soul all this night; I have dwelt on high in the heavenly mansions; the light of divine love has surrounded me; my soul has been lost in God, and has almost left the body." This conversation only served to give me a still livelier sense of the reality and excellence of divine things, and that to such a degree, as again to take away my strength, and occasion great agitation of body. So strong were my feelings, I could not refrain from conversing with those around me, in a very earnest manner, for about a quarter of an hour, on the infinite riches of divine love in the work of salvation: when my strength entirely failing, my flesh grew very cold, and they carried me and set me by the fire. As I sat there, I had a most affecting sense of the mighty power of Christ, which had been exerted in what he had done for my soul, and in sustaining and keeping down the native corruptions of my heart, and of the glorious and wonderful grace of God in causing the ark to return to Northampton. So intense were my feelings, when speaking of these things, that I could not forbear rising up and leaping with joy and exultation. I felt at the same time an exceedingly strong and tender affection for the children of God, and realized, in a manner exceedingly sweet and ravishing, the meaning of Christ's prayer, in John xvii. 21, "*That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us.*" This union appeared to me an inconceivable, excellent and sweet oneness; and at the same time I felt that oneness in my soul, with the children of God who were present. Mr. Christophers then read the hymn out of the Penitential cries, beginning with

"My soul doth magnify the Lord,
"My spirit doth rejoice;"

The whole hymn was deeply affecting to my feelings: but when these words were read,

"My sighs at length are turn'd to songs,
"The comforter is come:"———

So conscious was I of the joyful presence of the holy Spirit, I could scarcely refrain from leaping with transports of joy. This happy frame of mind continued until two o'clock, when Mr. Williams came in, and we soon went to meeting. He preached on the subject of the assurance of faith. The whole sermon was affecting to me, but especially when he came to show the way in which assurance was obtained, and to point out its happy fruits. When I heard him say, that *those, who have assurance, have a foretaste of heavenly glory*, I knew the truth of it from what I then felt: I knew that I then tasted the clusters of the heavenly Canaan: My soul was filled and overwhelmed with light and love, and joy in the Holy Ghost, and seemed just ready to go away from the body. I could scarcely refrain from expressing my joy aloud, in the midst of the service. I had in the mean time, an overwhelming sense of the glory of God, as the Great Eternal All, and of the happiness of having my own will entirely subdued to his will. I knew that the foretaste of glory, which I then had in my soul, came from him, that I certainly should go to him, and should, as it were, drop into the Divine Being, and be swallowed up in God.

"After meeting was done, the congregation waited while Mr. Buell went home to prepare to give them a Lecture. It was almost dark before he came, and in the mean time, I conversed in a very earnest and joyful manner, with those who were with me in the pew. My mind dwelt on the thought, that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and it appeared to me that he was going to set up a reign of love on the earth, and that heaven and earth were, as it were, coming together; which so exceedingly moved me that I could not forbear expressing aloud, to those near me, my exultation of soul. This subsided into a heavenly calm, and a rest of soul in God, which was even sweeter than what preceded it. Afterwards Mr. Buell came and preached; and the same happy frame of mind continued during the evening, and night, and the next day. In the forenoon I was thinking of the manner in which the children of God had been treated in the world—particularly of their being shut up in prison—and the folly of such attempts to make them miserable, seemed to surprise me. It appeared astonishing, that men should think, by this means, to injure those who had such a kingdom within them. Towards night, being informed that Mrs. P—— had expressed her fears least I should die before Mr. Edwards' return, and he should think the people had killed his wife; I told those who were present, that I chose to die in the way that was most agreeable to God's will, and that I should be willing to die in darkness and horror, if it was most for the glory of God.

"In the evening, I read those chapters in John, which contain Christ's dying discourse with his disciples, and his prayer with them. After I had done reading, and was in my retirement, a little before bed time, thinking on what I had read, my soul was so filled with love to Christ, and love to his people, that I fainted under the intenseness of the feeling. I felt while reading, a delightful acquiescence in the petition to the Father—"*I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from evil.*" Though it seemed to me infinitely better to die to go to Christ, yet I felt an entire willingness to continue in this world so long as God pleased, to do and suffer what he would have me.

"After retiring to rest and sleeping a little while, I awoke and had a very lively consciousness of God's being near me. I had an idea of a shining way, or path of light, between heaven and my soul, somewhat as on Thursday night, except that God seemed nearer to me, and as it were close by, and the way seemed more open, and the communication more immediate and more free. I lay awake most of the night, with a constant delightful sense of God's great love and infinite condescension, and with a continual view of God as *near*, and as *my God*. My soul remained, as on Thursday night, in a kind of heavenly elysium. Whether waking or sleeping, there was no interruption, throughout the night, to the views of my soul, to its heavenly light, and divine, inexpressible sweetness. It was without any agitation or motion of the body. I was led to reflect on God's mercy to me, in giving me, for many years, a willingness to die; and after that, for more than two years past, in making me willing to live, that I might do and suffer whatever he called me to here; whereas, before that, I often used to feel impatient at the thought of living. This then appeared to me, as it had often done before, what gave me much the greatest sense of thankfulness to God. I also thought how God had graciously given me, for a great while, an entire resignation to his will, with respect to the kind and manner of death that I should die; having been made willing to die on the rack, or at the stake, or any other tormenting death, and, if it were God's will, to die in darkness: and how I had that day been made very sensible and fully willing, if it was God's pleasure and for his glory, to die in horror. But now it occurred to me, that when I had thus been made willing to live, and to be kept on this dark abode, I used to think of living no longer than to the ordinary age of man. Upon this I was led to ask myself, Whether I was not willing to be kept out of heaven even longer; and my whole heart seemed immediately to reply, "Yes, a thousand years, if it be God's will, and for his honor and glory:" and then my heart, in the language of resignation, went further, and with great alacrity and sweetness, to answer as it were over and over again, "Yes, and live a thousand years in horror, if it be most for the glory of God: yea, I am willing to live a thousand years a hell upon earth, if it be most for the honor of God." But then I considered with myself, What this would be, to live a hell upon earth, for so long a time; and I thought of the torment of my body being so great, awful and overwhelming, that none could bear to live in the country where the spectacle was seen, and of the torment and horror of my mind being vastly greater than the torment of my body; and it seemed to me that I found a perfect willingness, and sweet quietness and alacrity of soul, in consenting that it should be so, if it were most for the glory of God; so that there was no hesitation, doubt or darkness in my mind, attending the thoughts of it, but my resignation seemed to be clear, like a light that shone through my soul. I continued saying, "Amen, Lord Jesus! Amen, Lord Jesus! glorify thyself in me, in my body and my soul,"—with a calm and sweetness of soul, which banished all reluctance. The glory of God seemed to overcome me and swallow me up, and every conceivable suffering, and every thing that was terrible to my nature, seemed to shrink to nothing before it. This resignation continued in its clearness and brightness the rest of the night, and all the next day, and the night following, and on Monday in the forenoon, without interruption or abatement. All this while, whenever I thought of it, the language of my soul was, with the greatest fullness and alacrity, "Amen, Lord Jesus! Amen, Lord Jesus!" In the afternoon of Monday, it was not quite so perceptible and lively, but my mind remained so much in a similar frame, for more than a week, that I could never think of it without an inexpressible sweetness in my soul.

"After I had felt this resignation on Saturday night, for some time as I lay in bed, I felt such a disposition to rejoice in God, that I wished to have the world join me in praising him; and was ready to wonder how the world of mankind could lie and sleep, when there was such a God to praise, and rejoice in, and could scarcely forbear calling out to those who were asleep in the house, to arise, and rejoice, and praise God. When I arose on the morning of the Sabbath, I felt a love to all mankind, wholly peculiar in its strength and sweetness, far beyond all that I had ever felt before. The power of that love seemed to be inexpressible. I thought, if I were surrounded by enemies, who were venting their malice and cruelty upon me, in tormenting me, it would still be impossible that I should cherish any feelings towards them but those of love, and pity and ardent desires for their happiness. At the same time I thought, if I were cast off by my nearest and dearest friends, and if the feelings and conduct of my husband were to be changed from tenderness and affection, to extreme hatred and cruelty, and that every day, I could so rest in God, that it would not touch my heart, or diminish my happiness. I could still go on with alacrity in the performance of every act of duty, and my happiness remain undiminished and entire.

"I never before felt so far from a disposition to judge and censure others, with respect to the state of their hearts, their sincerity, or their attainments in holiness, as I did that morning. To do this, seemed abhorrent to every feeling of my heart. I realized also, in an unusual and very lively manner, how great a part of christianity lies in the performance of our social and relative duties to one another. The same lively and joyful sense of spiritual and divine things continued throughout the day—a sweet love to God and all mankind, and such an entire rest of soul, in God, that it seemed as if nothing that could be said of me, or done to me, could touch my heart, or disturb my enjoyment. The road between heaven and my soul seemed open and wide, all the day long; and the consciousness I had of the reality and excellence of heavenly things was so clear, and the affections they excited so intense, that it overcame my strength, and kept my body weak and faint, the great part of the day, so that I could not stand or go without help. The night also was comforting and refreshing.

"This delightful frame of mind was continued on Monday. About noon, one of the neighbors, who was conversing with me, expressed himself thus, "One smile from Christ is worth a thousand million pounds," and the words affected me exceedingly, and in a manner which I cannot express. I had a strong sense of the infinite worth of Christ's approbation and love, and at the same time of the grossness of the comparison; and it only astonished me, that any one could compare a smile of Christ to any earthly treasure.—Towards night, I had a deep sense of the awful greatness of God, and felt with what humility and reverence we ought to behave ourselves before him. Just then Mr. W—— came in, and spoke with a somewhat light, smiling air, of the flourishing state of religion in the town; which I could scarcely bear to see. It seemed to me, that we ought greatly to revere the presence of God, and to behave ourselves with the utmost solemnity and humility, when so great and holy a God was so remarkably present, and to rejoice before him with trembling.—In the evening, these words, in the Penitential Cries,—"THE COMFORTER IS COME!"—were accompanied to my soul with such conscious certainty, and such intense joy, that immediately it took away my strength, and I was falling to the floor; when some of those who were near me caught me and held me up. And when I repeated the words to the by-standers, the strength of my feelings was increased. The name—"THE COMFORTER"—seemed to denote that the Holy Spirit was the only and infinite Fountain of comfort and joy, and this seemed real and certain to my mind. These words—"THE COMFORTER"—seemed as it were immensely great, enough to fill heaven and earth.

"On Tuesday after dinner, Mr. Buell, as he sat at table, began to discourse about the glories of the upper world; which greatly affected me, so as to take away my strength. The views and feelings of the preceding evening, respecting the Great Comforter, were renewed in the most lively and joyful manner; so that my limbs grew cold, and I continued to a considerable degree overcome for about an hour, earnestly expressing to those around me, my deep and joyful sense of the presence and divine excellence of the Comforter, and of the glories of heaven.

"It was either on Tuesday, or Wednesday, that Mr. W—— came to the house, and informed what account Mr. Lyman, who was just then come from Leicester, on his way from Boston, gave of Mr. Edwards's success, in making peace and promoting religion at Leicester. The intelligence inspired me with such an admiring sense of the great goodness of God, in using Mr. Edwards as the instrument of doing good, and promoting the work of salvation, that it immedidiately overcame me, and took away my strength, so that I could no longer stand on my feet. On Wednesday night, Mr. Clark, coming in with Mr. Buell and some of the people, asked me how I felt. I told him that I did not feel at all times alike, but this I thought I could say, that I had given up all to God, and there is nothing like it, nothing like giving up all to him, esteeming all to be his, and resigning all at his call. I told him that, many a time within a twelvemonth, I had asked myself when I lay down, How I should feel, if our house and all our property in it should be burnt up, and we should that night be turned out naked; whether I could cheerfully resign all to God; and whether I so saw that all was his, that I could fully consent to his will, in being deprived of it? and that I found, so far as I could judge, an entire resignation to his will, and felt that, if he should thus strip me of every thing, I had nothing to say, but should, I thought, have an entire calm and rest in God, for it was his own, and not mine. After this, Mr. Phelps gave us an account of his own feelings, during a journey from which he had just returned; and then Mr. Pomeroy broke forth in the language of joy, and thankfulness and praise, and continued speaking to us nearly an hour, leading us all the time to rejoice in the visible presence of God, and to adore his infinite goodness and condescension. He concluded by saying, "I would say more, if I could; but words were not made to express these things." This reminded me of the words of Mrs. Rowe:

"More I would speak, but all my words are faint:
"Celestial Love, what eloquence can paint?
"No more, by mortal words, can be expressed;
"But vast Eternity shall tell the rest;"

and my former impressions of heavenly and divine things were renewed with so much power, and life and joy, that my strength all failed me, and I remained for some time faint and exhausted. After the people had retired, I had a still more lively and joyful sense of the goodness and all-sufficiency of God, of the pleasure of loving him, and of being alive and active in his service, so that, I could not sit still, but walked the room for some time, in a kind of transport. The contemplation was so refreshing and delightful, so much like a heavenly feast within the soul, that I felt an absolute indifference as to any external circumstances; and, according to my best remembrance, this enlivening of my spirit continued so, that I slept but little that night.

"The next day, being Thursday, between ten and eleven o'clock and a room full of people being collected, I heard two persons give a minute account of the enlivening and joyful influences of the Holy Spirit on their own hearts. It was sweet to me, to see others before me in their divine attainments, and to follow after them to heaven. I thought I should rejoice to follow the negro servants in the town to heaven. While I was thus listening, the consideration of the blessed appearances there were of God's being there with us, affected me so powerfully, that the joy and transport of the preceding night were again renewed. After this, they sang a hymn, which greatly moved me, especially the latter part of it, which speaks of the ungratefulness of not having the praises of Christ always on our tongues. Those last words of the hymn seemed to fasten on my mind, and as I repeated them over, I felt such intense love to Christ, and so much delight in praising him, that I could hardly forbear leaping from my chair, and singing aloud for joy and exultation. I continued thus extraordinarily moved until about one o'clock, when the people went away."

It is true indeed, that very different views will be formed of the preceding narrative, by different individuals. Those, who have no conception of what is meant by the religion of the heart, will doubtless pronounce it the offspring of a diseased body, or a distempered brain. Others, who profess the religion of Christ, but whose minds usually come in contact with nothing which is not merely *palpable*—with nothing but what they can either see, or hear, or feel, or taste,—will probably regard it as the effects of mere enthusiasm. While others, who are both more intellectual and more spiritual in their objects of contemplation, will at once perceive, that the state of mind therein described, is one to which they themselves are chiefly or wholly strangers; and will therefore very naturally, and rationally wish to learn, somewhat more minutely, the circumstances of the individual who was the subject of these spiritual discoveries, as well as their actual effects upon her character. On these points, the testimony of Mr. Edwards is full and explicit; and from his authority, we state the following facts.

At this time, Mrs. Edwards had been long, in an uncommon manner, growing in grace, and rising, by very sensible degrees, to higher love to God, weanedness from the world, and mastery over sin and temptation, through great trials and conflicts, and long continued struggling and fighting with sin, and earnest and constant prayer and labor in religion, and engagedness of mind in the use of all means, attended with a great exactness of life; and this growth had been attended, not only with a great increase of religious affections, but with a most visible alteration of outward behavior; particularly in living above the world, and in a greater degree of steadfastness and strength in the way of duty and self-denial; maintaining the christian conflict against temptations, and conquering from time to time under great trials; persisting in an unmoved, untouched calm and rest, under the changes and accidents of time, such as seasons of extreme pain, and apparent hazard of immediate death. These transports did not arise from bodily weakness, but were greatest in the best state of health. They were accompanied with a lively sense of the greatness of God, and her own littleness and vileness; and had abiding effects, in the increase of the sweetness, rest and humility, which they left upon the soul, and in a new engagedness of heart to live to the honor of God, and to watch and fight against sin. They were attended with no enthusiastical disposition to follow impulses, or supposed revelations, nor with any appearance of spiritual pride; but on the contrary, with a very great increase of meekness, and humility, and a disposition in honor to prefer others, as well as with a great aversion to judging others, and a strong sense of the importance of moral, social duties. They were accompanied with an extraordinary sense of the awful majesty of God, so as frequently to take away the bodily strength; with a sense of the holiness of God, as of a flame infinitely pure and bright, so as oftentimes to overwhelm soul and body; with an extraordinary view of the infinite terribleness of his wrath, of the exceeding sinfulness of her own heart, and of a desert of that wrath forever; with an intense sorrow for sin, so as entirely to prostrate the strength of the body; with a clear certainty of the truth of the great things revealed in the Gospel; with an overwhelming sense of the glory of the work of redemption, and the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, of the glorious harmony of the Divine attributes appearing therein, as that wherein mercy and truth have met together, and righteousness and peace have kissed each other; with a sight of the glorious sufficiency of Christ, a constant immoveable trust in God, an overwhelming sense of his glorious unsearchable wisdom, a sweet rejoicing at his being infinitely and unchangeably happy, independent and all-sufficient, at his reigning over all, and doing his own will with uncontrollable power and sovereignty; with a delightful sense of the glory of the Holy Spirit, as the great Comforter; with intense desires for the honor and glory of God's name, a clear and constant preference of it, not only to her own temporal interests, but to her spiritual comfort; with a willingness to live and die in spiritual darkness, if the honor of God required it, a great lamenting of ingratitude, intense longings and faintings after higher love to Christ, and greater conformity to him—particularly to be more perfect in humility and adoration; with great delight in singing praises to God and Jesus Christ, a desire that this present life might be one continued song of praise, and an overcoming pleasure at the thought of spending eternity in that exercise; with a living by faith in a very unusual manner; with a uniform distrust of her own strength, and a great dependence on God for help; with intense longings that all christians might be fervent in love, and active in the service of God; with taking pleasure in watchfulness and toil, self-denial and bearing the cross; with a melting compassion for those who were in a state of nature, and for christians under darkness, a universal benevolence to all mankind, a willingness to endure any suffering for the conversion of the impenitent—her compassion for them being often to that degree, that she could find no support nor rest, but in going to God and pouring out her soul in prayer for them; with earnest desires that the then existing work of Divine grace might be carried on with greater purity, and freedom from all bitter zeal, censoriousness, spiritual pride and angry controversy, and that the kingdom of Christ might be established through the earth, as a kingdom of holiness, peace, and joy; with unspeakable delight in the thoughts of heaven, as a world of love, where love shall be the saints' eternal food, where they shall dwell in the light of love, and where the very air and breath will be nothing but love; intense love to the people of God, as to those who will soon wear his perfect image; with earnest desires that others might love God better than herself, and attain to higher degrees of holiness; with a delight in conversing on the most spiritual and heavenly things in religion, often engaging in such conversation, with a degree of feeling too intense to be long endured; and with a lively sense of the importance of charity to the poor, as well as of the need which ministers have of the influences of the Holy Spirit, and earnest longings and wrestlings with God for them in prayer. She had also, according to Mr. Edwards, the greatest, fullest, longest continued, and most constant Assurance of the favor of God, and of a title to future glory, that he ever saw any appearance of, in any person;—enjoying, especially near the time in which he made this statement, to use her own expression, THE RICHES OF FULL ASSURANCE; as well as an uninterrupted, entire resignation to God, with respect to health or sickness, ease or pain, life or death, and an entire resignation of the lives of her nearest earthly friends. These things were attended with a constant, sweet peace and serenity of soul, without a cloud to interrupt it, a continual rejoicing in all the works of nature and providence, a wonderful access to God by prayer, sensibly conversing with him, as much as if Christ were here on earth; frequent, plain, sensible and immediate, answers of prayer, all tears wiped away, all former troubles and sorrows of life forgotten, excepting sorrow for sin, doing every thing for God and his glory, doing it as the service of love, with a continual, uninterrupted cheerfulness, peace and joy. "O how good," she once observed, "is it to work for God in the day time, and at night to lie down under his smiles." Instead of slighting the means of grace in consequence of these discoveries, she was never more sensible of her need of instruction; instead of regarding herself as free from sin, she was led by her clearer sight of the Divine holiness, to perceive more fully the sinfulness of her own heart; instead of neglecting the business of life, she performed it with greater alacrity, as a part of the service of God—declaring that, when thus done, it was as delightful as prayer itself. At the same time, she discovered an extreme anxiety to avoid every sin, and to discharge every moral obligation, was most exemplary in the performance of every social and relative duty, exhibiting great inoffensiveness of life and conversation, great meekness, gentleness and benevolence of spirit, and avoided, with remarkable conscientiousness, all those things, which she regarded as failings in her own character.

To those, who, after reading this statement of facts, still regard the preceding narrative as the offspring of enthusiasm, we shall draw our reply from Mr. Edwards himself: "Now if such things are enthusiasm, and the offspring of a distempered brain; let my brain be possessed evermore of that happy distemper! If this be distraction; I pray God that the world of mankind may all be seized with this benign, meek, beneficent, beatific, glorious distraction! What notion have they of true religion, who reject what has here been described? What shall we find to correspond with these expressions of Scripture, *The peace of God, that passeth all understanding: Rejoicing with joy unspeakable, and full of glory: God's shining into our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ: With open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of God, and being changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord: Being called out of darkness into marvelous light: and having the day-star arise in our heart:* What let me ask, if these things that have been mentioned do not correspond with these expressions; what else can we find that does correspond with them?"

Mr. Edwards adds, that he had witnessed many instances, in Northampton and elsewhere, of other persons, which were in general, of the same kind with these, though not so high in degree, in any instance; and, in many of them, not so pure and unmixed, or so well regulated. In some individuals, who discovered very intense religious affections, there was obviously a great mixture of nature with grace, and in some a sad degenerating of religious affections; yet, in most instances, they were uniform in their character, and obviously the result of fervent piety.

The character of Mrs. Edwards's piety, which led her to secure to others as well as herself, the enjoyment of the peace of God, is exhibited in the following anecdote, related by Dr. Hopkins in his life of President Edwards.

"In the month of December," he observes, "being furnished with a horse, I set out for Northampton, with a view to live with Mr. Edwards, where I was an utter stranger. When I arrived there, Mr. Edwards was not at home; but I was received with great kindness by Mrs. Edwards and the family, and had encouragement that I might live there during the winter. Mr. Edwards was absent on a preaching tour, as people in general were greatly attentive to religion and preaching, which was attended with remarkable effects, in the conviction and supposed conversion of multitudes. I was very gloomy, and was most of the time retired in my chamber. After some days, Mrs. Edwards came into my chamber, and said, "As I was now become a member of the family for a season, she felt herself interested in my welfare; and, as she observed that I appeared gloomy and dejected, she hoped I would not think she intruded, by her desiring to know, and asking me what was the occasion of it," or to that purpose. I told her the freedom she used was agreeable to me; that the occasion of the appearance which she mentioned, was the state in which I considered myself. I was in a Christless, graceless state, and had been under a degree of conviction and concern for myself, for a number of months; had got no relief, and my case, instead of growing better, appeared to grow worse. Upon which we entered into a free conversation; and on the whole she told me, that she had peculiar exercises in prayer respecting me, since I had been in the family; that she trusted I should receive light and comfort, and doubted not that God intended yet to do great things by me."

President Edwards himself was fully sensible of the value of his amiable and excellent consort. Much of the tender and affectionate was expressed in his conversation with her, and in all his conduct towards her. He was often visited by her in his study, and conversed freely with her on matters of religion; and he used commonly to pray with her in his study, at least once a day, unless something extraordinary prevented. The season for this was commonly in the evening, after prayers in the family, just before going to bed. As he rose very early himself, he was wont to have his family up betimes in the morning; after which, before they entered on the business of the day, he attended on family prayers; when a chapter in the Bible was read, commonly, by candle light in the winter; upon which he asked his children questions, according to their age and capacity; and took occasion to explain some passages in it, or enforce any duty recommended, as he thought proper.

Under the guidance of such parents, laboring unitedly and harmoniously for their offspring's best good, it would naturally be expected that the children, who enjoyed their instructions, would profit by it in an eminent degree. Such was the case, and many of their eleven children were distinguished for piety and usefulness. Jerusha, the second daughter, who died at the age of nineteen, had been the object of the sincere regard and affection of all who knew her, and particularly of the eminent David Brainerd, who died at Mr. Edwards's house but a few months before her. Her father, in a note to the Memoirs of Brainerd, thus alludes to this distressing event. "Since this, it has pleased a holy and sovereign God, to take away this my dear child by death, on the 14th of February, next following, after a short illness of five days, in the eighteenth year of her age. She was a person of much the same spirit with Brainerd. She had constantly taken care of, and attended him in his sickness, for nineteen weeks before his death; devoting herself to it with great delight, because she looked on him as an eminent servant of Jesus Christ. In this time, he had much conversation with her on the things of religion; and, in his dying state, often expressed to us, her parents, his great satisfaction concerning her true piety, and his confidence that he should meet her in heaven, and his high opinion of her not only as a real christian, but as a very eminent saint: one whose soul was uncommonly fed and entertained with things which pertain to the most spiritual, experimental and distinguishing parts of religion; and one, who, by the temper of her mind, was fitted to deny herself for God, and to do good, beyond any young woman whatsoever whom he knew. She had manifested a heart uncommonly devoted to God in the course of her life, many years before her death; and said on her death-bed, that *she had not seen one minute, for several years, wherein she desired to live one minute longer, for the sake of any other good in life, but doing good, living to God, and doing what might be for his glory.*"

The third daughter, Esther, afterwards became the wife of the Rev. Aaron Burr, President of New Jersey College, at Princeton.

President Burr died at Princeton, September 25, 1757, and immediately after that event, Mr. Edwards was chosen to succeed his son-in-law, in the presidency of the college. He accepted the call, and in the beginning of the next year went to Princeton, to enter on the duties of his office.

"The small pox had now become very common in the country, and was then at Princeton, and likely to spread. And as Mr. Edwards had never had it, and inoculation was then practised with great success in those parts, he proposed to be inoculated, if the physician should advise to it, and the corporation would give their consent. Accordingly, by the advice of the physician, and the consent of the corporation, he was inoculated February 13th. He had it favorably, and it was thought all danger was over; but a secondary fever set in, and, by reason of a number of pustules in his throat, the obstruction was such, that the medicines necessary to check the fever, could not be administered. It therefore raged till it put an end to his life, on the 22d of March, 1758, in the 55th year of his age.

The physician, who inoculated and constantly attended him, in his sickness, addressed the following letter to Mrs. Edwards, on this occasion:

"To Mrs. Sarah Edwards, Stockbridge.

"*Princeton, March* 22, 1758.

"Most dear and very worthy Madam,

"I am heartily sorry for the occasion of my writing to you, by this express, but I know you have been informed, by a line from your excellent, lovely and pious husband, that I was brought here to inoculate him, and your dear daughter Esther, and her children, for the small pox, which was then spreading fast in Princeton; and that, after the most deliberate and serious consultation, with his nearest and most religious friends, he was accordingly inoculated with them, the 23d of last month; and although he had the small pox favorably, yet, having a number of them in the roof of his mouth and throat, he could not possibly swallow a sufficient quantity of drink, to keep off a secondary fever, which has proved too strong for his feeble frame; and this afternoon, between two and three o'clock, it pleased God to let him sleep in that dear Lord Jesus, whose kingdom and interest he has been faithfully and painfully serving all his life. And never did any mortal man, more fully and clearly evidence the sincerity of all his professions, by one continued, universal, calm, cheerful resignation, and patient submission to the divine will, through every stage of his disease, than he; not so much as one discontented expression, nor the least appearance of murmuring, through the whole. And never did any person expire with more perfect freedom from pain;—not so much as one distorted hair—but in the most proper sense of the words, he fell asleep. Death had certainly lost its sting, as to him.

"Your daughter, Mrs. Burr, and her children, through the mercy of God, are safely over the disease, and she desires me to send her duty to you, the best of mothers. She has had the small pox the heaviest of all, whom I have inoculated, and little Sally, far the lightest; she has but three in her face. I am sure it will prove serviceable to her future health.

"I conclude, with my hearty prayer, dear Madam, that you may be enabled to look to that God, whose love and goodness you have experienced a thousand times, for direction and help, under this most afflictive dispensation of his providence, and under every other difficulty, you may meet with here, in order to your being more perfectly fitted for the joys of heaven, hereafter.

"I am, dear Madam,
"Your most sympathizing
"And affectionate friend,
"And very humble servant,
"William Shippen."

This letter reached Mrs. Edwards, while in a feeble state of health, when she was preparing to pay a visit, first to her sister, Mrs. Hopkins, at West Springfield, and then to her mother, Mrs. Edwards, of Windsor, in consequence of the death of Mr. Edwards's father. What her feelings were, and those of her family, under this unexpected and overwhelming dispensation, can be more easily conceived than described.

"She had long told her intimate friends, that she had, after long struggles and exercises, obtained, by God's grace, a habitual willingness to die herself, or part with any of her most near relatives. That she was willing to bring forth children for death; and to resign up him, whom she esteemed so great a blessing to her and her family, her nearest partner, to the stroke of death, whenever God should see fit to take him. And when she had the greatest trial, in the death of Mr. Edwards, she found the help and comfort of such a disposition. Her conduct on this occasion, was such as to excite the admiration of her friends; it discovered that she was sensible of the great loss, which she and her children had sustained in his death; and, at the same time, showed that she was quiet and resigned, and had those invisible supports, which enabled her to trust in God with quietness, hope, and humble joy."

A few days afterwards, she addressed the following letter to Mrs. Burr.

"*Stockbridge*,* *April* 3, 1758.

"MY VERY DEAR CHILD,

"What shall I say! A holy and good God has covered us with a dark cloud. O that we may kiss the rod, and lay our hands on our mouths! The Lord has done it. He has made me adore his goodness, that we had him so long. But my God lives; and he has my heart. O what a legacy my husband, and your father, has left us! We are all given to God; and there I am, and love to be.

"Your ever affectionate mother,
"SARAH EDWARDS."

On the same sheet, was the following letter from one of her daughters.

"MY DEAR SISTER,

"My mother wrote this, with a great deal of pain, in her neck, which disabled her from writing any more. She thought you would be glad of these few lines from her own hand.

"O, sister, how many calls have we, one upon the back of another. O, I beg your prayers, that we, who are young in this family, may be awakened and excited to call more earnestly on God, that he would be our Father and friend forever.

"My father took leave of all his people and family as affectionately, as if he knew he should not come again. On the Sabbath afternoon, he preached from these words,—*We have no continuing city, therefore let us seek one to come.* The chapter that he read was Acts the 20th. O, how proper; what could he have done more. When he had got out of doors he turned about,—"I commit you to God,"—said he. I doubt not but God will take a fatherly care of us, if we do not forget him.

"I am your ever affectionate sister,
"SUSANNAH EDWARDS."

"*Stockbridge*, *April* 3, 1758.

"Mrs. Burr and her children were inoculated, at the same time that her father was, and had recovered when he died. But after she was perfectly recovered, to all appearance, she was suddenly seized with a violent disorder, which carried her off in a few days; and which, the physician said, he could call by no name, but that of *a messenger, sent suddenly, to call her out of the world.* She died, April 7, 1758, sixteen days after her father, in the 27th year of her age. She was married to Mr. Burr, June 29, 1752. They had two children, a son and a daughter. This son was Aaron Burr, afterwards Vice President of the United States;—the daughter became the wife of the Hon. Tapping Reeve, of Litchfield, Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut.

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* Mr. Edwards, after his dismission from Northampton, in 1750, removed to Stockbridge, where he labored as a pastor of the church and a missionary among the Indians, till he was called to Princeton. He left his family there for a short time, till he should make arrangements for their removal.

"Mrs. Burr exceeded most of her sex, in the beauty of her person, as well as in her behavior and conversation. She discovered an unaffected, natural freedom, towards persons of all ranks, with whom she conversed. Her genius was much more than common. She had a lively, sprightly imagination, a quick and penetrating discernment and a good judgment. She possessed an uncommon degree of wit and vivacity; which yet was consistent with pleasantness and good nature; and she knew how to be facetious and sportive, without trespassing on the bounds of decorum, or of strict and serious religion. In short, she seemed formed to please, and especially to please one of Mr. Burr's taste and character, in whom he was exceedingly happy. But what crowned all her excellences, and was her chief glory, was RELIGION. She appeared to be the subject of divine impressions, when seven or eight years old; and she made a public profession of religion, when about fifteen. Her conversation, until her death, was exemplary, as becometh godliness." She was, in every respect, an ornament to her sex, being equally distinguished for the suavity of her manners, her literary accomplishments, and her unfeigned regard to religion. Her religion did not cast a gloom over her mind, but made her cheerful and happy, and rendered the thought of death transporting. She left a number of manuscripts, on interesting subjects, and it was hoped they would have been made public; but they are now lost.

Mrs. Edwards did not long survive her husband. In September, she set out, in good health, on a journey to Philadelphia, to take care of her two orphan grand-children, which were now in that city; and had been, since the death of Mrs. Burr. As they had no relations in those parts, Mrs. Edwards proposed to take them into her own family. She arrived there, by the way of Princeton, Sept. 21, in good health, having had a comfortable journey. But, in a few days, she was seized with a violent dysentery, which, on the fifth day, put an end to her life, October 2d, 1758, in the 49th year of her age. She said not much in her sickness; being exercised, most of the time, with violent pain. On the morning of the day she died, she apprehended her death was near, when she expressed her entire resignation to God, and her desire that he might be glorified in all things; and that she might be enabled to glorify him to the last: and continued in such a temper, calm and resigned, till she died.

Her remains were carried to Princeton, and deposited with those of Mr. Edwards. Thus they, who were in their lives remarkably lovely and pleasant, in their death were not much divided. Here, the father and mother, the son and daughter, were laid together in the grave, within the space of a little more than a year; though a few months before, their dwelling was more than one hundred and fifty miles apart:—two Presidents of the same College, and their consorts, than whom, it will doubtless be hard to find four persons, more valuable and useful!

Note.—This memoir of Mrs. Edwards, is extracted and abridged from The Life of President Edwards, by Sereno E. Dwight. Those parts which are marked by quotation points, when not otherwise explained, were taken from The Life of President Edwards, by Dr. Hopkins. The rest was mostly borrowed from a memoir of Mr. Edwards, appended to an edition of Edwards's Life, published at Northampton. We are indebted to Dwight's work, merely as a collection of valuable documents, which had previously existed in a scattered state.

MRS. SARAH OSBORN.

Mrs. Sarah Osborn, was born in London, on February 22, 1714. Her father was Mr. Benjamin Haggar. Her mother was Mrs. Susanna Haggar, whose maiden name was Guyse. She was sister to the Reverend Doctor John Guyse of London. Mrs. Osborn came to America, with her mother, in the year 1722, in the ninth year of her age, her father having been here for some time before. They lived in Boston a short time, and then moved to Freetown, on the east side of Taunton river, near fifty miles south of Boston, and above twenty miles from Newport. In the year 1729, they moved to Newport on Rhode Island, where she lived till her decease.

The following is an extract from an account of the first thirty years of her life, written by herself.

Having been for some years strongly inclined to write something of what I can remember of the dealings of God with my soul from a child, I now, being about thirty years old, atttempt to do it; hoping it may consist with the glory of God, at which I trust, through grace, I sincerely aim: And the good of my own soul, as a mean to stir up gratitude in the most ungrateful of all hearts, even mine, to a glorious and compassionate Savior, for all his benefits towards so vile a monster in sin as I am: And for the encouragement of any who may providentially light on these lines after my decease, to trust in the Lord, and never despair of mercy, since one so stnbborn and rebellious as I have been, has obtained it, through the sovereign riches of free grace. But Oh, let all tremble at the thought of abusing a Savior so, lest God should say, "Let them alone, they shall never enter into my rest."

Lord, humble me for my base ingratitude; and help me, by affording me the influences and assistance of thy blessed Spirit, that I may be impartial in this work, declaring the truth, and nothing but the truth; and in all that, have a single eye to thy glory. O, for Jesus' sake, suffer me not to do any thing that will tend to puff up self. O, remove all spiritual pride, and keep me low at the feet of Jesus. Fill me with adoring and admiring thoughts of thee, O God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, who has so wonderfully contrived and wrought out my redemption; and though thou hast, through infinite wisdom, hid these things from the wise and prudent, yet hast revealed them unto babes; and even to me, the most ignorant and vile of all creatures: Whose deep rooted enmity against thee and thy laws broke out into action, as soon as I was capable of any. The first that I can remember of actual sins, of which I was guilty, was *telling a lie*. And then that text of scripture often rang in my ears, "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

I was frequently under the strivings of the Spirit of God, pressing me to forsake sin, and repent and perform duties: But sometimes found them very burdensome to me; such as praying and saying many good things, which I was frequently taught. Blessed be God for such instructions. Sometimes I loved them, and was much affected with them: But my corruptions prevailed dreadfully, an angry temper stirring in me; especially when corrected by my mother. But I acknowledge, to the glory of God, that he preserved such a tenderness of conscience in me, that if at any time my mother convinced me that she did it because it was her duty, and for my sin against God, I could bear it patiently, and willingly, yea thankfully.

Thus I continued till I was about seven or eight years old; when, my father being in New England, my mother put me to a boarding school, about three miles from London, where every thing was delightful to me. I was constantly taught things that were religious, and they all became sweet to me, so that I verily thought I lived a heaven upon earth. O, how sweet were Sabbaths! And for secret prayer, I would not have omitted it for all the world; nay, the sin of omitting it appeared so monstrous, and such a dreadful thing, that I dare not lie down without it: In this I was doubtless governed by a legal spirit. I was frequently much enlarged in that duty, and used to weep much when confessing my sins, and pleading for the pardon of them, and for an interest in Christ. The name of Christ was sweet to me, and sin appeared more hateful. I often used to reprove others, when guilty of it. But once in particular, I remember, when I was at Hertford, where my grandmother lived, and my brother with her, a little time before we came to New England, my brother did something which I thought was wicked, and I reproved him sharply for it; but was much perplexed, after I had done it, with these words of scripture, "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." This frighted me exceedingly. I thought I was a vile hypocrite, and should never dare to reprove any body again. And, I suppose, a hypocrite I was. But at last I told my grandmother of it, who encouraged me to go on, telling me it was my duty so to do; and if I was faithful, God would bless me, and love me.

So I continued for a while, as I thought, to delight in the ways of holiness. But alas! alas! how soon was it over! My goodness was like the morning cloud and the early dew, which soon passeth away; for when I was in my ninth year my father sent for my mother and me to come to New England to him. And on board the ship I lost my good impressions, and grew vile, so that I could then play upon the Sabbath. But was convinced of that sin by an accident which befel me; or rather what was ordered by infinite wisdom for that end. For as I was busy in boiling something for my amusement, I fell into the fire with my right hand, and burnt it all over; which I presently thought came justly upon me for playing on the Sabbath day: And I was ashamed and sorry I had done so.

But after this I do not remember any particular conviction for some years; but was changeable and inconstant, sometimes quite careless, and then more diligent in the performance of prayer. I had always, as I thought, a great love for those who I believed were good people, especially ministers. My very heart would leap with joy, when I could see, or come near enough to touch them. I mention this as a childish notion, that I took such pleasure in touching them. I used to go secretly behind them for that purpose. I thought I could do any thing in my power to serve them.

About two years and an half after we came to Boston, my parents moved to Freetown, and I with them. And when I was about thirteen years old, my mother went from thence to Newport on Rhode Island, and went to visit Mr. Clap, who gave her a little book of spiritual songs for me, and desired her to give it to me, and tell me that it came from one who was a hearty well wisher to my soul. These words immediately seized me, and filled me with shame to think that one whom I never knew should take such care of my precious soul, while I was so careless myself. And from that minute I thought I had a grateful love for Mr. Clap, and longed to sit under his ministry. I was then for some time under strong convictions. Had such a sense of the hardness of my heart, that I often thought it was impossible for me to be sufficiently awakened by any ordinary means; and prayed that God would do any thing with me, though ever so terrible, so that I might be driven from my evil courses, and turned to God. Some change I thought must be wrought in me, or I should never get to heaven; but after what manner, I knew not. However, I resolved to persist in the way of duty, as I called it, and to forsake my sins, and lead a new life. But, fool that I was, I made resolutions in my own strength, and built upon my own works; and so soon fell again. O, amazing grace, that God should spare such a wretch as me, such an abuser of mercy!

After this I found myself dead, and to have no heart, as I thought, to pray, nor any sweetness in it, when I did. Then, O how I longed for the return of the spirit of God, imagining he was withdrawn from me. Sometimes I did agonize in prayer, and plead with God that he would return to me by his Spirit once more. But was often answered by these words, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." Then I would beg, and promise that if God would try me *this once*, I would never grieve or resist his Spirit again. O, wretch that I was! thus to lie to the glorious God, who was then striving with me, to bring me to his Son; for I did, *I did* quench his motions, and soon forgot my promises. O, deceitful and dreadfully wicked heart! who can know it? Lord, I am amazed at thy patience that I am out of hell.

Sometime after this, contrary to my parents' commands, I got into a canoe to paddle about in the river,* and could not get on shore again. It being in the night, though the moon shined bright, I expected no other but to be drowned. Once I thought to get out, and pull the canoe to the shore; but I tried first if I could reach the bottom with my paddle: and finding I could not, durst not venture. Then I could see no probability of escaping death. So I kneeled down and prayed, and all my former convictions revived: and the sin of disobedience to my parents especially appeared odious. I thought that it was just that God should bring me into this distress for this sin; and with great vehemence and self-abhorrence confessed my sins, with their aggravations before God, pleading for an interest in the blood of Christ, and for pardon for his sake, for that, and all my other sins. And while I was praying, I felt a secret joy, verily believing that I was forgiven, and that Christ had loved me with an everlasting love, and that I should be happy with him and longed for the time. I was immediately resigned, as I thought, to the will of God, quite willing to die, and willing to live; begging that God would dispose of me as most consisted with his glory. And after I had thus resigned myself, as I thought soul and body into the hands of God, to do with me as seemed good to him, I was as calm and serene in the temper of my mind, as ever in my life.

But at length I bethought myself, that self preservation was a great duty, and therefore I ought to try to get on shore. So I halloed as loud as I could to the neighbors, who with much difficulty were made to hear, and came to me some hours after. There was not another canoe within two or three miles; for I had been driven by the tide some miles, first up and then down the river.

How it would have been with my soul, if God had taken me out of the world at that time, he only knows. Some christians have thought, a saving change was then wrought, and that I should have been happy.

After this, I was more diligent in pursuing, as I thought, the ways of holiness in the way God had appointed; and more watchful against sin. My life was pleasant and sweet. I had great enlargements in duties. But at length grew cold again. O ungrateful soul to forget such a remarkable deliverance from death.

The next winter I was as wonderfully preserved. The weather being exceeding cold, the river was frozen, so that people, horses, and teams went over on the ice. But while it was hard and slippery, I durst not venture on it, for fear of falling. But after a great thaw, so that the ice looked quite black, I contrary to my parents' orders again, they being from home, went quite over to the other side, which was a mile. But the tide was rising, so I could not get on shore: and when I looked around me, I could see nothing but great holes, as large as houses, or larger, some of them. There was no way for me, but to go straight back again; which I did. But the water was almost over shoes all the way; and the ice, it seemed to me, bent every step I took. And when I got back, the water was so risen, that I was much beset to get on shore: and it was in the dusk of the evening. But at last, with much difficulty, I found a strip of ice as narrow as a bridge which reached the shore, by which I got to land. But when I had got off, and saw the imminent danger to which I had exposed myself, by my folly and presumption, it made me tremble exceedingly. I presently thought again, how just God would have been, if I had been drowned for my disobedience to my parents; and wondered at his patience in sparing me: But do not remember, that I felt any abiding impressions; so great was my woful stupidity: though I think I kept on praying, &c. As to the river, the wind rose presently, and blew very hard from the south, so that it with the tide, broke it up, that before bed time there was not a piece of ice of any bigness within sight of our house, which stood close by the river. I am amazed, when I consider how wonderfully God preserved me, a poor sinful worm, so unworthy of the least mercy.

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* The house stood by Taunton river, which was navigable.

The next March, we removed to Dighton,* where we lived one year. I remember but one awakening in that time; and that was by hearing of the death of one of my former associates in Freetown, a young girl, about my age.

Then I was again astonished at the patience of God, in sparing me alive and out of hell. Then I renewed my resolutions to lead a new life. But instead of that, in the spring we moved to Rhode Island, where I soon got into company, and was full of vanity. But my conscience would not let me be easy.

After some sore trials and temptations, I was more comfortable, and had a great desire, I thought to forsake *all sin*, and to comply with every commanded duty. I longed to join to the church; but thought I was unworthy. I thought I thirsted for communion with God in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and used to think, if I came to *that*, it would certainly be a restraint upon me, so that I should not dare to sin as others did. And when I stayed to see the ordinance administered, I used to think I could give all this world, I were fit to attend it. My spirit would even sink within me for the longings I had. Sometimes I would weep so that I could not conceal it. One sabbath, I went to hear Mr. Clap preach at his own house, where I inclined to go constantly; but my parents went to the other meeting, and were not pleased I should go from them: so I went but seldom. But at this time there was a girl about fourteen years old baptized, which so affected me that I could hardly refrain from crying out in the meeting, when I thought how I had broken the covenant engagements, which my parents had made with God, in my behalf, in my infancy, and so long abused so great a privilege, as being a child of the covenant: and she, who had not had so much done for her, should now come to desire it herself! I saw, as I thought, such a beauty in her, that I loved her entirely, and wished to be as as I thought she was. I made new resolutions to live answerable to the mercies I had received; but being made in my own strength I soon fell again. I thought I trusted in God; and used frequently, in times of trial, to go and pour out my complaints to him thinking he was my only support. But I dare not now be positive, or really conclude, that I knew what it was to put my trust in God; for my conduct after this seems so inconsistent with grace, that I dare not say I had one spark of it then; but rather think I was only under a common work of the Spirit: though sometimes I think I had true grace, though very weak. God only knows how it was. O that he would enable me now to give diligence to make my calling and election sure, that I may not be deceived in a matter of so great importance. But to go on. After this (O that with deep humility of soul, with sorrow and shame, I could speak of it) I relapsed again, and was full of vanity. I kept company with a young man, something against my parent's will. But that was owing to false reports raised of him; for at first they liked him. I made resolutions, that, after I was married, I would lead a new life, flattering myself that then I should not have the hinderances which I now had. I used bitterly to reflect upon myself, when I had given myself liberty to be merry; for though I appeared outwardly so, I had no real pleasure: but still put off repentance, or an entire breaking off from vanity, till a more convenient season; and so resisted the Spirit of God. O Lord, how just hadst thou been, if thou hadst left me entirely to myself! and if thou hadst, nothing would have been too bad for such a vile wretch as I to have committed. But blessed be God, who withheld me from such sins as would have brought me to open justice, and exposed myself and family to shame and disgrace.

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* A town on the other side of Taunton river.

In process of time, I was married to Mr. Samuel Wheaton, being in my eighteenth year, October 21, 1731, and went with my husband the next winter to see his friends in the country; where I stayed almost five months; and was almost all the time under strong convictions. Oh, how I did sweat and tremble for fear my convictions should wear off again, and plead with God to set home strong convictions, and never, *never* suffer them to cease, till they ended in a sound and saving conversion; till I knew and was sure that I had a saving interest in Jesus Christ, and was freely forgiven for his sake!

and this was the substance of my frequent prayers ever after, when I could pray at all with earnestness; that I might never rest more, till I was sure my peace was made with God.

From this time I had a hope again, at times, that Christ was mine. But it was some years after before it pleased God to answer it fully, by giving me an assurance of it. But then I longed again for the ordinance of the Lord's supper, though sometimes shocked by that awful text, "He who eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself." But resolved at last, if I lived to get home, I would venture, *in obedience to the commandment of Christ;* and throw myself into the arms of mercy. I longed to commemorate the death and sufferings of a crucified Jesus. I thought nothing should tempt me to delay any longer. But, oh my sinful soul, must I yet add to the number of thy backslidings! Could not the time past suffice, that thou hadst provoked a compassionate God! Was it not enough, and more than enough, that thou hadst rebelled so long against a glorious Christ, and grieved his blessed Spirit! But must I go on again, after such awakenings as these, which one would have thought impossible! But, oh deceitful heart, thou didst, *thou didst!* Lord, I blush and am ashamed, when I remember my notorious ingratitude. O break this heart of flint, dearest Lord, that it may melt into tears of contrition: And never suffer me to forgive myself, because thou hast forgiven me.

After I came home, I met with much affliction in many respects. It seemed to me that the whole world were in arms against me. I thought I was the most despised creature living upon earth. I used to pray to God in secret to relieve me; but did not, as I ought, see his hand in permitting it so to be, as a just punishment for my vile sins: and therefore was not humbled under it as I ought; but let nature rise, and acted very imprudently, in many respects. I was then with child, and often lamented that I was like to bring a child into such a world of sorrow: but sometimes found a disposition to dedicate my babe to God, while in the womb; and did so at all seasons of secret prayer. And, after it was born, my husband being at sea, I could not rest till I had solemnly given it up to God in baptism. And I thought that I did indeed give up both myself and it to God.

I met with many trials in my lying in, it being an extreme cold season. My child was born on Oct. 27, 1732. The next spring, my husband returned home; but went to sea again, and died abroad in November, 1733. I was then in my twentieth year. The news of my husband's death came to me on the first of the next April. And I was prepared the evening before to receive it, by being uncommonly exercised in my mind about spiritual things: and that text in Hebrews was continually in my thoughts, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" This put me upon pleading with God, that I might not be found among the neglecters of it. I went to bed in a house all alone, my child being at my father's. And about eleven or twelve o'clock at night was awaked to hear the heavy tidings. But God appeared wonderfully for my support. I saw his hand, and was enabled to submit with patience to his will. I daily looked round me, to see how much heavier the hand of God was laid on some others, than it was on me, where they were left with a large number of children, and much involved in debt. And I had but one to maintain; and, though poor, yet not involved. Others, I saw, as well as myself, had their friends snatched from them by sudden accidents. The consideration of these things, together with the thoughts of what I deserved, stilled me so, that though the loss of my companion, whom I dearly loved, was great; yet the veins of mercy, which I saw running through all my afflictions, were so great likewise, that, with Job, I could say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." I had then the promises of the widow's God to plead, and seemed to cast myself more immediately upon his care, verily believing, as I thought, he would provide for me, with my fatherless babe; for whom I often pleaded for covenant blessings, since he had been cast upon God from the womb.

O, how much comfort do those parents lose, who never gave their children up to God in baptism in their infancy! And how sad for children themselves to be deprived of the privilege of pleading with God for covenant blessings! My being dedicated to God in my infancy always put an argument into my mouth, to beg of God that I might not cut myself off, since I was a child of the covenant, and from a child given to him in baptism. But, to return:

As before this affliction every one seemed to be enemies to me, so from that time, all became friends. My parents treated me very tenderly; and God inclined every one who saw me to be kind to me. My brother was come into New England: and being a single man, we went to housekeeping together. But in three months after he married, and I soon found it would not do to live as before; and began to be thoughtful how I should do. I could see no way in which I could get a living. All doors seemed to be shut. But I verily believed that God would point out a way for me. And accordingly, the very day I came to a resolution to move as soon as I could, a stranger to my case, who kept a school a little way off, came to me, and told me that she only waited for a fair wind to go to Carolina; and, if it would suit me, I should have her chamber and scholars; which I joyfully accepted. Thus the widow's God remarkably provided for me. This was on Nov. 19, 1734. I was then placed in a family, who discovered a great deal of affection for me; and in all respects used me as tenderly as if I had been a near relation.

It pleased God the next May to lay his afflicting hand on me, by a sharp humor, which broke out in my hands, so that, for three months, every finger I had was wrapped in plasters; and I could help myself but very little, and was under the doctor's hands. In the fall I was taken with violent fits, and was quite deprived of sense by them five days. I was blistered almost all over by the doctor; and my hands and arms were all raw, from my fingers' ends, up above my elbows, attended with a high fever. But all my friends were exceedingly kind to me, and those in the house took care of me, and of my children too; so that my school was not broken up, till I was able to take care of it myself again. But the sharp humor continued very violent, at times, for some years: and still continues at some seasons. But, in all this time of illness, God wonderfully provided for me. I wanted for none of the comforts of life: neither was I cast down; for his mercy held me up.

The instances of the remarkable hand of God in his providence, in ordering my temporal affairs, are innumerable. But, oh vile wretch! after all this I grew slack again, and got into a cold, lifeless frame. As I grew better in bodily health, my soul grew sick. I daily laid up a stock for repentance. But, through rich grace, I was again convinced of my stupidity, and began to be more diligent in attending on the means of grace. But I found I could not profit by the word preached: nothing reached my heart; all seemed but skin deep: and the more I went to meeting the more I found it so. Then I began to think I must take some other course.

Not long after I went to hear Mr. Clap; who told me the very secrets of my heart in his sermon, as plain as I could have told them to him, and indeed more so. His sermon was very terrible to me. My sins, from my cradle, were ranked in order before my eyes, and they appeared dreadful. I saw the depravity of my nature; and how I had stifled the motions of the blessed Spirit of God, and resisted all the kind invitations of a compassionate Savior. I was heart-sick of all my works. And as it had been often suggested to me, I believe from Satan, that it was time enough for me to repent hereafter, it was now strongly impressed on my mind, that it was *now* too late for me to find mercy. Once I might have had Christ; but now my day was past. And it was suggested that I had committed the unpardonable sin; because I had sinned against light and knowledge, even against the convictions of my own conscience. This I knew I had done; and therefore believed I had committed that sin which could never be forgiven.

But, O! what shall I say, or how, with gratitude enough, express the wonderful goodness of that God, who preserved me, even when I was, in my own apprehension, upon the very brink of hell, weltering in my blood; when no eye pitied me, and no created arm could save me: Even then did he spread his skirt over me, and said to me, Live. After I had been near a week in this distress, my very soul racked with fear of what I must undergo to all eternity, those words, "*Depart from me*," sounding in my ears, and I uttering the language of hell, "There is no hope! There is no help! The door of mercy is shut against me forever!" all at once, I was alarmed with these thoughts, which seemed to be conveyed to my mind in the following words. "Who has told you, that your day of grace is over? Are not the doors of the meeting house open? Cannot you hear the offers of salvation? Have you not your Bible to read? And you may pray: therefore, you see your external day of grace is not over. And how do you know but you may yet obtain mercy! It is the devil who has suggested all this to you; and he is a liar from the beginning." I was then convinced, that it was the devil who had been tempting me to despair of the mercy of God, which I did not perceive before, but verily thought what he suggested to me was true, viz. That there was no hope for me.

After I saw that I was tempted by Satan to despair, and knowing that he was a liar, I began, for a few minutes, to have some glimmering of hope that it might possibly be, that Christ would receive me, because he had spared me hitherto, on this side the grave, and out of hell. Who knows, thought I, but I may yet be a child of God. Immediately upon these thoughts, I was furiously assaulted with new temptations by Satan, I believe, not to flatter myself with the thought that I should be a child of God; for I was not elected, and therefore could not be saved. Besides, God did not leave his children to be tempted by him, as I had been. I might be sure, if I was one of God's chosen, he would not have suffered me to be tempted so; but I belonged to Satan, and he was sure of me. And I, like a fool, yielded to these suggestions, and at once cast off my hope again, verily believing it was impossible that I could ever be a child of God. Now I was brought to the greatest extremity, and plunged into as deep an agony as ever. I saw myself utterly lost without a Christ. I thought I could have suffered all the torments in the world for an interest in Christ. If I could have purchased him by doing any thing, though ever so hard, I should then have thought it nothing. But oh, base, proud, unbelieving heart! I could not take him freely, upon his own terms; because, though I had no doubt that he was able to save me; yet I could not see him willing to receive so vile a wretch. In this dreadful agony, I opened my Bible, and the first words I cast my eye upon were these: 1 Cor. x. 13. "There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to man: But God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way for your escape, that ye may be able to bear it." These words were accompanied with those powerful influences of the spirit of God, which excited in me a sense of the excellence, glory and truth of God, and I had a pleasing confidence and rest in the divine faithfulness, and embraced the promises in these words. As it is not possible for me to express the greatness of the distress, in which I was before; so it is as much impossible for me to make any one sensible of the joy, with which I was instantly filled by this gracious promise; except those who experimentally know what it is; for God was pleased, at that moment, to give me faith to lay hold on it. O, how did it fill my heart and mouth with praises, and my eyes with floods of tears! I was humbled to the dust, and amazed, as I paraphrased upon every branch of the text. It surprised, and comforted me too, to find that there had no temptation taken me, but such as is common to man, when but a few minutes before I had been thinking that none had ever been tempted as I was. But as I perused the other part, viz. That God was faithful, and would not suffer me to be tempted above that I was able; but would, with the temptation, make a way for me to escape, that I might be able to bear it; my transport of joy was so great, that it was more than my poor feeble frame was able to sustain; for my nature even fainted with excessive joy. Then I saw Christ not only able, but willing to receive me; and could freely trust my soul in his hands.

Thus I continued for some time, rejoicing and resolving, by assisting grace, to press forward, and by all means to make my calling and election sure. Then I wrote my experience to be communicated to the church; and I was admitted, February 6, 1737, to partake of that holy ordinance of the Lord's Supper. But it is impossible for me to express the ecstacy of joy I was in, when I saw myself there, who was by nature a child of wrath, an heir of hell, and by practice a rebel against God, a resister of his grace, a piercer of the lovely Jesus, unworthy of the crumbs that fall; yet, through free grace, compelled to come in, and partake of children's bread. It was indeed sweet to me to feed by faith on the broken body of my dearest Lord. Surely it did humble me to the dust and filled me with self abhorrence, as I meditated on his sufferings and death, and knew my sins to be the procuring cause. But when I came to take the cup, and by faith to apply the precious properties of the blood of Christ to my soul, the veil of unbelief seemed to drop off, and I was forced to cry out, "My Lord, and my God," when I beheld the hole in his side, and the prints of the nails. And I could not but, in the words of Peter, appeal to him, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." O then I was admitted, with the beloved disciple, to lean on his breast! O, what a feast is this, when intimate communion with the glorious God is thus obtained! When strong covenant engagements with him are renewed; I being assured that he was my God, and giving myself, body and soul, to him forever, and rejoicing in him as my only portion forevermore. Surely, I thought, I could never enough adore the lovely Jesus for appointing such an ordinance as this.

But I cease to say any more of this; for it is impossible for me to describe the thousandth part of what I then felt. O, that I could always live as one who had thus been on the mount with God! The next morning I was as much refreshed by meditating on the 32d psalm, from the first verse to the end of the fifth. This caused me yet more to adore distinguishing grace, and even to be swallowed up with love to the immaculate Lamb; and resolve more and more, with full purpose of heart, to cleave to the Lord. The frequent language of my soul was this, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee."

I could not avoid, when there was opportunity for it, expressing my love and thankfulness to God, for snatching me as a brand out of the burning: and when I did this once to my mother, with tears of joy running down my cheeks, she said to me, "Ah, child, you will not always find your love thus flaming to the blessed Jesus. After a while you will be more cool again." But I hastily answered, too much like Peter, It was impossible I could be such a monster for ingratitude. But she told me, she did not mean that I should in reality love him less, but compared the first espousals of a soul to Christ, with that of a husband and wife, which was generally attended with more fondness and joy, than afterwards, though the love might be the same, or stronger.

I continued to go on my way rejoicing for some time, without knowing what it was to be deserted one hour together, or entirely to lose sensible communion with God in any duty or special ordinance, or ever to lie down without God; or to awake without some sweet and refreshing portion of the word of God in my thoughts. My very sleep was filled with pleasant thoughts of divine things. Surely I enjoyed some foretaste of heaven at this season.

These were happy days. But now how shall I speak! Oh that I may do it with a heart truly broken for my sins! After all this, I began to grow more conformed to the world. Things which, when I was thus lively, appeared insipid, and indeed odious to me, began to grow more tolerable, and by degrees in a measure pleasant. And depraved nature and Satan together pleaded for them thus, "That there was a time for all things; and singing and dancing now and then, with a particular friend, was an innocent diversion. Who did I see, besides myself, so precise and strict? Other christians allowed themselves in such things, who, I had reason to think, were far superior to me in grace; especially one with whom I was very intimate. Sure, if it was sin, she would not allow herself in it. It was for extraordinary christians, such as ministers, and others who were eminent for piety, to avoid the practice of such things, and not for *me*. Who did I think I was, that I should pretend to outdo other christians? They could talk of worldly things. What ailed me?" Thus the devil and carnal reasoning argued me out of a great part of my resolutions for strict godliness; and, in short, made me, in a sort, believe that it was only pride and hypocrisy, and to be seen of men, that had ever made me pretend to it.

Thus I sunk by degrees lower and lower, till I had at last almost lost all sense of my former experiences. I had only the bare remembrance of them, and they seemed like dreams or delusion, at some times. At others again, I had some revivals. I still constantly attended the means of grace, and Sabbaths were sometimes very sweet to me. At times I had access to the throne of grace, and obtained some communion with God, and resolved to be more circumspect, and renewed my covenant engagements with God. But I knew I was a dreadful backslider, and had dealt treacherously with God, and sometimes dare not with any boldness, look up to him; guilt would stop my mouth. At other times gracious invitations to backsliders to return, would revive me. Thus I continued, for a great while, sometimes revived, and sometimes sunk, and dejected.

In September, 1740, God in mercy sent his dear servant Whitefield here, which in some measure stirred me up. But when Mr. Tennent came soon after, it pleased God to bless his preaching so to me, that it roused me. But I was all the winter after exercised with dreadful doubts and fears about my state. I questioned the truth of all I had experienced, and feared I had never yet passed through the pangs of the new birth, or ever had one spark of grace. And what confirmed this to me, my dear aged pastor, Mr. Clap, frequently preached, that they who had *real grace* had *growing grace.* This used to make me tremble, because I could not perceive my growth; but thought I rather went back, and grew worse. Thus I was covered over with thick clouds for months together. Oh, the dreadful fruits of backsliding! At last, I applied to Mr. Clap, and begged of him, that if he knew of any thing which I had left undone, by what I had told him, or wrote for my admission into the church, he would let me know it, that the mistake might be rectified before it is too late. I was indeed possessed with the thought, that he saw so clearly into my state, that he knew I was a hypocrite, though I did not till then. I told him of this. But he said, he never thought so; and put me upon renewing covenant engagements with God, and giving myself up to him *then;* and perhaps I should find I had done so before. This I endeavored to do, and did get some relief; but was not yet satisfied. The tokens of a woful backslider were upon me. I had forsaken my first love, and God justly deserted me. Sometimes that text would refresh me, "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings." My heart would answer, "Behold I come unto thee; for thou art the Lord my God." And sometimes that passage, "I, even I am he, that blotteth out thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins: Return unto me; for I have redeemed thee." But yet all this time I could not get clear of doubts; but thought such dreadful formality and hypocrisy, as I perceived to be in my heart, could not consist with grace. I labored along thus all the winter, unresolved how the case stood between God and my soul: and an uncomfortable dreadful life it was. At some times I was so covered with darkness, that I seemed to be sure I had not one spark of grace: at other times afraid of ingratitude, afraid to deny what God had done for my soul. Oh, these were the dreadful fruits of backsliding, and losing my first love! The Lord in mercy preserve me, that I may never do so any more!

I continued thus till March, 1741. And then it pleased God to return Mr. Tennent to us again, and he preached twenty one sermons here. But while he was here, I was more than ever distressed. I had lost the sensible manifestations of Christ's love. I had no more but a bare remembrance of some things, which I had experienced; and yet I was afraid to draw up a conclusion, one way or the other. I applied to Mr. Tennent, and he discoursed very suitably with me. But still I was not quiet, but exceedingly distressed.

I had some light and refreshment under his preaching the next day; but my darkness returned again, and I sunk very low. I was so afraid of presumption, that I dare not conclude my state was good. And he struck directly at those things, for which I had so foolishly and wickedly pleaded christian example, such as singing songs, dancing, and foolish jesting, which is not convenient. He said, he would not say there was no such thing as a dancing christian, but he had a very mean opinion of such as could bear to spend their time so, when it is so short, and the work for eternity so great. Then, and not till then, was I fully convinced what prodigal wasters of precious time such things were. And, through grace, I have abhorred them all ever since. And to the glory of God be it spoken; for it is only from his sovereign wonderful goodness to me.

I still continued in very dark and melancholy circumstances, between hope and fear, afraid to conclude one way or the other. And having no opportunity to speak with Mr. Tennent again, I wrote to him as well as I could, briefly relating what I had experienced, and begged of him to try it by scripture rules, and judge of it accordingly, and give me his opinion; that I might not sin by denying the grace of God, if I had it, nor speak peace to my soul, if God did not. To which he returned the following answer.

"*My dear friend*,—I like your experiences well. They seem to me to be scriptural and encouraging; and I think you may humbly take comfort from them, and give God the glory of his pure grace. They who have been so humbled and distressed for sin, as to be divorced from the governing love and practice of it; and have been by the Spirit of God made willing to embrace the Redeemer deliberately, unreservedly, and resolutely, upon his own terms, have a sure interest in the great salvation. John i. 12. To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name. And whatever involuntary defects they are guilty of, they shall not break the everlasting covenant between God and their souls. Though they have played the harlot with many lovers; yet they may return to their first husband. Though God may hide his face for a moment, yet with everlasting loving kindness will he return. Though they be sometimes easily beset with sin; yet he, who was the author, will be the finisher of their faith. I add no more but love, and remain, your real friend,

March 22, 1741. G. T."

I have transcribed this letter, that, if Providence should ever cast these lines into the hands of any in like circumstances, it may, if the Lord will, have the same happy effect on them, as, by the blessing of God, it had on me; which was this—The letter itself was exceeding sweet and refreshing; but the precious texts of scripture, which were quoted, were so powerfully set home on my mind, that they scattered all my clouds immediately, and I was as one restored from the grave. Then with life and courage I again renewed my written covenant engagements with God, and became more lively and zealous for God than ever. O the amazing goodness of God to me! I have heard of some christians who never recover such backslidings all their days. But I have not since lost my evidences of grace. Though I have been sometimes under desertion, yet I could frequently say, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the light of my countenance, and my God."

After I was thus revived, my longings to be made useful in the world returned, and I earnestly pleaded with God that he would not suffer me to live any longer an unprofitable servant; but would point out some way, in which I might be useful: And that I might now be as exemplary for piety, as I had been for folly. And it pleased God so to order it, that I had room to hope my petitions were both heard, and in a measure answered. For soon after this a number of young women, who were awakened to a concern for their souls, came to me, and desired my advice and assistance, and proposed to join in a society, provided I would take the care of them. To which, I trust with a sense of my own unworthiness, I joyfully consented. And much sweetness we enjoyed in these meetings. (And blessed be God, they are yet kept up.)

About this time it pleased God to lay his afflicting hand upon me by the removal of my only brother by death. As to the loss of his person, I found I could quietly submit, and say, "The Lord gave, and he has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." But I had a sinful curiosity to know how it was with his precious soul: And being filled with fear about it, I was very much dejected. But I knew my curiosity was sinful. And I pleaded earnestly with God, that he would not suffer me to pry into the secrets of his will; but give me a quiet submission. I continued wrestling with God for resignation to his will, till about two o'clock in the morning, and then I went to bed, still begging that I might never spend another day unresigned. And just about break of day I awaked with the following words strongly impressed on my mind, "Secret things belong unto God, but those which are revealed belong unto us. The will of God is done, *the will of God is done.*" These words quieted me, so that I arose as cheerful, composed and thankful, as if I had met with no affliction at all, and I think more so; and never did from that hour, nor could mourn as I had done. This I considered as a remarkable answer to prayer.

After this my business failed, and I found I could not keep my room where I lived; and which way to turn I knew not. But was persuaded God would point out some way for me. I had several offers to go into the country to keep school in creditable families, where I had a prospect of wanting for nothing of the necessaries of this life. But I could not bear the thought of going from the means of grace, and other precious privileges, which I then enjoyed. And the society of young women often entreated me not to leave them. I had double ties every way, and knew not what to do. But I was not distressed, believing God would provide for me. Accordingly he did so; though by an afflictive dispensation. It pleased him to remove a dear friend by death, with whom I was very intimate. Her husband was a very sober good sort of a man, and wanted me to keep his shop for my board, and wash for myself. This offer suited me very well; for hereby I was not likely to be deprived of any of my religious privileges. So on the first day of July, I went there to live, and indeed had much comfort. Dear Mr. Clap met with the society at his house twice every week, which I constantly attended; and religion seemed to be the chief business of my life. Had much comfort in all the duties of religion, public, private, and secret: And had as much time to spend in them as I could desire.

About this time I had the offer of a second marriage, with one who appeared to be a real christian (and I could not think of being unequally yoked with one who was not such.) I took the matter into serious consideration. I foresaw there were difficulties which I must unavoidably encounter; and many duties would be incumbent on me, to which I had been a stranger: particularly, in my being a mother in-law to three sons, which my proposed husband had by a first wife. But after weighing all circumstances, as well as I could, in my mind, and earnest prayer which God enabled me to continue in for some time, I concluded it was the will of God, that I should accept of the offer, and was accordingly married to Mr. Henry Osborn, on the 5th day of May, 1742.

The next July after I was married, I went with an intimate friend, to Little Compton, on purpose to join in a fast which was appointed there to implore the outpouring of the Spirit of God on that place; which was attended with much solemnity. The next day which was the twenty ninth day of the month, my friend and I were riding to a private religious meeting, and my horse stumbled and threw me over his head. My stomach came first to the ground; and yet was comparatively but little hurt; and close by the spot where my head came was a large rock, which must in all probability, have ended my days, if I had fallen upon it. This gave me a sense of the goodness of God in preserving me. I got safe to the house to which I proposed to go. And in the evening Mr. Tyler preached a sermon, which greatly affected the people, who were under concern, before: but they with much difficulty kept silence, till the sermon and prayer were ended; and then cried out in vehement agonies, lamenting their lost condition without a Savior, and pleading with God to have mercy on them, and give them an interest in Christ. At this time I had an awful sense of the state of the damned, who were crying out under their torments; but past remedy.

Then a number of young women with myself withdrew into a chamber, in order to form a religious society. There we spent some time in praying, reading, conversing and singing. At the same time a company of young men were engaged in another room in the same exercises. We happened to sing in both rooms at the same time. The melody was very sweet, and gave me lively apprehensions of the glorious employment, and blessed enjoyment of the saints in the New Jerusalem; and filled my soul with adoring thoughts of God.

But in my return to the place where I lodged, it being late in the night, we were overtaken in the most awful storm of thunder and lightning that I ever heard or saw. During the terrible claps of thunder my horse stood trembling; and as soon as they ceased, ran with full speed. I was then filled with a greater sense of the awfulness and majesty of a God, than I had ever experienced before; and more realizing thoughts of the solemnity of the last day. I did not imagine that was the time; but thought it a great resemblance of it. And I expected every moment to be called to appear before my judge, either by the thunder and lightning or a fall from my horse. This put me upon examining myself, to see where the foundation of my hope was laid; and whether I had real grace, and a sure interest in Christ that he might then be my advocate. I earnestly pleaded that this might be my very case. Upon strict search I found such evidence as kept me from all fears of hell. Though I did not then feel the manifestations of the love of God, as at some other times; yet I found Christ was my only refuge. But just after the last hard clap of thunder, my horse turning suddenly round a corner, threw me off backward. My right temple came first to the ground. As I fell, I committed my spirit into the hands of my Savior, expecting death: but was wonderfully preserved; so that I was but little hurt. Thus God shewed me, in this day and night of large experience, what he could do *with me* in a way of judgment; and what *for me*, in a way of mercy, in preserving me, when in imminent danger of death. Lord, for thine own name's sake, write a law of gratitude in my heart for this, with all my other mercies. O Lord, what am I, the chief of sinners, that thou art thus mindful of me!

Soon after this, we fell into disagreeable and difficult worldly circumstances, with respect to living and paying the debts we owed. My greatest concern was with respect to the latter, lest we should not be able to do justice, and so wrong our creditors, and bring dishonor on God, and our profession. Under this pressure and distress, I was relieved and supported by the following words of Scripture, "Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have; for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." I lived cheerfully, upon this promise, for a considerable time. And God ordered things so that our creditors were paid to their satisfaction.

I have often thought God has so ordered it throughout my days hitherto, that I should be in an afflicted, low condition, as to worldly circumstances, and inclined the hearts of others to relieve me in all my distresses, on purpose to suppress that pride of my nature, which doubtless would have been acted out greatly to his dishonor, had I enjoyed health, and had prosperity so as to live independent of others. I will therefore think it best for me; for the tenderness of my friends to me, has always had a tendency to humble me greatly, and cause me to admire the goodness of God to me, that while others were daily complaining, that the rich have many friends, but the poor is despised by his neighbor, I could never say I had not as much love and respect showed me, as if I possessed great riches, and that by the rich, as well as the poor. So that, on the account of my poverty I never was despised.

And now I have, according to my desire, committed some of the many thousands of my experiences to writing. And I will give my reasons for doing it. The first motive, as I mentioned in the introduction was, that I might be excited to praise and glorify that God who has wrought such wonders for me. And through the influence of his blessed Spirit, moving me thereto, it has had this effect, in some measure, throughout the time of my writing it. The Lord grant I may continue so all my days; and then my first great end will be answered. Secondly,

I have always reaped much benefit myself, by reading the lives and experiences of others. Sometimes they have been blessed to convince me of sin—sometimes, to scatter doubts—and sometimes, to raise my affections into a flame. When expressions have been warm, they have put me upon imitating them as well as I could, by breathing out my soul in like manner. And though I fall ever so short of the excellencies with which others have been endowed; yet I know all things are possible with God. He can bless a word from the weakest, meanest, and unworthiest of all creatures, even *me*. If a word in these lines ever prove useful to one soul, after my decease, it will be ten thousand times more than I deserve from the hands of a bountiful God: To him alone be all the glory. It is his glory, I trust, through rich grace, at which I sincerely aim. And if it does not consist with that, to have these lines seen by any, either before or after my decease, I heartily desire, so far as I can possibly fathom that unfathomable deep, my own deceitful heart, and know it that they may be all buried in oblivion. Surely, I had rather my name, and all belonging to me, should be forgotten among men, than remembered to the dishonor of my God. I am an ignorant short sighted creature: but God knows what will be for the best. To him I commit it, praying that in his allwise providence, it may be disposed of as he sees meet.

N. B. Finished writing this Dec. 18, 1743, in the 30th year of my age."

The parents of Mrs. Osborn were never in affluent worldly circumstances; and had little or nothing to give to her when she married: And perhaps did not give her all the assistance which they were able to do, as they were not pleased with her marrying to the person whom she chose. He was young, and a seaman and had nothing beforehand, and died in the second voyage after he was married, and she was left a poor widow with one young child before she was twenty years old. She continued a widow more than eight years. In which time she did no more than just support herself and son, by her industry, in keeping a small school part of the time; which business she was at length, obliged to relinquish, by sickness, in which she needed and had the assistance of some of her kind friends. Thus she continued a poor widow, till she married the second time, in the twenty ninth year of her age.

Her second husband was in some trade and business when she married him; but soon appeared to owe to his creditors more than he was able to pay. They gave up all they had, and their creditors were paid, so that they were all made easy, and gave them a discharge. From that time he did but little or no business, by reason of bodily disorders, and other infirmities. At the same time he had children who were poor, and wanted assistance. In these circumstances, Mrs. Osborn began to keep school again in May, 1744. In which business she continued about thirty years, till her eyesight and bodily strength failed, so that she was obliged to give it up. She was, during this whole time, attended with bodily weakness, pains and infirmities; her constitution being greatly injured by taking mercury in an improper manner and degree, which was prescribed by her physician when afflicted with the distressing disorder, which she mentions in the account she has given of her life, the weakening and painful effects of which attended her to the day of her death. Under these disorders, which were at times very distressing, she persevered in her business, which in her circumstances required a diligence, circumspection and resolution, which have been equalled by few or none, until she lost her sight and strength, to such a degree as obliged her to desist.

For this space of about thirty years she presided in a school, which was most of the time so large that she was obliged to employ assistants. The whole number of children in her school amounted sometimes to seventy or more, some of whom, at times eight or ten, she boarded.

But, having a considerable family of her own to maintain, and other dependents which she thought it her duty to help, and the price for schooling and boarding being low, she, through this whole time, was not able to lay up any thing; but was reduced to great straits and difficulties; and at the end of the year she frequently found herself in the rear, rather than to have gained any overplus or stock for the next; this kept her in a constant state of peculiar trial, and temptation to worldly solicitude and anxiety, which required an uncommon degree of faith and piety to surmount. And sometimes, under the darkest sppearances, her faith would so far fail that she would sink into gloom and dejection, especially in the former part of this time. But she evidently made advances in her faith and cheerful resignation to the divine will, and happy contentment with the allotments of Divine Providence, while her trials and worldly straits, continued as great as ever: So that she appeared, at length, to have got the victory over the world to an uncommon degree, and to have enjoyed a calm, sweet resignation and contentment in her worldly circumstances, which was the source of high religious enjoyment, in the constant and strong exercise of that piety, by which she enjoyed God as her only and eternal portion. This appears from her diary; and was especially manifest to her intimate friends, after she was obliged to give up all business, and was wholly dependent on her friends for support; of which a more particular account will be given, before these memoirs are finished.

Mrs. Osborn began to keep school the second time, as has been observed, in the month of May, 1744, in the thirty first year of her age. With respect to which some things are noted in her diary, which may be properly transcribed here.

"*Saturday*, *April* 28, 1744.—This day I am determined, if the Lord will, to enter again into the calling of keeping school. Will the Lord in mercy bless my endeavors, and prosper the work of my hands, and overrule this for his own glory, by making me instrumental in promoting the good of souls. O Lord, if thou wilt again employ me, and make me faithful, my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness. Oh, preserve me from making dependence on any thing I can do, either for soul or body: But if it may consist with thy will, O bless me in this lawful undertaking. But above all, O Lord, go on to resign me to thy will. Not mine, but thine be done. Lord, I desire to leave it with thee. O undertake for me, and deal graciously with me, for thine own sake, as thou usest to do to those who love thy name. Help me to eye thee in all thy dispensations of providence, and be thankful to thee for every temporal mercy. Dear Lord, order it so that thine own honor may be secured, and thou mayest be glorified in me, and it is enough. Once more, I beg to be resigned, and to take all things well at thy dear hand. Whether thou smile or frown, let me bless and love; for this is my duty, and what thou justly expectest of me. Lord, thou art worthy of infinitely more love and praise than I am capable of giving: But oh, accept my attempts to love and praise, for Jesus's sake alone. In his name I come to thee for all blessings, spiritual and temporal.

"*Thursday, May* 10.—I desire to record it with thankfulness, that God in his providence gave me an opportunity last evening to advise with my dear aged pastor (Mr. Clap) about praying with my scholars. He rejoiced much in the proposal; and advised me, by all means, to proceed, and let nothing discourage me, and fear no scoffs; for it was God's cause, and he who put it into my heart to do it, would take care of his own glory. He likewise reminded me how highly Christ resented it, when his own disciples would have deprived little children of privileges. He advised me to be brief and plain, and often to mention those words in Matt. vi. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." And those in Prov. "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." And to make confession of sin, and plead for pardon for Christ's sake. Endeavor to follow him in plainness, so that the little ones might understand what I meant, &c.

"As I think I never saw him more joyful, and pleased with me, so I know not when I have come away more comforted: for my scruples all vanished. And now, by assisting grace, I determine to proceed, as God shall enable me. Blessed be God, that I enjoy so great a privilege as my dear pastor, who has thus encouraged my faith, obedience and joy; and helped me in my strait. And now, O my God, I am convinced it is my duty to pray with my dear children, I fly to thee again for assisting grace. Lord, without that it will be only a piece of formality, and will never prove serviceable to any. I beseech thee, O Lord, pour out on me a spirit of prayer, and fill me with bowels of compassion to poor little ones."

Mrs. Osborn not only prayed daily with the children in her school; but was constant and careful to instruct them in the principles of religion, and in their duty to God and man; and at certain times, and on particular occasions, seriously addressed them on the concerns of their souls, urging their attention to the Bible, to Jesus Christ, and the way of salvation by him; and to give themselves up to him, to fear and serve him, &c. Her discourses with them on these subjects frequently appeared to make impressions on their minds, and greatly to affect them: and most of the many hundreds who were instructed in her school, retained a love and esteem for her in the future part of their life, and numbers of them, how many cannot be now known, have never lost the serious impressions, which they received by her instruction and admonitions; but they have issued in their saving conversion to God. And we may reasonably consider some of them now in heaven with her, as her glory, and joining with her in mutual joy.

A few months after Mrs. Osborn began to keep school the second time, her only son, Samuel Wheaton, died, being near twelve years old, who was an apprentice in the country, above twenty miles from Newport, and was a promising youth. She has recorded some of her exercises under this trial, part of which will be here inserted.

"*Friday morning*, *Sept*. 22, 1744.—On Thursday afternoon, the sixth day of this month, I had the sorrowful news that my only son was sick unto death. God in his providence provided presently for me—my dear Susa Anthony to keep my house—a horse for my husband and myself to ride, and all other things comfortable. And on my way, God gave me such a sense of his goodness to me in a thousand instances, that instead of sinking under my sorrow, my mind was employed in attention to, and blessing God for my mercies. Sometimes, that he was not snatched from me in a moment, by some awful accident—that he was not at so great a distance, but I might be allowed to go to him, with hopes of finding him yet alive. And those precious promises which in the morning had supported me, still continued as a refreshing cordial; even these. "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will hear thee. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him; and saved him out of all his troubles."

"On Friday morning we got to Rehoboth, where I found my son much swelled with a dropsy, and pined to a mere skeleton with the jaundice, scurvy and consumption, all combining. He rattled in his throat, like a dying person, laboring for every breath. He was given over by the doctors and all friends, who lamented him, and did the best for him in their power, as to the body. But alas! my great concern was for that precious jewel, his immortal soul. I endeavored to improve every opportunity to discourse with him, and read to him such portions of scripture, as I thought suitable, with passages out of Mr. Alleine's Alarm, &c. And I was enabled to pray all the day, by ejaculatory breathings, and sometimes to plead and wrestle with God on his behalf: though alas! God was pleased to hide his dealings with him altogether. For I could discern no evidence of a work of grace wrought on his soul, for which I did plead from day to day. I did not so much as once, in all his sickness, pray for his life; but for some evidence that his soul might live. And for want of this, I sometimes seemed to be crushed down, having a sense of his doleful case, if not reconciled to God. On Thursday, Sept. 13, the day before he died, I was just ready to give up, and sit down discouraged. My heart even almost died with fear of what would become of him. But just in this juncture, God in his providence ordered it so that I received a letter from my dear Susa, which was a cordial to my drooping spirits.

"In his dying moments I had an awful sense of his deplorable condition, if his naked soul should launch into a boundless eternity, without a God to go to. I had also a view and sense of his and my utter inability to help ourselves, and utter unworthiness that God should help us. And with the woman of Canaan, I cried out, Truth Lord, I am as unworthy as a dog! But I pleaded for the crumbs that fell, one of which would be sufficient for me and mine. I had a clear discovery of the fullness and sufficiency of Christ to make satisfaction. I pleaded that he would have mercy, as on the thief on the cross, then at the eleventh hour; apply but one drop of his precious blood, and it was enough. Thus I was enabled to fill my mouth with arguments, and in bitter agony of soul I wrestled with God for mercy for him. Surely the pangs I then endured for his soul far exceeded those that brought him into the world. But as soon as the soul had taken its flight, I was eased of my burden. I immediately cast myself, and my burden too, on God. I adored him as a sovereign God, and blessed his name; for he had given, and it was he who had taken. Surely he was better to me than ten sons.

"I then arose from my dead child, and was quieted, for the will of God was done, and my work was done, as it respected my child. And God was pleased to give such evidence of his love, that my mouth was filled with praises. But when I looked on the young people who stood round lamenting him, I felt bowels of compassion for them, and besought them to take warning, and make their speedy flight to the blessed Jesus, before sickness and death overtook them.

"While friends were putting on his grave clothes, I went out into the field and walked, where, with more secrecy and freedom, I could breathe out my soul to God. And the sweetness of that season I cannot express. God discovered himself to be my God, my covenant God, my Father, my Friend, my only portion and happiness, my sovereign, my all in all, my infinite fountain of all fulness. And these were some of the breathings of my soul after him. "Lord, I adore thee as my all. I rejoice in thee as my only portion. Lord, if I have thee, I have enough. Though all the streams were cut off; yet the fountain remains; I cannot be poor. Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none on earth I desire besides thee. Though my flesh and my heart fail; yet God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever. Blessed God, though death separate from all things here below, it cannot separate between thee and me." O, here I rejoiced again, chose my God again, and again renewed the dedication of myself to him, my whole soul and body, with all I have, am, or can do. O, his word comforted, his *rod* comforted me. I saw no frown in it: no, but the kind chastisement of my indulgent Father. This portion of scripture was very sweet, "If ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. For whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." Therefore I cried out, "I know, O Lord, thy judgments are right, and in very faithfulness thou hast afflicted me."

"But I must cease.—For such blessed seasons are better felt than expressed. I continued so composed and comfortable, that I feared those who knew not the cause would think me void of natural affection; till my taking my last farewell at his funeral. And then I found the bonds of natural affection very strong; and I wept much. But as I followed to the grave, I pleaded thus with God, "Lord, I adore thee still as my sovereign. I do not repine at thy hand. But, dear Lord, pity me, and suffer me to weep under the smart of thy rod; it is my *only son.*" Then I thought on Psalm ciii. "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." This comforted me. But as I inquired again, if my tears were not sinful, and the effect of an unresigned will, which I dreaded most of all, I was comforted again by reflecting, that when Martha and Mary wept for their brother Lazarus, the blessed Jesus was not angry, but wept with them. O, then I again adored a sympathizing Savior, a glorious high priest, who was sensibly touched with the feeling of my infirmities. These and such like were the exercises of my mind, while following and laying my dust into the grave. And ever since I have been kept composed and cheerful.

"The Lord in mercy grant that I may more and more glorify him in this affliction. O that my sins may be more mortified. Lord, grant I may come out of this furnace as gold purified and fitted for my master's use. If I have behaved in any measure as becomes a child of God, and any resignation has appeared in me, Lord, it is all owing to the riches of thy glorious and special grace: For hadst not thou by that compelled me to act otherwise, I should have flown in thy face, murmured, fretted and repined at thee; cast away all my other comforts and mercies, and said I had none left, because thou hadst taken *one* from me. Lord, these, and more than these, would have been the effects of my perverse nature. Therefore, not unto me, not unto *me;* but to thy glorious name, be all the glory forever and ever. Amen."

In the year 1741, a religious, female society was formed under the care of Mrs. Osborn, they having chosen her to be their head; of which she makes mention in her account of her own life. This society met for some time twice every week, viz. on Tuesday and Friday evenings. Afterwards they agreed to meet but once a week, on the afternoon of Wednesday or Thursday. Mrs. Osborn was continued and considered the head of this society from that time to her decease, which was above fifty years.

This society met constantly once every week, during the whole time of its existence, excepting a few interruptions, by some extraordinary occurrences. They also observed four whole quarterly days in every year, as days of fasting and prayer, confessing their sins, and seeking God for spiritual blessings on themselves, on the church of Christ, and on all nations. They also were wont to spend the afternoon of every first Thursday of each month in prayer together; and the afternoon of every Saturday before the monthly administration of the Lord's Supper. They had a box, which stood in the room where they met, into which money was put by each one, as she was able and inclined. And at the end of the year, or any other time, when they thought proper, the box was, by their consent, opened, and the money contained in it counted, and generally given for the support of the gospel.

They agreed upon a number of articles and rules, which were committed to writing, to be observed by the society and by each individual, and to be signed by every member, and by every one who should afterwards be admitted. The substance of these is as follows:—

At the weekly meeting of the society, when the appointed hour arrives, and a number are convened, the exercise shall begin by reading in some profitable book, till all have come in who are expected. Then a prayer shall be made by one of the members; and after that, a chapter in the Bible shall be read, and religious conversation be attended to, as time shall allow. The meeting to be concluded by another prayer. Four quarterly days in the year, in January, April, July and October, beginning on the first day of every January, to be observed as days of solemn fasting and prayer. We promise not to ridicule or divulge the supposed or apparent infirmities of any fellow member; but to keep secret all things relating to the society, the discovery of which might tend to do hurt to the society or any individual. We resolve to be charitably watchful over each other, to advise, caution and admonish, where we judge there is occasion, and that it may be useful. And we promise not to resent; but kindly and thankfully receive such friendly advice or reproof from any one of our members. We will endeavor that our discourse, while together shall be on the serious and important subjects of religion; and when separate, that our speech and behavior shall be such as become christians, that we may be holy in all conversation.

If any member commit any scandalous sin, or walk unruly, and after proper reproof continue manifestly impenitent, she shall be excluded from us, until she give evidence of her repentance. Each one shall pay her proportion to defray the necessary expenses for wood, or any thing else, unless excused by the society.

When any person shall manifest to any one of us a desire to join the society, it shall be mentioned in one of our meetings, that all may have opportunity, who desire it, to satisfy themselves, respecting the character and conversation of the person offering to join. And if at the meeting of the next week, there be no objection to her being admitted, she may apply to the head of the society, who will read our articles to her, and if she is willing, and do sign them, she shall be considered as a member of the society, regularly admitted.

As to any other matters, which we shall hereafter find conducive to the benefit and good regulation of our society, we engage to leave to the discretion and decision of a major part of us, to whose determination we promise quietly to agree and submit.

This society was found to be of great advantage to many if not all the members of it, to the church and congregation to which most of the members belonged, and to the interest of religion in general, especially in Newport, by their prayers and apparent sincerity and engagedness in religion, and exemplary conduct.

Mrs. Osborn was by unanimous consent the head of this society above fifty years, as has been observed, even from the first institution of it, to the day of her death; and a great part of the time their meetings were attended at her house. And she was distinguished in her usefulness in this station and capacity, by her prayers, her conversation, advice, judgment, prudence and example; by which she was a principal medium of the long and happy existence and union of the society. Her influence apparently reached to every member, and her steady, prudent zeal and activity, and her amiable character, were very much the means of their continuance and edification. The society continued to meet in the room in which she lived, till her bodily infirmities were so increased that she was no longer able to sustain their company, and the exercises of the meeting. They then withdrew into another room in her house, where she was tenderly remembered in their prayers; and she was present in spirit with them, and partook largely with them in their exercises and enjoyments.

Mrs. Osborn was esteemed as an eminently pious, exemplary christian, by all who knew her. And even the irreligious and profane had a degree of veneration for her, as a remarkably good woman. Few or none have obtained this character more universally than she did, among all sorts of people, who knew her or heard of her: and not many women had a more numerous acquaintance, or more extensive fame. Many educated in her school were afterwards settled in distant parts, and spake in favor of her character and school to their friends and acquaintance. And as she had a great respect for the ministers of the gospel, she corresponded with some of them; and many others visited her, agreeable to her inclination and desire, when they came to Newport, as did many other religious persons. By this, as well as what has been before mentioned, her name and character was spread abroad, as few or none who visited her, went away unimpressed in her favor, as amiable in her conversation and behavior, and eminently pious and benevolent. In conversation she appeared remarkably mild, pleasant and cheerful, and discovered a modest, meek, humble, tender and benevolent mind, impressed with the serious, important and pleasing truths and duties of christianity. The law of kindness was in her tongue to an uncommon degree. She had a strong, habitual aversion to any thing like aspersing the character of others, being careful to speak evil of none; and when occasion offered, was disposed to say all that could be said with truth in favor of the worst. She was often greatly grieved and rendered very uncomfortable, in companies where slander and detraction took place, and would endeavor, when there was opportunity, to divert the conversation from topics so disagreeable to her. This part of her character, of which the above is an imperfect sketch, rendered her agreeable, and recommended her to the esteem and affection of all religious persons who were acquainted with her, or heard a true report of her. And this procured to her the general approbation of all, of every denomination and character, as an eminently good woman.

In the years 1766, 1767, there was an uncommon attention to religion, which turned the thoughts of many to Mrs. Osborn. They repaired to her as a known pious, benevolent christian, to whom they could have easy access, that they might enjoy her counsel and prayers. This was the occasion of numbers resorting to her house. When she saw this, and that the number increased, she was at a great loss what to do. She trembled with fear that if she encouraged their meeting at her house, it would be going beyond her sphere, offend some of her christian friends, and give occasion to some not friendly to religion, to speak evil of her and of religion, and so do much more hurt than good. On the other hand, she was afraid to discourage them, and refuse to let them come to her and meet at her house, when under apparent concern about their souls, lest, by this, their attention and concern should abate and cease. She advised with her christian friends, and some ministers; and upon their advising her to encourage them and attend to them, she granted them liberty to come, and appointed particular times for their coming. The poor Blacks appeared more generally concerned and engaged, than others. They agreed to meet at Mrs. Osborn's on the evening of the Sabbath. She admitted them, on condition that they should behave orderly in coming and retiring, and always break up seasonably, and that those who were not free should not come without the consent of their masters, and that they should not make any acknowledgment to her by attempting any compensation by presents, or any other way; declaring that she would not receive any thing of this kind from them. On these conditions they convened in great numbers, commonly to the amount of sixty or eighty, and sometimes more. Mrs. Osborn, finding their attention was so much to her, was greatly cautious, fearing to go beyond her line, as a woman, in endeavoring to promote their instruction and religious impressions for the good of their souls. She used to select passages of scripture, which she thought would be most useful to them, and from other religious books, and read to them: and when she had opportunity, she would invite some christian man to pray with them. She took opportunity to converse with individuals, and sometimes would give a word of advice to them all. And where she could, she obtained some minister to preach to them, and converse with them; the pastor of the church, to which she belonged, not being able to attend.

These meetings continued a year or more, and were the means of the apparent reformation of many, and of the hopeful conversion of a number.

The bodily infirmities of Mrs. Osborn increased so much; and her eyesight failed to such a degree for above twenty years of the last part of her life, and her whole bodily frame was so weakened and worn out, that she was obliged to give up her school, and was not able to do any thing to support herself. And as she had nothing laid up to live upon, she was wholly dependent on Divine Providence and her friends for daily supplies, during the whole of this time; and was the greatest part of it, confined to her room. This was in many respects the happiest part of her life. She was free from worldly anxiety and care. She enjoyed a calmness and serenity of mind, the attendant of resignation to God, and humble trust and confidence in him, contented with the allotments of Divine Providence, seeing the hand of God in every thing which took place—constantly thankful to him for the mercies she was daily and every hour receiving—full of gratitude to those whom God inclined to show kindness to her—spending the chief of her time and strength in devotion, in contemplating the divine perfections manifested in his works of creation and providence, and in his word—adoring and praising the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, praying to him for the church and the world; for her acquaintance, relations, friends, benefactors and for herself; with constant, humble confession of unworthiness, aggravated sins, and depravity of heart, making the daily occurrences respecting herself, and others, the matter of prayer and praise.

Mrs. Osborn often said to her friends in this time, that she considered her situation and circumstances in life, to be the best for her; and that she knew of none, with whom she could wish to exchange outward circumstances, were it left to her option. She expressed a particular satisfaction in living sensibly dependent on the providence of God, for daily supplies for the body, living with God by the day, as she used to express it, having no store of her own, and not able to do any thing to supply her returning wants, and not knowing how and by whom they would be supplied, till it was sent in to her, commonly in ways, and by persons not thought of by her. This was suited to excite a constant sense of her dependence on God for daily and hourly supplies, and the exercise of trust in him, and constant application to him, and acknowledgment and admiration of his goodness in supplying her wants, in a way and at times suited to discover his hand and particular care of her; and to excite her gratitude to her friends, and prayers for them, who sent or brought to her the things she wanted.

In this manner she lived more than twenty years, and often declared to her friends that her daily wants were fully supplied, and that she was never destitute of the necessaries of life, and commonly had a fullness, and often abounded. Her wants were not great. She stood in need of daily food, washing, candle light, fire wood, and some clothing, and money to pay the rent of her house, which was five dollars every three months. All these wants were constantly supplied, while no particular person was engaged to do it; so that she had none to depend upon but God. While the British had possessions of Rhode Island in the time of the war, which was near three years, the inhabitants of Newport were driven to great straits, by the scarcity of provision, fuel, &c. and many suffered to a great degree. Mrs. Osborn lived in a great degree of quiet, and had a constant supply of the necessaries of life; and received no abuse from the British officers or soldiers, as most others did. Though a number of soldiers were quartered near the house in which she lived, none were obtruded on her, as they were on others. And as to those who were quartered near her; it was remarked by her and others, that they made less disturbance and noise, than they did elsewhere; and were particularly careful not to do any thing on the Sabbath to disturb that *good woman*, as they called her. And they took care to avoid all profane words when near her. Which she used to mention afterwards to her friends, as a remarkable instance of the tender care and protection of heaven.

In the year 1778, while the British soldiers had possession of Newport, Mr. Osborn, her husband, died; and a grand daughter of his, with her husband, who lived in her house, on whom she had some dependence for protection and assistance, moved into the country, by which she appeared more destitute and exposed, than before, being left *alone*.

In this time of particular danger and trial, Mrs. MASON, a person who gave good evidence that she was a real friend to Christ, and to his followers, manifested peculiar friendship and generosity towards her, by her constant attention to her, and supplying many of her wants; and continued her special kindness in ministering to her as long as she (Mrs. Mason) lived, which she did till March, 1792. Mrs. Osborn often said, that Mrs. Mason never failed her in one instance, as a peculiar friend and constant benefactor, to the day of her death. We have no reason to doubt that they, both the giver and the receiver, are peculiarly happy together now; and that the former is rewarded a thousand fold for all her kindness to the latter, as a dear disciple of Jesus Christ. Others have distinguished themselves in their kindness to Mrs. Osborn in ministering to her, whom it is improper to mention, as they are yet alive. We have the pleasure of being assured that they, and all who have ministered to her, *because she belonged to Christ,* will have an ample reward at the resurrection of the just.

There was something peculiar and extraordinary in her being able punctually to pay the rent of her house in this time, which is worthy of particular mention. She depended wholly upon the unsolicited benefactions of her friends for this, as she did for her daily support. And no one was engaged to assist her in doing this, or to take any care about it. She had therefore no particular person to look to for it, or to make up any deficiency by which she should be unable to pay what was due at the end of each quarter. It was therefore a very precarious matter, to human appearance, whether, when she had paid the rent of one quarter, she should ever be able to pay another. She could not conjecture from whence it would come, as she had none to look to for it, but that God, whose is the world, and the fullness thereof. Her intimate friends were sometimes concerned for her, when her quarter was near at an end, and she had received but part of the five dollars which would be soon due, and there was a great scarcity of money, and all appearances that she would not be able to pay. When this was suggested to her, she would reply nearly in the following words. "I desire to be thankful to God, I do not feel in the least anxious about it. I do not doubt of my having the whole of the money at the time in which it will be due, or near it. God has given me a constant and earnest desire to do justice, and pay when any thing is due. This is a just debt, and God has been pleased hitherto to gratify me by enabling me to pay, when it is due; and I believe he will still continue to do it. Perhaps I shall not live to the end of the quarter. I shall then leave enough to pay this debt. I desire to leave it with God." She generally had the money in her hand by the time it was due, and never failed being able to pay with punctuality. She frequently did not receive much, if any part of the money, till just before the quarter was ended, and knew not from whom, or from whence it would come; yet before the time to pay came, as much as was necessary to answer her end at that time, would be brought or sent to her, by persons who knew nothing of her present strait. And it was often sent by persons who lived at a distance, which would come to her just at the time in which it was wanted. She had money sent her from Quebec, from the West Indies, and from various parts of the United States.

This is related as a remarkable instance of humble trust in God, and resignation and acquiescence in his will; and of the tender care and faithfulness of God, and loving kindness towards one devoted to his service, and trusting in his promises: and that it may serve as an example and encouragement to all, to "trust in the Lord, at all times and pour out their hearts before him."

Mrs. Osborn was, in the last twenty years of her life, stripped by degrees, and deprived of many privileges and enjoyments, which to her had been very great and precious. She had esteemed public worship, attending on the preaching of the gospel and public institutions, as far more desirable and important than all worldly good, in attending on which she had great enjoyment. But her bodily infirmities were so great and increasing, that for near twenty years she was unable to attend public worship. Her eyes failed her to such a degree, that she was obliged to lay by her pen, not being able to write any thing considerable, which she had done before this with great pleasure and profit to herself, having written more than fifty volumes, the least containing near one hundred pages, the bigger part above two hundred, and a number three hundred, and more, besides letters to her friends, and other occasional writing. The failing of her sight also deprived her of the pleasure and profit of *reading;* especially of reading the Bible, which she had before daily perused with great pleasure and advantage. She had the Bible, indeed, read to her daily; which she considered as an unspeakable favor. But this did not equal the privilege of being able to have access to it, at all times, and on every particular occasion. But she paid such attention to the Bible, read it so much, and so treasured it up in her memory, while she could read, that she found great pleasure and benefit in being able to recollect so much of it, when she was not able to read; which she frequently mentioned to her friends as a matter of thankfulness.

As she drew near the close of her life, she was a proof of the strength and hope of the righteous; was an instance of the mysterious example of flourishing virtue, with the decays of nature; of satisfaction in the prospects of future good, when from the world she could derive no pleasure. "My physician," she said, "has seriously intimated, that I cannot live long; but I am not alarmed. Unless my heart deceive me, and *the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;* but unless mine *greatly* deceive me, I have no reason to be apprehensive for the future state. It appears to be the will of God that I should go hence. I ought to submit to his will, and I do, with cheerfuness. May his will be done." In another season, she said, "The trials of my situation are great; to be in want of breath, is very distressing; pray for me, that I may have patience and resignation: I desire them above all things. O pray for me that in these last hours of my life, I may not cause you all to blush that I have professed christianity." It being remarked, that God was faithful, and would never forsake those who had loved and served him. "Yes," she replied, "I know, by experience, that he is a faithful covenant keeping God, and he will never leave those who love and serve him; though without his grace I should immediately sink, and my mind be filled with darkness and repining." In this temper of humility and reliance on God, she continued, and gave no sign of impatience, more than saying, a day or two before her death, when she heard the bell toll, that somebody had got the start of her.

She continued to sink by degrees, till after a distressing turn, she appeared more comfortable, and they who attended her, helped her to lie down, at her desire, hoping she might get some rest and sleep. They left her for a few minutes, and when they returned, they found her breath was gone, and she a lifeless corpse! Thus she left the world, and passed that death which she had so often desired, calm and serene, without the least perceivable struggle or groan, and, we doubt not, entered into that rest to which the righteous go, on the 2d day of August, by an uncommon concourse of people. The corpse was carried into the meeting house, and a funeral sermon was preached, by the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, from Ephesians iv. 1. *I therefore the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you, that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called.*

Note—From the Life of Mrs. Osborn, by the Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D. D. of Newport, author of the life of President Edwards.

MISS SUSANNA ANTHONY.

Miss Susanna Anthony, was born at Newport, Rhode Island, on the 25th day of October, 1726. Mr. Isaac Anthony her father, was a native of Rhode Island. When he was young, he went to Boston to learn the trade of a goldsmith. There he became acquainted with Miss Mercy Chamberlin, whom he afterwards married and settled in Newport, where they lived about sixty years together. They had seven daughters, five of whom survived their parents, but no son. Susanna who was their youngest daughter except one, lived with her parents until they died, which was between forty and fifty years. She was never married. Her parents were of the denomination called Friends or Quakers, in which way she was educated, until she was about fifteen years old, when she was the subject of a series of remarkable exercises, of which she has given a particular account, which we here insert.

"Some observable passages in my life especially the first seventeen years of it; which I have collected from some memorandums, and by the help of my memory; and now set them down, that I may with more ease peruse them. And as they are designed for my own use, I am no ways solicitous to omit any thing that may look trifling, if I think the recording it may serve to animate me, and excite that praise in my soul, which is everlastingly due to the great Author and Finisher of my faith. A desire to revive a sense of this in my soul has led me to review what I had formerly written; and to recollect what my memory did retain; and now to put them together, in the order of their dates, so that being in this compass, I might readily look over them, when I inclined or needed it. And here I have begun from my early days. O, may that same Divine Spirit, which has worked all my works in me ever excite the warmest sentiments of gratitude, love and wonder, whenever I review these records of the divine unmerited displays of his grace!"

I was early taught to love, fear and serve the Lord. My dear mother took great pains to form my mind for God. And blessed be God, who by his Spirit, followed the good advice, counsel and warnings; early convincing me of my sinful state, of the corrupt fountain in my soul. The first sin that I remember to have been convinced of was pride: and this I saw to be in my heart, and from thence it had proceeded into act. I think I was then between five and six years old. And I remember I was very anxious to know whether, if I grew good *then*, God would forgive me: and inquired of some of my friends, as to this matter. In the general they resolved my question, and read the eighteenth chapter of Ezekiel to me.

This put me with working with all my might; and keeping up good resolutions. But conviction wore off, and I remember but little of these concerns, until I was about seven or eight years old. Then conviction did revive. I saw more of the sinfulness of my heart; but had no clear knowledge of the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. I knew Christ died for sinners; but how we became interested in his death, I was confused. I had, though young, a set of notions of my own, and was excessively superstitious. I worked hard. I quarrelled with the sovereignty of God. I remember, I felt my heart rise and my enmity worked violently, to find there was more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons; for I had worked up myself into such a good conceit of myself, that I really thought I was one of the just persons. O shocking ignorance and presumption! but God, who, I trust, was determined to bring me home, would not suffer me finally to persist in this scheme; but did multiply conviction. I forsook God, and fell into sins, and was roused again by convictions.

But as to the particular circumstances of a change, which I suppose to be about this time, I cannot remember them. The most that I can remember is, that I was in great distress about my soul; that I saw the insufficiency of any thing I could do to save me. And about this time, had my heart much carried out after Christ, and the way of salvation by him. And I remember to have been filled with comfort and joy in religion. I should not think these things sufficient evidences that I had experienced a work of grace in my soul, had I experienced nothing more since that time; but what I trust I have since known of a work of God in my soul inclines me to think my soul was then brought home to God; that I then had true faith in God, if I now have. I can much better remember the effects than the circumstances of these things. And they were such as these: knowledge, faith and love, and hatred of sin.

As to my knowledge, though to this day I have reason to be humbled to the dust that I know no more: and am often ready to cry out of my ignorance, that I am ignorant as a beast before the Lord. Ah! woe is me, that I know no more of God, and divine, spiritual things. Yet my knowledge, however weak, is an evidence to me, that God did then work a work of grace in my soul. For now I began more clearly to see my wretched state by nature and practice my need of a Savior, and the way of salvation by him. My mind was enlightened, and drank in many of the precious truths of the gospel, about this time. And from this time I had a clearer knowledge of Christ as mediator, one chosen by the Father for sinners than before.

As to my faith, which is an evidence of my change. After this time, which I suppose to be about the eighth or ninth year of my age, I did frequently endeavor to give myself up to God, casting all my concerns on him; embracing Christ as my only Redeemer; resting on him as my only high priest before God the Father. And though at this age, and under some disadvantages, I had not a thorough doctrinal knowledge, which renders my experiences, at this time, far less clear, than otherwise they might have been, yet the actings of my soul towards God then, appear since to me, as far as I can discern, to be the real actings of true faith.

Again, as to my love. Now was my soul taken up in admiring the glorious way of salvation by Christ. He appeared truly amiable, as the Redeemer of lost man. Nor was the Father's love less wonderful, in giving his Son to die. I can remember to have been even wrapped up in ecstacy of love and wonder. For some time my thoughts seemed only to dwell and live on the admirable views of these things. I wondered they were no more admired and spoken of by others. I loved the word of God, took great delight in reading it, and in all the exercises of religion. My greatest delight was to pour out my soul before God. I brought before him the minutest concerns of my life, and sought his direction and blessing. It was sweet to me to eye God in all I did. And God did graciously indulge my love and sincerity, (though attended with many childish weaknesses) and witnessed that he heard my prayers. O! what enlargement did I now receive from a kind and gracious God! and how was my soul taken up in love to God and religion! and in hatred of sin! which is another evidence. I found a hatred of all sin, as sin, as contrary to a holy God. And remember to have examined myself by that mark, and found it was so as far as I could find out; that I did hate sin, for sin's sake, and love holiness, for holiness sake.

Thus I went on for some time, in the comforts of religion, and in the practice of the duties of it, weary of the world, and longing after God; desirous of the salvation of others. In particular, I remember to have the soul of my youngest sister much on my heart. She was about six years and a half yonnger than I was; and I used to put her to bed. And I made it my practice, when I had done, to kneel down undiscovered, and seek God's special blessing, and constant protection for her. O that God may fulfill my earnest requests for her.

But after some time I began to lose these good impressions, and get in love with childish vanities and plays. And thus my heart declined from God and duty. Yet, forever blessed be God, who did not suffer me wholly to lose these religious impressions: but followed me with his Spirit, though I strove to disregard him, and follow my sports and plays, for which my mother reproved me; and I resolved against them; yet fell again. And thus I continued, often afraid and ashamed to pray, until forced to it by some distressing providence: and then I would continue steady for a while; as when by a sudden stroke, God took from me my eldest sister whom I greatly loved. I then flew to God for relief and support; and that the blow might be sanctified to the whole family. Thus, when trouble was near, I poured out my prayer to God. But alas! I was not steady and constant with God. My heart, after all that God had done for me, and all I had engaged for God, was now bent to backslide from God, and would have fatally apostatized from him, had he not kept me by his mighty power, from which none shall be ever able to pluck his children; he having engaged to carry on the work he has begun, will assuredly fulfil his purpose. This I verily believe; for otherwise I had never been recovered from such foul ungrateful wanderings. O, how long did God wait to be gracious! how many mercies did he bestow on me! how many gentle reproofs; how many kind calls and entreaties did he use! but still I forsook the Lord my Redeemer.

And now he began to hide his face from me, and suffer Satan to beset me. My sins appeared great and I was covered with darkness and confusion. I appeared to myself amazingly ignorant. And here Satan strove to persuade me that I had better let religion alone, until I was older. Then I should know how to engage in it. And I was tempted to believe all the darkness and trouble I found was owing to my being so young, that I had not sufficient knowledge to engage in any thing of religion. O, what distress was I now in! I found I could not now cast off God, and the concerns of my soul; nor could I seem to pursue them to any purpose. I had set my hand to the plough, and dare not resolvedly look back, and cast off all thoughts of God and my soul; nor would God suffer me thus to do. No, adored be the blessed God, who was now about to bring me near himself. Satan had often suited his temptation to my childish thoughts, and suggested that I could not be contented if I went to heaven; for I could not be contented here always in one place. I returned the question, how I should be contented in hell? but here he suggested the variety of company, I remember. This temptation followed me closely. But the other concerning my being too young to engage in religion, was now very powerful. I found myself entangled in a labyrinth of darkness and confusion. God had justly hid himself from me. The teachings of his Spirit seemed to be gone, and as I groped in the dark, I found not a fixed reliance on Christ, to carry on his work in my soul; but often engaged in my own strength; and then was foiled. I was often ready to think, I never would advise one so young as I was, to set about religion; for I greatly feared I never should obtain the favor of God; but should make shipwreck of faith; not considering Christ's care of his young, inexperienced disciples; that these have a peculiar interest in his most tender care; and that his promise is to such as seek him early, that they shall find him. Nor was I sufficiently humbled under my wicked departure from God.

O, had God now left me, what had I done, but joined with Satan, and utterly forsaken the Lord? but thus he followed me with the convictions of his Spirit, sometimes reproving; sometimes enlightening and encouraging me; sometimes suffering Satan to assault me, until the year 1740,* when the Rev. Mr. Whitefield came here. I attended his preaching, and was quickened to give more diligence to make my calling and election sure. I read more, and listened more attentively to the truths of the gospel. And there being more talk of religion now, I got more acquaintance with the work of God in the souls of his people, and resolved more diligently to labor after a life of holiness, and inward conformity to God.

Thus I continued. In the year 1741, the Rev. Mr. Gilbert Tennent came here. He had been here before; but I had never heard him. But now I went. And some of my friends, being much affected under the word, expressed their concern to me, telling me, they wished they had been as much concerned for their souls, as they thought I was. This roused me. I burst into tears, and told them they did not know what a dreadful creature I was; what dreadful thoughts I had. And exclaimed against myself most terribly; assuring them they could not once think how bad I was. But, O, how was I harassed and worried, after I had told this to them! Satan worked on my pride, to make me ashamed that I had let any body know how bad I was. I thought they would not think me fit to live. I was ready to think every one would look on me to be such a monster, as was never heard of before. With many entreaties I was prevailed on, in the evening, to visit Mr. Tennent. But my mouth was shut. I dare not speak a word, only yes, or no. But I gained light by this worthy minister's preaching and conversation. Forever blessed be God that I saw him.

I wonder at, and adore the love of God in regarding any of the fallen apostate race of rebelling man. I am surprised at his condescensions, when I read of his dealings with his eminent servants, who are as pillars in his house, and such from whom may reasonably be expected some suitable returns, though none can compensate the least act of his grace. But, O, how does my wonder rise, even to astonishment, when I review but what my treacherous memory yet retains of his dealing with unworthy me! O, my soul, God knew thee to be a helpless, worthless, depraved worm. He knew thy station and capacity were low and mean, and thy ingratitude, sloth and negligence great, and unbecoming thee. He knew what poor returns thou wouldst make. And yet, O surprising grace! I believe there are many of the former to whom he never afforded more speedy succor and relief, than to me. Verily, O God, it is like thy nature, immense and boundless. For thou hast chosen the base things of this world, babes and sucklings; yea, things that are not, to shew forth thy power and grace. O, the height and depth of unsearchable grace and love!

But to return. Now I engaged to be the Lord's, and bound myself to him in a short written covenant, which I find dated Oct. 19,

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* She was then in her fourteenth year.

1741.* And I enjoyed some more freedom from those violent distresses, which I had suffered; but was not wholly delivered. For my fear and temptation returned at times, though not so constant as formerly. And God graciously allowed me some near access to him in prayer. A very little after this I was seeking God for a particular temporal mercy; and was powerfully quieted by those words, Matt. vi. 33, "Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." This gave my mind a calm turn. And though I had no prospect of the speedy accomplishment of my request; yet I believed in the promise, and left it with God, and was as well satisfied as if I had seen it done. And, before night, to the wonder of many, it was accomplished. I was filled with such a humbling sense of the goodness of God, and my own vileness, that I sat as one not concerned in the matter; while others were rejoicing, and calling on me, to know if I was sorry. But my soul was engaged in adoring God as the author of all my mercies, and in sealing to the truth of his word, that he was a God hearing prayer.

I now began more strictly to examine those principles of religion in which I had been educated. But to find Christ, and be found in him, was the prevailing concern of my life. For I was so often plunged into new distresses, that I could not pursue any thing steadily. Yet I embraced those principles, which I thought most agreeable to divine revelation, without changing my profession.† But, when I had light and hope about my own state, I was disposed to look into these matters. But I feared to be too much engaged in any thing that did not immediately concern my getting into Christ, by a true and vital union to him. Now my soul longed after him, and the language of my whole heart was for a Christ, a whole Christ, in all his offices, on his own terms; and that he would manifest himself to me; giving up myself to him; engaging to be his; afraid of every thing that might offend him. I had some discovery of Christ as a complete Savior.

Numberless were the mistakes and errors, into which I ran at this time. However, though Satan urged me on to things, to an extreme, yet, I trust, God brought good out of it, and taught me much of a gospel, self-denying spirit.

About this time, the Rev. Mr. Wheelock came here, and preached from those words, 2 Cor. xiii. 5, "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith," &c. This put me on a serious inquiry into the state of my soul; which I had scarce allowed myself to do before: but rather inclined to fix in my mind that I had no true faith, than to admit a thought that possibly I had. But now I made some inquiry; and dare not deny those evidences, which were mentioned from the scriptures. And, by a sermon of the Rev. Mr. Dickinson on the witness of the Spirit, I found, as I thought, farther ground to hope I had experienced a work of grace in my soul. But I had greater discoveries of the corruption of my heart: and was often amazed and confounded; especially under Mr. Wheelock's preaching: but not so as to lose my hope; though it was often very low.

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* She then wanted six days of being fifteen years old.

† She was educated in the profession of the Quakers, as her parents were of that denomination.

But now, as I had some hope and relief, I set myself to pursue the inquiry into the principles of religion. I read Barclay's Apology, Mr. Vincent's Exposition of the Assembly's Catechism, and several other authors on the same subjects; with some treatises on the ordinances, and especially, I still compared them with scripture. And, upon the whole, after prayer and supplication to God for direction, according to the best light I could get, without applying to any person, on one side or the other, I was convinced that the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper were of divine appointment at first. And I found they had been kept up in the church by the apostles; and could find no proof from scripture that they were ever abolished, as the ceremonial law was: and therefore still were in force, and ought to be practised by christians. I was now convinced they were the positive commands of Christ, and not to be slighted or neglected.

As to the doctrines of grace, the imputation of Adam's sin; the corruption of our nature; justification by the imputation of the righteousness of Christ, through faith in him; the divine sovereignty, that grace was absolutely free and sovereign, without any foreseen merit or worth in the creature, according to Rom. ix, 1 Pet. i, and many other passages of the scripture to the same purpose; and the other doctrines of the gospel, as set forth by the assembly of divines at Westminster, I did verily believe them to be most agreeable to the word of God; which I believe to be the only rule of faith and practice; by which the Spirit of God doth lead us into all truth. I did embrace these doctrines, according to the best light I had, (after a diligent inquiry after the truth,) as most worthy of God, and warranted by his word, for me to receive and walk in; not condemning others, who did not see as I did. Yet I still continued in the way in which I had been educated, waiting on God for farther light and establishment. This was in the beginning of the year 1742.*

And thus I continued until about June or July; when the Rev. Mr. Fish of Stonington came here. He preached from these words, "Wherefore, he is able also to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him." He observed, that here none were excluded, but such as had committed the unpardonable sin. It was a sermon full of encouragement. But Satan set in to persuade me that was my case; and therefore there was no hope for me; for I had, under these violent temptations, certainly done it. O, how was my distress now increased! I seemed now as one shut up in despair. However, I went in the evening to hear him again: but seemed hardened, as one given over of God. Whatever he said of terror, I seemed to disregard, as so far below what I should soon feel, in its full weight and measure, that it was but trifling. And what he said of comfort was not worth my regarding; for I had no lot or portion in that matter. Never did I before sit under a sermon, in such wild distraction and horror; yet so hardened, as I now appeared to myself, in absolute despair. It is shocking to me now to reflect on the abandoned frame I then seemed to be in. I thought I feared nothing. No expressions of terror moved me to bewail my misery; but was ready to wish to know the utmost of it. In this situation of mind I remained most of the night. But towards morning, falling asleep, I awaked speaking these words, O, when shall this mortal put on immortality! And my mind was much more calm. I had some impressions of a religious dream. But the dream soon entirely vanished from my mind. However, I felt so much encouragement, as prevailed on me to go again to hear Mr. Fish give a word of exhortation, notwithstanding all my dreadful conclusions on the night past. And he spoke from these words, Col. iii. 11, "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all." I cannot remember exactly the method he took: but he spoke of Christ as the Alpha and Omega, as the author and finisher of the believer's faith; and, as such, the true Christian did esteem and prize him.

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* When she had entered on the sixteenth year of her age.

And now, I trust, the Spirit of God did powerfully apply these truths to my soul. Thus, thus, infinitely lovely did Christ appear to me. And now I was enabled to choose him for my almighty Savior. And while I acted faith in him, the blessed Spirit, I trust, did witness with my spirit, that thus and thus I had before beheld and embraced him; and that he was precious to me, as he is to all those who believe. Much of the day I spent in the company of Mr. Fish, and some other christian friends. But I said little. My soul was taken up in admiring the glorious Redeemer, and the riches of divine grace; renewing my choice of him. Setting the crown on his head. Proclaiming Jesus King in and over my whole soul. I sat calm and serene; and every act of my soul was rational and solid: but not in any transport or ecstacy of joy all the day. But in the evening God was pleased to fill my soul with unspeakable consolation and joy. The great Redeemer appeared transcendently amiable; and my interest in him clear and undoubted. Such were the surprising alterations in me, that some did conclude that was the time of my first espousals; that was the happy moment of my conversion. But I could not find any difference *in kind*, though there was *in degree*, between this and what I had before experienced. From this time, I was never in such deep distress. My temptations fled at the rebuke of the Almighty; and my hope was, in the general, above my fears.

And, as my hope now prevailed that I had true faith, however weak, my desires after universal obedience to the commands of Christ were strong. And firmly believing the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper were appointed by Christ, and all believers commanded to attend on them, I applied myself to a minister, who gave me some light as to their nature and design. The only person to whom I had revealed my mind. For I was determined to be fully persuaded in my own mind and conscience; and not to be persuaded thereto by others. Some of my most intimate friends, as they have since told me, really thought me settled in the way in which I had been educated. Nor did they attempt to persuade me to change; leaving me to my own reason, or rather to the word and Spirit of God, for direction. This has often since been a great satisfaction to me. For by this means I was the better able to see into these matters, and have my judgment established.

And now I resolved directly to acquaint my dear mother with my design. But, O, the struggle I had here with my affections! I feared it would grieve my tender parents. I knew their tender affection for me: and certainly, if they loved their children, they must desire to see them walk in their way, which they thought most right. Here I found indeed a hard trial. It grieved me to my inmost soul to think of grieving them: yet I dare not neglect my duty. I have often thought the trial would not have been so great, to have to struggle with their anger, as their love. But, blessed be God, I had not that to fear, as to any severity in matters of religion. It is impossible to express how my heart bled at the thought of wounding them. And nothing but the fear of incurring the divine displeasure, could have prevailed on me to have done this violence to my affection. But this prevailed; the fear of offending God. I poured out my soul to him for them, that they might be comfortably supported under it. And then told my mother my concern and intent. She, with the utmost tenderness, assured me, that neither my father, nor she, would force my conscience. Only she entreated me not to be rash or hasty in what I did; but consider well of it. Which I told her I had done, &c. Once or twice after this, I discoursed with her upon it. She reasoned with me a little upon the subject; but I was now so fully established, that it did not move me from my purpose.

After I had discoursed with my mother, being in secret, pleading with God for grace and strength to carry me through, if it was agreeable to his will; if not, that I might never engage; I had a scruple arise concerning my faith, lest it should not be true and saving: and then perhaps I should fall away; and so bring great dishonor on God and religion. And it was suggested to my mind, that it was a great thing to forsake father and mother for Christ, and not have an interest in him at last. And that it was indeed a great thing for one so young to engage in such an affair; to forsake the profession in which I had been educated, and make such a high one, as none in the family had ever ventured to do. This put me upon wrestling with strong cries to the Father of mercies for direction and assistance. And I was quieted by the following words of scripture, which were very powerfully set home on my soul. "Verily, there is no man, that hath left father or mother, brethren or sisters, &c. for my sake, but he shall receive an hundred fold here; and in the world to come eternal life." And again, "My grace is sufficient for thee. My strength is made perfect in weakness." Again, "Lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it. O, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" These words were impressed on my mind with such power, that had all the world stood up to oppose, I thought I could fearless venture to go on, against them all, in the strength of my Redeemer. O, how powerfully did they establish and invigorate my soul, in the pursuit of my duty!

I was then determined to proceed, relying on Christ, in the promises. If his grace was sufficient for me; and his strength might be made perfect in my weakness, it was enough; which I then believed it would be, according to his word. It was ground sufficient for me to engage in this concern, however difficult, great and singular it might appear, for one of my age.* O, how did Christ now appear for me! At once, dispelling all my doubts and fears, confirming and establishing me, both as to my own good state, and his certain presence and assistance in my following him in the way of his appointment, to which he had called me. I saw the call was his, and the promise his, and the duty mine to comply. I now believed him commanding me to seek his face in this way, and my heart returned, Thy face, O Lord, will I seek.

And having made some search into the scriptural mode of baptism, I was well satisfied as to *sprinkling*. It appeared from scripture and reason to be right. I then went to the Rev. Mr. Clap; and, after discoursing with him, gave up my name to be taken into his church. The day before this was to be completed, I was under some darkness and fears: and therefore was afraid lest God should hide his face from me, in the solemn transaction. And by this means Satan took the advantage to make me question whether I had done right, in what I had done. I knew the subtilty of Satan to perplex my soul, and make me fear all was wrong, when God did not afford light and evidence. I was now ready to conclude to send the minister word, that I should not go out the next day. But now, even *now* was God pleased to speak to my soul by his Spirit, in those words, "I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain!" Here I was led to review my calls to these ordinances; and was powerfully convinced they were from God. That it was God, and only he, who had bid me seek his face in these duties; and then the blessed Spirit assured me, from the word of God, that he had not bid me seek his face here, in vain. I then determined to do my duty, and leave the event with God: if he saw best to own his own institutions, by affording his sensible presence and grace, well: but if he saw best to deny his sensible comfort, it was my duty to submit; but not to omit my duty by not going. Thus I cast my burden on God, pleading, if it was his will, that he would welcome me there, by the light of his countenance, and the joy of his salvation. But, above all, that I might approve myself to him in the devout, solemn, humble and faithful discharge of my duty, though I felt not that joy which was sweet to my soul.

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* Not quite sixteen years old.

And thus, on October 24, 1742,* I was baptized, and taken into the church. My soul was, in a most solemn manner, engaged to approve myself to God. And never had I more sensibly exercised faith, than now. While the covenant was read, I was enabled to give up my whole soul and body to God, taking him for my own, only covenant God. And, indeed, the whole time was taken up in the most solemn transaction between God and my soul, and in this so solemn engagement, sealed on both sides. I sealed to be the Lord's; and here God sealed to be mine, my Father, my Redeemer, and my Sanctifier; my only, everlasting refuge and hope. O, how happy did I now appear to be, under these solemn vows, calling on saints and angels to witness the solemn transaction!

"Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
  And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
  If I forsake the Lord."

The 121st Psalm was sung in Dr. Watts's version. The title, "Divine protection." Which did then, and ever since, appear very precious to me; especially the two first, and two last verses. The two last are these:

"Should earth and hell with malice burn,
  Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
  Defends thy life from every snare.

"On thee foul spirits have no power,
  And in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
  Shall bear thee homeward to thy God."

I was now fully satisfied in what I had done; and never since, so far as I can remember, have had one doubt or scruple about the doctrines or ordinances which I then embraced; which is now above eleven years ago.* I have often found cause to bless God for the many trials I had concerning the changing my religion, as to these things. For by this my judgment was more enlightened, and more fully confirmed, that I was right in what I then did. It was with deliberation and solid determination of my judgment; free from constraint, persuasion or prejudice, that I proceeded in these matters, as what, from the best light I then had, or now have, in the word of God, I think to be most clearly revealed. Yet, I still love and honor those, who, I hope, are truly pious, among that people, though differing from me in some sentiments; and I firmly believe God has his chosen ones among them. My acquaintance with some, of exemplary lives and conversation, and christian experiences, so agreeable to the word of God, forbids my censuring them, merely because they do not see or profess just as I do.

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* The day before she was sixteen years old.

But to go on with my own experiences. My faith began evidently to increase under these means and ordinances. And for some weeks after this solemn transaction, I enjoyed more solid steady peace in my soul, than ever I had done before: and was often melted down before God, to see those who had been educated in these principles, and had all outward helps to forward them in coming up to these sacred institutions of Christ; yet fearing to take the vows of God upon them: and I, who was called to engage with so many difficulties, compelled to come in to this marriage supper. It was truly affecting, and often caused me to cry out, Why me, Lord, why me? O, blessed be God, that I was thus young brought to an open, public profession of him; and had the seals of the covenant set on me! It was a day of the gladness of my heart. A day forever to be remembered with joy. A day, in which God took me near himself. And I trust I shall ever find a solid satisfaction in what I then did. Nothing should have tempted me to have wished myself from under these bonds and seals.

Thus was my soul daily established in God. Every outward reproach that was cast on me, was improved, either to put me on seeing that my foundation was right, or studying how I might more glorify God; and honor the sacred profession I had made. My soul was built up under the word and ordinances of God, on which he had taught me to set a high value, as being his own institutions.

And though God has since sometimes corrected my backslidings, and hid his face for a small moment; yet his loving kindness has he not taken from me, nor suffered his faithfulness to fail: but has graciously led me along by still waters; and in green pastures has he caused me to feed. His rod and his staff have comforted me. In and by every affliction, he has taught me his tender care over me. In every cross and disappointment, he has, sooner or later, made me to adore his wisdom, and see his kind designs of love, and mercy.

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* Hence it appears that she was twenty seven years old, when she wrote this.

And though he has sometimes called me into the field of battle; yet he has harnessed me for the battle, and fought for me. Innumerable evils have compassed me around. Satan, the world, and my own wicked, deceitful heart, all combined to devour me quick; yet his arm alone has sustained me. Even when every refuge failed, and my faith was ready to stagger, my extremity has been his opportunity. He has never left me unsuccored or without relief.

After I had enjoyed great peace in my soul, and had sat under the droppings of the sanctuary of God with vast delight, he was pleased awfully to bereave me of both my ever dear and Rev. Pastors: which was a very sore affliction: yet, under this trial, he taught me much by what I experienced.

Then was he pleased to visit me with many and great bodily disorders, whereby I have been often brought, to appearance, to the gates of the grave; and every outward comfort of food or physic rendered a terror, and an aggravation of my pain. Yet by all these things have I been taught the riches of his grace and love; and in all has he been my comforter, and my only all-sufficient refuge. How hath he borne me, and my burdens! And it is with pleasure that I now recount the most distressing trials of my life: For by these has God bound me faster to himself; laid me under renewed obligations to live devoted to him, and his glory.

And when Satan has been permitted, as he has been in later years, most furiously to rally all his forces against the foundation of my hope, as to all religion: By which I have been led into the most terrible conflicts and combats, with the united powers of hell, so that I have even chosen strangling and death, rather than an encounter with these legions of foul spirits. How dreadful the war! Yet, how glorious the victory, which my Redemer has gained! How wisely has he defeated Satan, and put him to flight, and filled my soul with songs of deliverance! O, how hath he defeated every hellish plot, that has been laid for my entire destruction.

I am surely bound by the most sacred obligation to live to his glory. His right in me is indisputable. The flesh, the world, and the devil, must all give back, and own his sovereign right in and over me. His arm alone has rescued my soul from hell; and his *shall be* the glory. O my soul, remember the victories and triumphs of thy most kind and gracious Redeemer, over sin, Satan and the world, when they have all united for thy utter ruin. What infinite wisdom, what almighty power, what irresistible grace, what glorious goodness, what uncontrollable sovereignty, and what amazing condescension, have been displayed towards thee! Can I, O, can I, ever forget the loving kindness of the Lord, and slight his tender mercies! How had my faith utterly failed, had not the unseen arm of Jehovah sustained it! How often have my hopes been at the lowest ebb, when speedy relief has been brought to me!

And how often, when my sin and folly has exposed me to the rage of hell and the malice of men; yea, to my Savior's severe rebukes, as well as to my own accusing conscience, has Jesus engaged for me, and delivered me from all my fears! How slow has his anger moved! How swift his grace! How innumerable are these instances!

How tenderly has he been untwisting my heart from the world, to which it has clinged! How much wisdom has he ever manifested in all the methods he has taken with my rebellious heart; and made me to adore it, in some of the sorest trials. How has he condescended to instruct and teach me; kindly showing me, wherefore he did correct me; as though he would not suffer me to suspect his kindness. O unparalleled goodness! Thou, Lord, hast been my refuge, my support and comforter, in every time of trouble. And in almost every trial and affliction have I vowed to the Lord, that if he would then deliver me out of my distress, I would use my most studious endeavor to trust more firmly in him. And he has, sooner or later, brought me to cast my cares and burdens on him; giving up every, even the most minute concern of mine, to his allwise disposal. And on every deliverance have I been led to renew the sacred engagements which I have made in distress.

And now I am no more my own. I am the Lord's, by all the bonds and obligations of a rational, redeemed, devoted creature. God has been long teaching me his absolute right in me, and all my services and enjoyments; that I can call nothing my own; that he has a sovereign right to these, as the creator and bestower of all; and by my own most voluntary surrender of all to him; renouncing, in the most solemn manner, all hope, expectation, and desire, from the creature, and choosing him alone for my portion, desire and delight.

And as it has been the ardent desire, the importunate request, and the grand pursuit of my life, to lay up all my good in God, and receive all from him; so I now find an habitual disposition of soul to rest, in a measure, satisfied with all his dispensations towards me. And, through grace, believing I am his; that I have a covenant right to that most gracious Being, who doth all things according to the counsel of his own will, which are for his own glory: And in full agreement with this is the highest good of his chosen people: And having a thousand, and a thousand times solemnly subscribed to these terms: That his will and his glory may have the governing influence and disposal of me, and all that relates to me: I have esteemed it my highest felicity thus to have myself, and all my actions and concerns disposed of. And, now it is my joy and crown of rejoicing, that it is and shall be so, by the firm and unalterable decree of him who cannot change.

And this belief I find powerfully prevailing to reconcile me to all the divine dispensations of providence. For, when the glory of God is my highest end and desire; and I firmly believe that God, who has the ordering of all my affairs, has this in view; namely, his own glory, well may I rejoice: For I have nothing to fear. He has infinite wisdom to direct, and almighty power to effect what he pleases: And therefore can never fail of his purposes. All his dispensations towards me, I would always realize, as the result of infinite wisdom and eternal counsel; and therefore most perfect. And, though my proud rebellious heart dare rise up in opposition, and impiously call in question his ways; yet, through grace, I never leave struggling, until the conquest is gained, and my soul submits to the scepter of Jesus, and signs its former engagements.

And this conquest is his. It is he who exerts his almighty power, and subdues my remaining corruptions; or I should never overcome. All the glory is his, forever his: For, without him, I cannot do any thing. I still find such remains of sin in this depraved heart, that were it not for the prevailing intercession, and daily interposition of the great God-Man-Mediator, with the Father, and against Satan and my own wicked heart, I should despair of ever gaining the victory. But, thanks be to God, through Jesus Christ, who giveth the victory. And through him I hope ere long to receive the end of my faith, the salvation of my soul; the open vision and full fruition of this best of Beings. When sin and Satan shall no more defile and vex my weary soul. All these fiery conflicts shall then be remembered with endless acclamations to Jesus, my only almighty Savior. To him, to him alone, shall all the redeemed ascribe the glory of their salvation. Thine, O my eternal, incarnate God, shall be the praise. And now, what wait I for? All my expectations are from thee, and all my hopes are in thee. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen and Amen.

The following paper is transcribed and inserted here, as it was written in her youth, when she was but seventeen years old, and expresses the views and exercises which she then had; and affords admonition and instruction, especially to those young persons who shall read it.

Oct. 25, 1743. I am just now entering into the eighteenth year of my age. And does the tempter tell me, that I chose religion when I was a child, and knew no better; when I knew nothing of the pleasures of this world: And that it may be, when these enjoyments and pleasures appear delightful, I shall forsake strict and solid religion, and run with the young, giddy multitude, into the excesses of vanity? Then, O my soul, sit down again, and make another deliberate choice; even now I am entering the prime of all my days: And let me picture the world with its brightest side outmost; and religion in a solitary dress; and then choose my portion. If my former choice has not been free and noble enough; come now, my soul, and make one. Let there be nothing in it mean and low; but let it be great, noble and free.

As to religion: Can I sacrifice my name, and all that the world calls delightful, now in the prime of my age; and be accounted a fool and mad, by the wise, rich and polite world? Can I withstand a thousand temptations to mirth and pleasure; and be a despised outcast among men? Now, if I conform to the world, I shall be a pleasing object to many, and a delight to them, who now despise me. What pleasure that the world can afford shall be withheld from me, if I once give myself up to sensual pleasure, and the gratification of my whole inclination; allowing myself all that mirth and jollity, that my youthful age will now admit of? If I now give a loose to my youthful appetites, and satisfy my carnal desires; what can then deprive me of pleasure, now I am free from pain and the infirmities of old age, which might give a disgust to these pleasures. Now I have life, health and liberty. If I yield to these desires, and seek to satisfy them by a thousand new and fresh delights; take my swing in the world; cast away sorrow, and indulge self in ten thousand new pleasures; what then can cross me?

And, on the other hand, if I choose strict religion now, I may expect reproach, disdain and contempt, from the world, as not fit for common society, or scarce to live. I shall be accounted a poor, mean, ignorant, despicable creature, unworthy the notice of mortals: And, it may be, despised by formal professors, as being religious overmuch: They watching for my halting, and rejoicing at my falls. And besides, I must expect many dark and doubting hours, filled with bitter sighs and groans; denying myself, and taking up my cross; plucking out a right eye, and cutting off a right hand; daily meeting with crosses, and losses, and afflictions; and, it may be, with persecutions, imprisonment and death, with the utmost distress. While the sensual libertine lives in pleasure, flourishing like a green bay tree, and has no bands in his death.

What a wide difference is here, between the strictly religious, and the sensual worldling! Come, then, my soul, and view them both as far as death; and now make a solemn and deliberate choice, either religion, or carnal pleasure. Come, my soul, and choose for Eternity.

Soul. Upon considering the nature and properties of each, I am brought to a free and full choice. I see nothing in this pleasure that can satisfy an immortal soul; nothing worthy my notice; nothing but an empty sound. Nor can it have any part in my affections, for a portion. They are but mean trifles, unfit to attract and busy an immortal soul. But religion, though it have its troubles with it; yet it hath a sacred sweetness in all. I feel an inward pleasure and satisfaction, which gives a relish, as it were, to this kind of religious pain and sorrow.

Objector. Come, Soul, lay aside prejudice. What! Nothing in all this pleasure, to delight thee. Search a little deeper. Or what can be in this melancholy religion, to allure thee to choose its ways?

Soul. I have found what it is. For in all those pleasures, the soul has no God, and no happiness, suited to its immortal nature; without which, all is but a sickening trifle. Wherefore, the soul which hath God for its portion, attended with ever so much sorrow, is unspeakably more happy.

Objector. But if you indulge yourself in pleasures, and strive to divert your company with mirth and jollity, you will gain the esteem of many, aud they will greatly prize you, and seek your company.

Soul. I value the approbation of the most high God, before all the esteem of poor mortals; and deliberately make choice of him, and his way of strict religion, for my portion, pleasure and happiness.

I do now, with my whole soul and all my powers, choose God for my portion; taking his cross as well as his crown; esteeming the sorrows of religion greater riches than the pleasures of sin; looking on it a pleasure to be crucified with Christ. I despise every worldly enjoyment, compared with one smile from the lovely Jesus. I do, with my whole heart and soul, choose God and religion, though it may be through a sea of sorrow and distress, rather than the world in all its pomp and splendor, with ten thousand enjoyments. O most great and glorious God, I now choose thee as my sufficient, and every way suitable portion. I solemnly take God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for my all, in life, death and eternity; and resign myself, soul and body, into thy hands. And I take all the holy angels in heaven; and even the Most High God, the possessor of heaven and earth, himself, to witness that I DO.

And now, Lord, I am thine. Do with me as thou wilt. I am thy clay, feeble, helpless, and hopeless. I throw myself, soul and body, life and health, liberty and pleasure, on thee, the boundless, infinite fullness of heaven, the immutable God. Lord, God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I this day and minute subscribe with my heart and hand, to be the Lord's. Even so, Lord Jesus, Amen and Amen.

SUSANNA ANTHONY.

Now I have again made my choice. A choice which, I trust, I shall stand by throughout eternity. And amidst ten thousand flattering temptations, I refuse them all, and esteem it greater pleasure, to mourn for sin, and mortify one lust, than to indulge a thousand. I now despise all youthful vanities, and sensual gratifications; and choose a life of self-denial, resolving henceforth to take up my whole and entire delight and happiness in God, in the way of holiness; at whose right hand are rivers of pleasure, and that forevermore.

And now, let me consider those objections against religion. What is that applause, which a carnal world can give? Nothing but what is too mean to influence and actuate a truly noble mind. Mortal flatteries die with mortal worms; and cannot live beyond this dunghill earth. Besides, Truth hath said, "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." And it cannot be set in competition with the approbation and favor of Jehovah, the great eternal Sovereign of heaven and earth. And, should I indulge my carnal desires, what peace and joy would a tormenting conscience afford, amidst these vanities? How often have I seen such persons, as soon as they had a moment to reflect, ready to run wild; nor dare long to reflect. Surely their pains have been more than their pleasures. But, suppose I could still the perpetual sting of conscience; are all those vanities commensurate to the desires of an immortal soul? Can I have such mean, such sordid, base, vile thoughts of that immortal spirit, with which the great almighty Creator hath invested me, as to think such mean trifles can suffice a never dying soul, which must exist, as long as God himself? Surely there is nothing but an infinite good that can satisfy its boundless cravings. It is horrid barbarity to feed it on such insipid husks, since it is capable of immortal boundless delights in God.

And what are these mighty frights in a life of religion, which should affright a truly great and immortal soul, since the joys only are real, lasting and perpetual? Who shall dare to inscribe *Eternal* on any of the sorrows of a religious life? What is any sorrow, reproach or disdain, that admits of God to be the portion of the soul? What if I be despised as poor, mean and ignorant, not fit for society, if Christ be mine? He is rich, great, full of wisdom and knowledge; and in him I may be complete, who is the head of influence. And what greater honor can a mortal have, than to be a child of the King of kings and Lord of lords. God shall honor the soul with his presence. He will condescend to reside and dwell in the gracious soul: A guest infinitely preferable, as his nature is transcendent.

And as to dark and doubting hours, some of these may proceed from my own sin and folly. But, as far as they are sent from God, they shall only prepare me for immortal joys, and make heaven the sweeter when I arrive there. These shall make my soul shine brighter, and add new lustre to my glory. These shall all be remembered with joy, and every tear be put into a bottle, and add to my crown of joy and triumph.

As to denying myself, and taking up my cross; when it is to follow Jesus, it should be most pleasant: For his yoke is most easy, and his burden is light to the soul that truly loves him. And will not such a soul most freely and cheerfully pluck out, tear off, and crucify that which has wounded his Lord? I should count nothing too dear to part with, for my Jesus, since he hath not for me. Whatever I do out of love, is sweet: and he rewards it a thousand fold with the consolation of his blessed Spirit.

In fine, as to all crosses, and losses, and afflictions; whatever I lose for Jesus, is gain. If I meet with crosses, I know they come from a compassionate God: and so will surely be for the best: And he cannot wrong me. If I give myself to him, he has bound himself to be my God; which implies in it the utmost blessedness: And had he not bound himself, I trust his love would do it. The loss of all things, even life itself, shall be a happy gain, when the soul finds God. Let afflictions, persecutions, imprisonment, and even death come, if Jesus stand by, and strengthen, I am not afraid I shall suffer too much by or for him. All my care is, that he may strengthen me to endure the last extremity: For without him, I know the flesh will shrink back, and I shall indulge that carnal principle of ease. But God hath said, As thy days, so shall thy strength be; and, My grace is sufficient for thee. How sweet is it for the soul not to count the life dear, and to resist unto death for Jesus and his truth! O, what a truly noble soul does it discover in a christian, to wage war with hell, earth and his own heart; and fight against all, rather than be overcome by them, and made a slave to his base, sordid lusts!

After she had made a public profession of religion, she felt a strong desire to serve Christ, in an entire and constant devotedness to him, in promoting his interest and kingdom, the good of his people, and the salvation of men. This led her seriously to consider in what way, and by what means, she, in her situation, and circumstances, could best answer these ends. She was a poor, obscure person, and had no prospect of obtaining much of the things of this world, so as to do much good by supporting the gospel or distributing to the relief of the indigent. She did not expect to rise into general repute, or to any public station, by which she could have opportunity of extensive influence; and her natural capacity she considered as small, and she was destitute of the advantages of education, which many had.

After a careful and conscientious attention to this subject, and much earnest prayer for direction, daily crying to God, in the language of Saul, when he was converted, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" she was led to conclude that she could serve the interest of Christ, and of his church, and promote the good of her fellow men, more, by devoting herself to *prayer*, than in any other way, of which she was capable. And as, in her circumstances, she was in a great measure free from domestic cares, and had opportunity to spend much time in retirement, she thought it was her duty to devote as much time as could be spared from her particular employment, and necessary avocations, in *prayer*, not only for herself, and all her particular friends and near connexions; but more especially for the prosperity of the church of Christ, and the advancement of his kingdom in the world, until all nations, Jews and Gentiles, should be converted and brought into it; in which, prayer for the ministers of the gospel was included, that they might be filled with the spirit of Christ, and abundantly assisted and succeeded; and that the head of the church, and Lord of the harvest, would raise up and send forth faithful laborers into his harvest, &c.

For this exercise she frequently set apart whole days, when her circumstances would admit of it, and especially when there appeared to her to be a particular call for prayer: and spent them in secret fasting and prayer. And she used to spend the afternoon and evening of the last day of the week in this exercise, when not prevented by some uncommon circumstance; also the morning of the Sabbath.

Before she was sixteen years old, she joined a society of women, who met once every week, for prayer, reading, and religious conversation; and who devoted the afternoon, once in a month, to this exercise; and spent, at least, four whole days in a year, in fasting and prayer together.* Of this society she was a distinguished member, as long as she lived; by whom she was greatly beloved and esteemed; and they received much comfort and edification from her conversation and prayers. In the latter, especially, she was distinguishedly eminent; and, at particular times, had such enlargement and access to the throne of grace, that she would pray an hour and a half, or more, with such engagedness and fervency, without any repetition, with a flow of words expressing the most pertinent and affecting ideas, and with such a natural connexion, and progression from one to another, that none who joined with her would appear to be tired, but all pleased, affected and edified: and felt a consciousness that none could have an adequate idea of what passed at such times, who were not present, as a full description of the holy fervor, the clear view of invisible things, and that nearness to God, while she poured out her heart before him, which she discovered, cannot be made by any narration of them.

She appeared wholly, and in a distinguished degree, devoted to the cause of Christ and pure religion; and was a remarkable example of devotion, benevolence, and christian friendship; of self-denial, sobriety, modesty, humility, industry, and of a careful circumspection and conscientiousness in all her concerns and conduct. She being greatly attentive to her Bible, and all other means of instruction which she enjoyed, attained an eminent degree of discerning and knowledge of the distinguishing doctrines and duties of Christianity. And, as she was greatly attentive to practical religion, and constantly studied the Bible in this view, always exercising herself to have a conscience void of offense, both towards God and man, she was remarkably judicious as a casuist, and greatly helpful to her friends, who applied to her in doubtful and difficult cases of conscience. All this has been already very particularly exhibited by the extracts from her writings, which have been produced in the preceding sections: but cannot, even in this way, be fully expressed, or set in that clear, affecting, and amiable light, before the public, in which she was seen, loved, and admired, by her particular and intimate friends.

Her bodily frame and constitution were so feeble and delicate, from her youth, that she was not equal to any business, which required a considerable degree of strength and exertion. She was, therefore, chiefly employed in the use of her needle, in which she was expert and skilful, and by which she was able to support herself, when she enjoyed her health, of which she was deprived for a number of years, from about the twentieth year of her age, and fell into very painful and distressing disorders of body; so that she appeared to herself and others, many times, to be dying, or near to death; and her physician and friends thought she could not survive her disorders, which attended her several years, excepting some short intervals of respite. But she was, in a great measure, relieved from these distressing disorders, and enjoyed a degree of ease and health in the latter part of her life; though she was always feeble, and subject to turns of painful maladies.

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* This is the same society mentioned in the preceding memoir, as having been founded by Mrs. Osborn, and her friends.

When the war, between Britain and America, commenced, she left Newport, and went into the country, where she spent a great part of her time, until that war was nearly closed; part of which time she spent in teaching the children in the families in which she lived, and in keeping a small school; in which she appeared to be greatly serviceable, and obtained the approbation, gratitude, and esteem, of those who employed her.

After the war, she lived at Newport to the time of her decease, a comfort, and greatly useful to her friends, earnestly endeavoring, in her sphere, to promote the cause of truth and Christianity in the world, and more especially in the religious society with which she was connected; by whom her death was justly considered as an unspeakable loss. But, with respect to the people in general, the words of the prophet may be applied, in this instance: "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; the merciful are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come."

In the month of June, 1791, her youngest sister was taken sick with a peripneumony; and as she had but one more sister then living, who was out of town, she went and attended her in her sickness, which proved mortal, and she died in about a week. On the day in which her sister died, she was seized with the same disorder, which put an end to her life also in one week. The disorder, with which she died, was violent from first to last, and uncommonly distressing; so that she was not able to say much in this her last sickness. She, however, said to her christian friends, that she desired to bless God, that she had nothing of those conflicts, which she had before sometime feared; but her soul did, with a sweet calm and confidence, rest on Jesus Christ, without the least doubt of her union to him, and of her happiness in his kingdom for ever. Thus she died, on the 23d of June, 1791.*

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* From the Life of Miss Anthony, by Dr. Hopkins.

MRS. MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY.

Martha Laurens Ramsay was born in Charleston, S. C. on the 3d of November, 1759. She was the daughter of Henry Laurens and of Eleanor Ball, and born in the ninth year after their marriage. By the father's side, she was of French extraction. Her great grand parents were born in Rochelle, and suffered in the famous siege of that place. They were Huguenots or Protestants. Being, by the revocation of the edict of Nantz, compelled to leave their native country, they came to America in the latter end of the 17th century. Her maternal ancestors migrated from Devonshire, in England, and settled in South Carolina about the same time.

In the first year of her life, she had the small pox so severely that she was supposed to be dead, and as such was actually laid out preparatory to her funeral. This was done under an open window, instead of the close room in which she had been kept, according to the absurd mode of treating the small pox in 1760. Dr. Moultrie, coming in at this crisis, pronounced her to be still alive, probably recalled to life by the fresh air of the open window. Under other circumstances she would shortly have been buried, as was then commonly done, with persons who died of the small pox in that year of extensive mortality. A valuable life was thus providentially saved for future usefulness.

Martha Laurens early discovered a great capacity and eagerness for learning. In the course of her third year she could readily read any book, and, what is extraordinary, in an inverted position, without any difficulty. In youth her vivacity and spirits were exuberant. Feats of activity, though attended with personal danger, were to her familiar; great exertions of bodily labor; romantic projects; excesses of the wildest play were preferred to stagnant life; but from all these she could be turned off in a moment to serious business. As she grew up, the same activity was exerted in acquiring the useful and ornamental parts of female education. She very soon acquired a grammatical knowledge of the French language; a considerable eminence in reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, geography, the use of the globes. She even acquired a considerable acquaintance with geometry and mathematical science. At the same time, she was indefatigable in cultivating an acquaintance with books; and, by means of abridging, transcribing, and committing to memory, was very successful in retaining much of what she read. In accomplishments and the ornamental parts of education, she excelled, and in the exercise of them took great delight.

In the eleventh year of her age, she sustained an immense loss by the death of her excellent mother; but this was in some measure made up by the maternal care of her good aunt, Mary Laurens, the wife of James Laurens, whose sound judgment, refined manners, and eminent piety, well fitted her for training up her orphan niece for both worlds. To her care, and to that of his brother, Henry Laurens committed the charge of his two daughters, while he went to superintend the education of his sons in Europe. There he continued till the end of the year 1774, when love for his country brought him back to its defence against the aggressions of Britain. Thus, while Providence deprived Miss Laurens of the instructions and example of her natural mother, it raised up another friend, who performed the maternal duties, with equal capacity, fidelity, and affection. Though she was deprived of the company of her wise and virtuous father, for almost the whole of that interesting period, which extended from the eleventh to the twenty second year of her age, she continued to receive letters from him. From 1771 till 1775 his paternal instructions, communicated by letter, were calculated to forward the virtuous education of a beloved daughter, growing up with fair prospects of an ample fortune; but in and after 1775 he warned her of the probability that his estate would be forfeited, and that her father and brother in arms would lose their lives, and that she must prepare to maintain herself by her own exertions. These anticipations were not fully realized; but the expectation of them had a direct tendency to assist in forming the solid education of the person to whom they were addressed.

Miss Laurens, in her twelfth year, began to be the subject of serious religious impressions. She was well instructed in the great gospel mystery of salvation by the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ for the sins of the world. And there is good reason to believe, that at a very early period she was brought, by the grace of God, cordially to accept of salvation freely offered, though dearly purchased.

In the fifteenth year of her age, in conformity to the advice of Dr. Doddridge, and in a form of words recommended by him, she prepared, and solemnly executed an instrument of writing, called by her, with great propriety, "A self dedication and solemn covenant with God." In this, after a suitable introduction, "she presents before her Maker the whole frame of her nature, all the faculties of her mind, and all the members of her body, as a living sacrifice holy and acceptable unto God." And "not only consecrates all that she was, and all that she had to his service, but humbly resigns to his heavenly will all that she called hers, to be disposed of as he pleased." In the Old Testament, we several times read of the rulers, priests, and people among the Jews solemnly covenanting before God, to renounce their transgressions and to adhere to his service. In the ninth and tenth chapters of Nehemiah there is a particular account of a covenant to this effect, drawn up in writing, and ratified by the names and seals of the persons who consented to it. Whether, in addition to these examples from holy writ, and the recommendation of Dr. Doddridge, there were any particular circumstances, which, at that time, induced Miss Laurens to enter into this written engagement to be the Lord's, is unknown. It is believed that she kept the transaction secret from all the world, and that the paper in question was never seen by any human being before her death, thirty seven years afterwards. At the time of its execution, she was exactly fourteen years and seven weeks old, was in possession of all the comforts of life, and had as brilliant prospects before her as any of her sex in Carolina. The only serious affliction she had then met with was the loss of her mother. This had taken place three years and seven months before, and the keen sensations occasioned thereby must, in the ordinary course of things, have been nearly worn off by time. The engagements thus solemnly entered into by Miss Laurens were in unison with her subsequent conduct through life. Of the sincerity of the transaction, on her part, on a view of all its circumstances, no doubt can exist.

In the year 1775, James Laurens, his wife and two nieces, Martha Laurens, and Mary Eleanor Laurens, afterward the wife of Charles Pinckney, went to England. Martha Laurens was received on her landing by her elder brother, John Laurens, from whom she had been for some years separated. Being older, he had taken great delight in forwarding her education, and particularly, in forming her mind to be superior to the common accidents of life, and the groundless fears of some of her sex. To ascertain whether his labors had been successful or not, he bribed the postillion to drive very rapidly, and at the same time, without discovering his views, narrowly watched her countenance, to observe whether there were any changes in it expressive of womanish fears, at the novel scene, so totally different from all her former travelling in the low, flat, stoneless country of Carolina. On the termination of the experiment, to his satisfaction, he announced to his unsuspecting sister his congratulations, that "he had found her the same Spartan girl he had left her."

During the first years of the American Revolution, and for a short time after its termination, Miss Laurens resided in various parts of England, improving her mind, and preparing herself for meeting the contemplated loss of her father, brother, and fortune, by the events of the war, and at the same time doing every office of love to her uncle, who for the last ten years of his life labored under a painful complaint. While residing in England, she formed an acquaintance with many persons eminent for their piety, and particularly with the Countess of Huntingdon, by whom she was very much noticed. She highly prized the company of such persons, and from them received both pleasure and improvement.

After the treaty of France with Congress, in 1778, and particularly the rejection, in the same year, of the offers of Great Britain, for a reunion with her late colonies, the situation of the Carolina Laurens family in England was unpleasant. Henry Laurens was at that time president of Congress, and had officially conducted the correspondence of that body with the British commissioners, which terminated in a rejection of their offers. Miss Laurens was often obliged to hear her native country abused, and to read and hear her beloved father calumniated as a fomenter of the disputes between Britain and her colonies, and as an aspiring, ambitious man, wishing to rise to consequence at every hazard; but taught by his sage advice, and her own good sense, she shunned all political controversy. Unable to render her suffering country any other service, she daily offered up her fervent prayers in its behalf.

Mr. James Laurens, his two nieces, and their aunt, finding it expedient to leave England, passed over to France, and lived there till the re-establishment of peace. During the greatest part of this period, of six or seven years, and the whole of the time of their residence in England, they were almost wholly cut off from their usual means of support, for their property was in America, three thousand miles distant. War raged, and the Atlantic ocean rolled between them and it. In this forlorn situation they found ample occasion for all the comforts of the religion which they professed. The greatest economy was necessary. A residence in Vigan was preferred on account of the cheapness of living. There Miss Laurens spent her time usefully to her uncle, profitably to herself, and as pleasantly as straitened circumstances, anxiety for her friends and native country would permit. She had many opportunities of improving her mind by reading and conversation, of which she availed herself. She and the family of her uncle received great civilities from the French for the same reasons that occasioned the slights they received from the English. But nevertheless, they had all abundant scope for the exercise of faith, patience, and trust in that Being to whom they had committed all their concerns.

In the year 1780, Miss Laurens's father was taken prisoner at sea, and confined on a charge of high treason in the tower of London, and his life thus staked on the success of the American Revolution. If that had failed, it would have been easy to have convicted him of the crime with which he was charged, and not easy to have saved him from the penalty annexed to it. The disorder of her uncle became daily worse, and required unceasing attention by night and by day; Charleston was taken by the British; Carolina overrun by their armies; remittances were not only rendered impossible, but the loss of the whole capital extremely probable. The alarms of her father, at the beginning of the war, seemed to be on the point of being realized. About the same time intelligence was received that her dearly beloved brother, John Laurens, had fallen in battle. Under this complication of distresses, she found the wisdom and comfort of having secured a friend in her maker, by a solemn covenant entered into with him in the morning of life, in the full enjoyment of health, and in the fair prospect of every worldly blessing. From this source she drew much consolation, and bore up under every trial, trusting in him, to whom she had, in a most solemn manner, consecrated herself. In due time the clouds of adversity began to disperse; the prospects of America brightened. Her father was discharged from confinement, and after a separation of seven years, she joined him in Paris, and presided over his domestic concerns, while he assisted in the negociations which terminated in peace and the acknowledged independence of the United States. The transition from the nurse's chamber, in a remote country place, to the head of the table of a minister plenipotentiary in the metropolis of France, was great and sudden. Amidst the gayeties of Paris, in which she occasionally indulged, her Bible was her companion and counsellor. She read it by day and meditated on it by night. It had taught her to bear adversity with patience, resignation and fortitude; and now kept her from the intoxication and follies which are too apt to grow out of prosperity.

The restoration of peace to Carolina in 1783, pointed out the propriety of the return of the inhabitants. Miss Laurens, with her aunt and sister, arrived in Charleston in 1785, after a long absence, comprehending something more than the whole period of the American revolution. Their joy on finding their native country at peace, and raised from the humble rank of a dependent colony to that of an independent state, was inexpressible. Now, for the first time, after leading an unsettled life for ten years, they found themselves at home. On the 23d of January, 1787, Miss Laurens was married to Dr. David Ramsay, and in the course of the ensuing sixteen years, became the mother of eleven children. Of these eight survived. Mrs. Ramsay now displayed the same virtuous habits, and the same energy of character, in taking care of her children, in promoting her husband's happiness, and making a well ordered home his chief delight, that had formerly distinguished Miss Laurens in acquiring useful knowledge, and discharging the duties of a daughter, a sister, and a niece. Soon after she became a mother, she studied with deep interest most of the esteemed practical treatises on education, both in French and English, that she might be better informed of the nature and extent of her new duties. She gave a decided preference to the writings of Mr. Locke and Dr. Witherspoon on that subject. The object she proposed to herself was to obtain for her children, health of body and a well regulated mind. To secure the former, they were from their birth daily washed in cold water, and throughout the whole period of infancy, permitted to expose themselves with uncovered feet, to wet and cold, and all the varieties and sudden changes of Carolina weather. To favor the latter, they were taught to curb their tempers; to subject their passions to the supreme dominion of reason and religion; to practise self denial; to bear disappointments; and to resist the importunity of present pleasure or pain, for the sake of what reason pronounces fit to be done or borne. She suckled all her children without the aid of any wet nurse; watched over them by night and day; and clung to them every moment of sickness or pain. They were the subjects of her prayers before they were born, and every subsequent day of her life. With one exception, she devoted them all to God in baptism, publicly in church, at a time when private baptisms were common; for she rejoiced in every proper opportunity of declaring to the world her firm belief of the christian religion, and her respect for all its institutions. As soon as they were capable of receiving religious instruction, she liberally imparted it; and early taught them their miserable and corrupted state by nature; that they were born into a world of sin and misery; surrounded with temptations, and without a possibility of salvation, but by the grace of God, and a participation in the benefits procured for sinners, by the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and at the same time, that God was the hearer of prayer, the tenderest of fathers, and the best of friends to all who put their trust in him. She early taught them to read their Bibles. That this might be done pleasantly, she connected with it Mrs. Trimmer's prints of scripture history; that it might be done with understanding, she made them read, in connection with their Bibles, Watts's short view of the whole scripture history, and, as they advanced to a proper age, Newton on the Prophecies; and such books as connect sacred with profane history, and the Old with the New Testament; so that the Bible, though written in periods widely remote from each other, might appear to them a uniform, harmonious system of divine truth. Of this blessed book she enjoined upon them daily to read a portion, and to prize it as the standard of faith and practice; as a communication from heaven on eternal concerns; as the word of God pointing out the only way to salvation; as a letter of love sent from their heavenly Father to direct their wandering feet to the paths of truth and happiness.

As her children advanced in years, she conducted her sons through a course of education fitting them to enter college, and with the help of her tried and accomplished friend, Miss Futerell, she carried her daughters at home through the several studies taught in boarding schools. In every period of her adult age, whether married or single, when, from accidental circumstances, she was the head of the family, and in health, she daily read to her domestic circle, a portion of the holy scriptures, and prayed with them; and frequently on particular occasions, with one or more individuals of it, and regularly, every Sunday, with her young white and black family, in addition to catechetical instructions given to both at the same time.

Mrs. Ramsay was uncommonly economical of time. She suffered none of it to be wasted. By rising early she secured the most valuable portion of it for devotion and business. A reasonable part of every day was spent in religious exercises. Much in reading well chosen books, and also in copying original papers for her father and husband; much in working for the accommodation of her family; and much in teaching her children, and forming their minds to virtue, and knowledge, and often a considerable part of it in writing letters to her absent friends. With a few exceptions she declined all visits during the day, as destructive to her plans, making every hour turn to the best account. When the business of the day was ended, she indulged her social habits. The number of books she read was astonishingly great, and her memory uncommonly strong in retaining the substance of their contents. She could recite nearly the whole of Young's Night Thoughts without book. With the Holy Scriptures she was intimately acquainted, and could readily turn to any text, or passage, bearing on the subject of the conversation. The Latin and Greek Classics she had read in translations, at a very early period. By catching from her brother, by studying occasionally his Latin grammar and books, and by the aid of an accurate knowledge of the French language, and the general principles of grammar, as applied to the English and French languages, she laid such a foundation, that when she became the mother of children, for their sakes she ran over the Latin and Greek classics, in the short method recommended by Mr. Locke, so as to make her a profitable instructor to them, in these languages. With the same views, she began, and prosecuted to a considerable extent, the study of Botany. From the same versatility of genius, and habits of industry, after she was married, she read with attention, most of the practical writers on medicine, that were then usually put into the hands of medical students, and studied with particular interest such of them as treat of the diseases of women and children. In times of general sickness, when her husband was full of business, she frequently shortened his labors, in studying cases of peculiar difficulty, by running over his books, and finding similar cases; and collecting in one view for his inspection, the opinions and practice of standard medical authors, on diseases of the same nature. She was familiar with most of the modern works of genius, taste and imagination, written in the English and French language, and enjoyed them. In solid learning she was not deficient. Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, Watts's Logic, Improvement of the Mind, Philosophical Essays, and other works of science, were the studies of her youth. To these, as she grew up, she added natural and civil history, biography, astronomy, chronology, voyages and travels, &c. In divinity, she read much that was practical, but rarely looked into any thing that was controversial. A few fundamental doctrines, such as free salvation by the atoning sacrifice of the co-equal Son of God, and sanctification by the Spirit, she considered as essential, and worth contending for; but disputes on minor, unessential points, she considered as injurious to the peace, harmony, and best interests of religion, and would not waste her time in studying them, any farther than making up her own opinion on particular points, from what appeared to her own mind, to be revealed in the word of God. If that was silent, or did not decide for or against any opinion or practice, she took no farther pains in the investigation.

In discharging relative duties, Mrs. Ramsay was exemplary. As a child, she had a high opinion of parental authority; and to it she conceived herself as owing implicit obedience in every case not plainly inconsistent with her duty to God. It was, therefore, a standing order to her servants, without a moment of delay, and without announcing the circumstance, to call her, not only from business but from her most private retirement whenever her father had occasion for her services. Never was there a daughter more devoted, attached and obedient to her parent than she was: and her conduct flowed, not from instinct, accident or example but from principle. In the same manner she had determined what were her conjugal duties. She was well acquainted with the plausible reasonings of modern theorists, who contend for the equality of the sexes; and few females could support their claims to that equality on better grounds than she might advance; but she yielded all pretensions on this score, in conformity to the positive declarations of holy writ, of which the following were full to the point, and in her opinion outweighed whole volumes of human reasoning. "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children, and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." Gen. iii, 16. "Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ also is the head of the church; and he is the Savior of the body. Therefore as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in every thing." Eph. v. 22, 23, 24. In practice as well as theory she acknowledged the dependent, subordinate condition of her sex; and considered it as a part of the curse denounced on Eve, as being "the first in the transgression." 1 Tim. ii. 13, 14. The most self denying duties of the conjugal relations being thus established on a divine foundation, and illustrated by those peculiar doctrines of revelation on which she hung all her hopes, the other duties followed by an easy train of reasoning, and were affectionately performed. In this manner, the subject of these memoirs used her Bible as a system of practical ethics, from which she acquired a knowledge of her true station, and also deduced such excellent rules of conduct in life, as might be expected from correct principles. As a parent who had brought children into a world of sin and misery, without their consent, she considered herself as bound, in common justice, to do every thing in her power for their comfort in passing through it. She thought no pains too great, no sacrifices too hard, provided her children were advanced by them. In addition to her steady attention to their education, she exerted herself to keep them constantly in good humor; gave them every indulgence compatible with their best interests; partook with them in their sports; and in various ways amused their solitary hours so as often to drop the mother in the companion and friend; took a lively interest in all their concerns, and made every practicable exertion for their benefit. From the Bible she was taught, "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged." Col. iii, 21. On this text, she often commented verbally, and every day practically. From it she drew several rules of conduct in her behavior toward her children. As a child, she was for implicit obedience; but as a mother, was very moderate in urging her parental rights, and avoided, as far as consistent with a strict education, every thing which might "provoke her children to anger." Under this general head she considered as forbidden, unnecessary severity, sarcasms, and all taunting, harsh, unkind language; overbearing conduct, high-toned claims of superiority; capricious or whimsical exertions of authority, and several other particulars, calculated to irritate children or fill them with terror. On the other hand, she considered parents as required by this precept to curb their own tempers; to bridle their passions; to make proper allowances for indiscretions and follies of youth; and to behave toward their offspring in the most conciliatory manner, so as to secure their love and affections on the score of gratitude. These and several other rules of conduct in the discharge of relative duties were not taken up at random, but derived from reason and reflection, and especially from an attentive consideration of the preceptive part of the word of God. Happy would it be for society, if all its members used their Bibles for similar purposes.

Her maxim was, not to complain of God, but to God. To him she went with all her burdens and cares, and sweetly reposed on his almighty arm. Her unabated confidence in her Maker; her unconditional submission and cheerful resignation to his will, took away from adversity its gloom, and threw over it a cheerful light. The workings of her mind, under these pressures, as recorded in her manuscripts, prove her high attainments in the christian life, and were probably one cause of them. In all her distresses, the burden of sin lay heavier on her mind than the burden of outward troubles. She was much more reconciled to death as closing the scene of her sinning, than that of her suffering. She found great satisfaction in reading Drelincourt on Death, and Watts's World to Come. Shortly before her last sickness, she brought to her husband and requested him to read a speech delivered more than a hundred years ago at the grave of a pious person, by the Rev. Mr. Peter Sterry, which is preserved in the 352d page of Watts's World to Come. In it she had underscored the following sentiments, as expressive of her feelings, with respect to the contemplated approaching commitment of her body to the grave, and its consequent dissolution therein.

"We do for ourselves and for this our dearly beloved in the Lord accept of thee, O grave, and readily deliver up her body to thee, It is a body that hath been weakened and wearied with long affliction and anguish; we freely give it unto thee; receive it, and let it have in thee a quiet rest from all its labors; for thus we read it written of thee, 'There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest.'

"But we know thee, O grave, to be also a devourer, and yet we can freely deliver up the body unto thee. There was in it a contracted corruptibility, dishonor, and weakness; take them as thy proper prey; they belong to thee, and we would not withhold them from thee. Freely swallow them up for ever, that they may appear no more.

"Yet, know, O grave, that there is in the body, considered as once united to such a soul, a divine relation to the Lord of life, and this thou must not, thou canst not dissolve nor destroy. But know, and even before thee, and over thee be it spoken, that there is a season hastening wherein we shall expect it again from thee in incorruption, honor, and power.

"We now sow it unto thee in dishonor, but expect it again returned from thee in glory. We now sow it unto thee in weakness; we expect it again in power. We now sow it unto thee a natural body; we look for it again from thee a spiritual body."

The life of Miss Carter was one of the last books Mrs. Ramsay read; and she indulged the pleasing anticipation of speedily forming an acquaintance with a woman of her fervent piety and great attainments. But of all the inhabitants of heaven, she longed most for the acquaintance of Dr. Watts, whose divine songs, most of which she had committed to memory, had administered much to her comfort by night and by day.

From the first moment of her last sickness, she had a presentiment that she would not survive it. This gave her no alarm. She made preparations for, and arranged the circumstances of her funeral, with the same calmness and self possession she would have done in the days of her best health, when preparing for a journey or voyage. She directed that her funeral should be private; her coffin plain and without a plate; that Dr. Hollinshead should perform his ministerial duties on the occasion in her own house, before a few of her most particular friends. Her coffin was accordingly made of Carolina cedar. After she had given these directions, her disease seemed to yield; but she insisted that her feelings convinced her to the contrary. She suffered grievous pains in sundry periods of her last illness. To assist her in supporting under them, she deliberately surveyed her manifold sins as the procuring cause of all pain, and also took a distinct view of the sufferings of Christ, and then asked herself, shall not I who have so grievously sinned, quietly submit to pain, which I deserve, since the innocent Jesus suffered so much for me? On the last day but one of her life, she lay for some considerable time in a warm bath. While there, she directed the following hymn, from a collection of hymns presented to her by the Countess of Huntingdon, to be read to her.

When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus dwells above.

Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid.

Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience day by day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands
And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw the bliss
Immediately from Thee.

She repeated the two last lines of every verse with eyes directed to heaven, as expressive of their coincidence with her views. She had frequently, in the course of her sickness, given animated exhortations to her children and others, to make choice of God for their portion, and also particular directions how to manage the family after she was gone. About 4 o'clock, P. M. June 10th, 1811, she asked her husband and children if they were willing to give her up. They evaded the question; but she in direct terms informed them that she had sometimes felt a repugnance to death on their accounts, but assured them that God had now made her entirely willing to give them all up; and in about an hour after expired.

From The Life of Mrs. Ramsay by her husband, David Ramsay, M. D.

MRS. ISABELLA GRAHAM.

Isabella Marshall, (afterwards Mrs. Graham,) was born on the 29th of July, 1742, in the shire of Lanark, in Scotland. Her grandfather was one of the elders who quitted the established church with the Rev. Messrs. Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine. She was educated in the principles of the church of Scotland. Her father and mother were both pious: indeed, her mother, whose maiden name was Janet Hamilton, appears, from her letters, yet extant, to have possessed a mind of the same character as her daughter afterwards exhibited.

Isabella was trained to an active life, as well as favored with a superior education. Her grandfather, whose dying bed she had assiduously attended, bequeathed her a legacy of some hundred pounds. In the use to which she applied this money, the soundness of her judgment thus early manifested itself. She requested it might be appropriated to the purpose of giving her a finished education. When ten years of age, she was sent to a boarding school taught by a lady of distinguished talents and piety. Often has Mrs. Graham repeated to her children the maxims of Mrs. Betty Morehead. With ardent and unwearied endeavors to attain mental endowments, and especially moral and religious knowledge, she attended the instructions of Mrs. Morehead for seven successive winters. How valuable is early instruction! with the blessing of God, it is probable that this instructress has laid the foundation of the exertions and usefulness of her pupil in after life. How wise and how gracious are the ways of the Lord! Knowing the path in which he was afterwards to lead Isabella Marshall, her God was pleased to provide her an education of a much higher kind than was usual in those days. Who would not trust that God who alone can be *the guide of our youth?*

Her father, John Marshall, farmed a paternal estate, called the Heads, near Hamilton. This estate he sold, and rented the estate of Eldersley, once the habitation of Sir William Wallace. There Isabella passed her childhod and her youth. She had no precise recollection of the period at which her heart first *tasted that the Lord was gracious.* As long as she could remember, she took delight in pouring out her soul to her God.

In the woods of Eldersley she selected a bush, to which she resorted in seasons of devotion; under this bush, she was enabled to devote herself to God, through faith in her Redeemer, before she had attained to her tenth year. To this favorite, and to her sacred spot, she would repair, when exposed to temptation, or perplexed with childish troubles. From thence she caused her prayers to ascend, and always found peace and consolation.

Children cannot at too early a period seek the favor of the God of heaven. How blessed to be reared and fed by his hand, taught by his Spirit, and strengthened by his grace!

The late Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, afterwards President of Princeton College, was at this time one of the ministers of the town of Paisley. Isabella sat under his ministry, and at the age of seventeen she was admitted by him to the sacrament of the Lord's supper. In the year 1765, she was married to Dr. John Graham, then a practising physician in Paisley, a gentleman of liberal education, and of respectable standing.

About a year after their marriage, Dr. Graham was ordered to join his regiment, the Royal Americans, then stationed in Canada.

Before they sailed for America, a plan had been digested for their permanent residence in that country. Dr. Graham calculated on disposing of his commission, and purchasing a tract of land on the Mohawk river, to which his father-in-law, Mr. Marshall, and his family, were to follow him.

The regiment was quartered at Montreal for several months, and here Jessie, the eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Graham, was born. They afterwards removed to Fort Niagara, on Lake Ontario, and continued in garrison there for four years; here Joanna and Isabella Graham were born. Mrs. Graham always considered the time she passed at Niagara as the happiest of her days, considered in a temporal view. The officers of the regiment were amiable men, and attached to each other. A few of them were married, and their ladies were united in the ties of friendship. The society there, secluded from the world, exempt from the collision of individual and separate interests, which often create so much discord in large communities; and studious to promote the happiness of each other, enjoyed that tranquillity and contentment, which ever accompany a disinterested interchange of friendly offices. This fort being in a situation detached from other settlements, the garrison were consequently deprived of ordinances, and the public means of grace; the life of religion in the soul of Mrs. Graham was therefore at a low ebb. A conscientious observance of the sabbath, which throughout life she maintained, proved to her at Niagara as a remembrance and revival of devotional exercises. She wandered, on those sacred days, into the woods around Niagara, searched her Bible, communed with her God, and herself, and poured out her soul in prayer to her covenant Lord. Throughout the week, the attention of her friends, her domestic comfort and employments, and the amusements pursued in the garrison, she used to confess, occupied too much of her time, and of her affections.

Here we behold a little society enjoying much comfort and happiness in each other, yet falling short of that pre-eminent duty, and superior blessedness of glorifying, as they ought to have done, the God of heaven, who fed them by his bounty, and offered them a full and free salvation in the gospel of his Son. No enjoyments, nor possessions, however ample and acceptable, can crown the soul with peace and true felicity, unless accompanied with the fear and favor of Him, who can speak pardon to the transgressor, and *shed abroad his love in the hearts* of his children: thus giving an earnest of spiritual and eternal blessedness, along with temporal good.

The commencement of the revolutionary struggle in America, rendered it necessary, in the estimation of the British government, to order to another scene of action, the sixtieth regiment, composed in a great measure of Americans.

Their destination was the island of Antigua; Dr. Graham, Mrs. Graham, and their family, consisting now of three infant daughters, and two young Indian girls, crossed the woods from Niagara to Oswegatche, and from thence descended the Mohawk in batteaux to Schenectady. Here Dr. Graham left his family, and went to New York to complete a negociation he had entered into for the sale of his commission, to enable him to settle, as he originally intended, on a tract of land which it was in his power to purchase on the banks of the river they had just descended. The gentleman proposing to purchase his commission, not being able to perfect the arrangement in time, Dr. Graham found himself under the necessity of proceeding to Antigua with the regiment. Mrs. Graham, on learning this, hurried down with her family to accompany him, although he had left it optional with her to remain.

At New York they were treated with much kindness by the late Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, and others, especially by the family of Mr. Vanbrugh Livingston. With Mr. Livingston's daughter, the wife of Major Brown of the sixtieth regiment, Mrs. Graham formed a very warm friendship, which continued during the life of Mrs. Brown.

On their arrival in Antigua, Mrs. Graham was introduced to the families of two brothers, of the name of Gilbert, gentlemen of property, and great piety. They were connected with the Methodists, and by their pious exertions and exemplary lives, with the blessing of God, became instruments of much good, to many in that island.

Dr. and Mrs. Graham participated largely in the hospitality and friendship of many respectable families at St. Johns.

Dr. Graham was absent in St. Vincents for some months; having accompanied, as surgeon, a military force, under Major Etherington, sent thither to quell an insurrection of the Caribbeans.

On his return to Antigua, he found Mrs. Graham almost inconsolable for the loss of her valuable mother, the tidings of whose death had just reached her. He roused her from this state of mind, by saying, that "God might perhaps call her to a severer trial, by taking her husband also." The warning appeared prophetic. On the 17th

November, 1774, he was seized with a feverish disorder, which did not appear for the first three days to be alarming in the estimation of attending physicians; yet it increased afterwards with such violence, as to terminate his mortal existence on the 22d. The whole course of the Doctor's illness, produced a most interesting scene. He calculated on death; expressed his perfect resignation; gave his testimony to the emptiness of a world, in which its inhabitants are too much occupied in pursuing bubbles, which vanish into air; and died in the hope of faith in that divine Redeemer, *who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.* At the commencement of her husband's illness, Mrs. Graham entertained no apprehensions of danger to his life. When hope as to continuance of temporal life was extinguished, her anxiety for his spiritual and eternal welfare exercised her whole soul. When he breathed his last, gratitude to God, and joy at the testimony he had given of dying in the faith of Jesus, afforded a support to her mind, which the painful feelings of her heart could not immediately shake: but when the awful solemnities were over—earth to earth, dust to dust—and the spirit gone to God who gave it—when all was still, and she was a widow indeed—that tenderness of soul, and sympathy of friendship, for which Mrs. Graham was ever remarkable, were brought into severe and tumultuous exercise. Her husband, companion, protector, was gone; a man of superior mind, great taste, warm affection, and domestic habits. She was left with three daughters, the eldest of whom was not over five years of age; and with the prospect of having another child in a few months. Of temporal property, she possessed very little: she was at a distance from her father's house: the widow and the fatherless were in a foreign land. The change in her circumstances was as sudden as it was great.

She had now no sympathizing heart, to receive and return the confidence of unbounded friendship; and thus, by reciprocal communion, to alleviate the trials and enrich the enjoyments of life. All the pleasing plans, all the cherished prospects, of future settlement in life, were cut off in a moment. Whilst sinking into a softened indifference to the world, in the contemplation of her severe loss, she was, on the other hand, roused into exertion for the sustenance and support of her young family, whose earthly dependence was now necessarily upon her.

Not satisfied with the custom of the island, in burying so soon after life is extinct, her uneasiness became so great, that her friends judged it prudent to have her husband's grave opened, to convince her that no symptoms of returning life had been exhibited there. The fidelity of her heart was now as strongly marked as her tenderness. She dressed herself in the habiliments of a widow, and surveying herself in a mirror, determined never to lay them aside. This she strictly adhered to, and rejected every overture, afterwards made to her, of again entering into the married state. She breathed the feelings of her heart in a little poem, in which she dedicated herself to her God as a widow indeed.

On examining into the state of her husband's affairs, she discovered that there remained not quite two hundred pounds sterling in his agent's hands.

These circumstances afforded an opportunity for the display of the purity of Mrs. Graham's principles, and her rigid adherence to the commandments of her God in every situation.

It was proposed to her, and urged with much argument, to sell the two Indian girls, her late husband's property.

No considerations of interest, nor necessity, could prevail upon her to make merchandise of her fellow creatures, the works of her heavenly Father's hand; immortal beings. One of these girls accompanied her to Scotland, where she was married; the other died in Antigua, leaving an affectionate testimony to the kindness of her dear master and mistress.

It may be profitable here, to look at Mrs. Graham, contrasted with the society in temporal prosperity around her. Many persons then in Antigua, were busy and successful in the accumulation of wealth, to the exclusion of every thought, tending to holiness, to God, and to heaven. The portion which they desired they possessed. What then? they are since gone to another world. The magic of the words, "my property," "an independent fortune," has been dispelled; and that for which they toiled, and in which they gloried, has since passed into a hundred hands: the illusion is vanishted, and unless they made their peace with God through the blood of the cross, they left this world, and alas! found no heaven before them. But amidst apparent affliction and outward distress, God was preparing the heart of this widow, by the discipline of his covenant, for future usefulness; to be a blessing, probably, to the thousands of her race, and to enter, finally, on that *rest which remaineth for the people of God.*

Her temporal support, was not in her esteem, "an independent fortune," but a life of dependence on the care of her heavenly Father: she had more delight in suffering and doing his will, than in all riches. "*The secret of the Lord, is with those who fear him, and he will show them his covenant.*" To those who walk with God, he will show the way in which they should go, and their experience will assure them that he directs their paths. "*Bread shall be given them, and their water shall be sure.*" She passed through many trials of a temporal nature, but she was comforted of her God through them all; and at last was put in possession of an eternal treasure in heaven, *where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.* May this contrast be solemnly examined, and the example of this child of God made a blessing to many!

Previously to her confinement, and the birth of her son, Mrs. Graham *set her house in order*, in the probable expectation of her decease. She wrote a letter to her father in Scotland, commending her young family to his protection; also a letter to her friend Mrs. G—, giving the charge of her affairs, and of her family, to her and her husband Captain G—, during their stay in Antigua.

In this letter she expressed her full confidence in the friendship of Mrs. G—, but at the same time declared her solicitude about her indifference to spiritual concerns; and dealt very faithfully with her conscience, as to the propriety and necessity of her being more engaged to seek the favor of God, through the mediation and atonement of the blessed Redeemer.

It pleased God, however, to preserve her life at this time; and she soon after dedicated her infant son to her God in baptism: giving him the name of his father John.

Having now no object to induce her to stay longer at Antigua, she disposed of her slender property, and placing her money into the hands of Major Brown, requested him to take a passage for herself and family, and to lay in their sea stores.

Mrs. Graham, after seeing a railing placed around the grave of her beloved husband, that his remains might not be disturbed until mingled with their kindred dust, bade adieu to her kind friends, and with a sorrowful heart, turned her face towards her native land. No ship offering for Scotland at this time, she embarked with her family in one bound to Belfast in Ireland. Major Brown and his brother officers saw her safely out to sea; and he gave her a letter to a gentleman in Belfast, containing as he said a bill for the balance of the money she had deposited with him. After a stormy and trying voyage, she arrived in safety at her destined port. The correspondent in Ireland of Major Brown, delivered her a letter from that officer, expressive of esteem and affection; and stating, that as a proof of respect for the memory of their deceased friend, he and his brother officers had taken the liberty of defraying the expenses of her voyage.

Consequently, the bill he had given was for the full amount of her original deposit; and thus, like the brethren of Joseph, *she found all her money in the sack's mouth.* Being a stranger in Ireland, without a friend to look out for a proper vessel, in which to embark for Scotland, she and her children went passengers in a packet; on board of which, as she afterwards learned, there was not even a compass. A great storm arose, and they were tossed to and fro for nine hours in imminent danger. The rudder and the mast were carried away; every thing on deck thrown overboard: and at length the vessel struck in the night upon a rock, on the coast of Ayr, in Scotland. The greatest confusion pervaded the passengers and crew. Amongst a number of young students going to the University at Edinburgh, some were swearing, some praying and all were in despair. The widow only remained composed. With her babe in her arms, she hushed her weeping family, and told them, that in a few minutes they should all go to join their father in a better world. The passengers wrote their names in their pocket books, that their bodies might be recognized, and reported for the information of their friends. One young man came into the cabin asking, "is there any peace here?" He was surprised to find a female so tranquil; a short conversation soon evinced that religion was the source and hope to them both in this perilous hour. He engaged in prayer, and then read the 107th Psalm. While repeating these words, "*he maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still*," the vessel swung off the rock by the rising of the tide. She had been dashing against it for an hour and a half, the sea making a breach over her, so that the hold was now nearly filled with water. Towards morning the storm subsided, and the vessel floated until she rested on a sand bank. Assistance was afforded from the shore, and the shipwrecked company took shelter in a small inn, where the men semeed anxious to drown the remembrance of danger in a bowl of punch. How faithful a monitor is conscience! this voice is listened to in extreme peril; but oh, infatuated man! how anxious art thou to stifle the warnings of wisdom in the hour of prosperity! thousands of our race, no doubt delay their preparation for eternity, until by sudden death, scarce a moment's time is left to perform this solemn work.

Mrs. Graham retired to a private room to offer up thanksgiving to God for his goodness, and to commend herself and her orphans to his future care.

A gentleman from Ayr, hearing of the shipwreck, came down to offer assistance; and in him Mrs. Graham was happy enough to recognize an old friend. This gentleman paid her and her family much attention, carrying them to his own house, and treating them with kindness and hospitality.

In a day or two after this, she reached Cartside, and entered her father's dwelling; not the large ancient mansion, in which she had left him, but a thatched cottage, consisting of three apartments. Possessed of a too easy temper, and unsuspecting disposition, Mr. Marshall had been induced to become security for some of his friends whose failure in business had reduced him to poverty. He now acted as factor of a gentleman's estate in this neighborhood, of whose father he had been the intimate friend, with a salary of twenty pounds sterling per annum, and the use of a small farm.

In a short time, however, his health failed him, and he was deprived of this scanty pittance, being incapable, as the proprietor was pleased to think, of fulfilling the duties of factor.

Alive to every call of duty, Mrs. Graham now considered her father as added with her children, to the number of dependents on her industry. She proved, indeed, a good daughter; faithful, affectionate and dutiful, she supported her father through his declining years; and he died at her house, during her residence in Edinburgh, surrounded by his daughter and her children, who tenderly watched him through his last illness.

From Cartside, she removed to Paisley, where she taught a small school. The slender profits of such an establishment, with a widow's pension of sixteen pounds sterling, were the means of subsistence for herself and her family. When she first returned to Cartside, a few religious friends called to welcome her home. The gay and wealthy part of her former acquaintance, flutterers who, like the butterfly, spread their silken wings, only to bask in the warmth of a summer sun, found not their way to the lonely cottage of an afflicted widow. Her worth, although in after life, rendered splendid by its own fruits, was at this time hidden, excepting to those whose reflection and wisdom, had taught them to discern it more in the faith and submission of the soul, than in the selfish and extravagant exhibitions of that wealth, bestowed by the bounty of providence, but expended too often for the purposes of vanity and dissipation.

In such circumstances, the christian character of Mrs. Graham was strongly marked. Sensible that her heavenly Father saw it good, at this time, to depress her outward condition, full of filial tenderness, and like a real child of God, resigned to whatever should appear to be his will, her conduct conformed to his dispensations. With a cheerful heart, and in the hope of faith, she set herself to walk down into the valley of humiliation, *leaning upon Jesus*, as the beloved of her soul. *I delight to do thy will, Oh my God, yea, thy law is within my heart*, was the spontaneous effusion of her genuine faith. She received, with affection, the scriptural admonition, *Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time: casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.*

She laid aside her children's fine frocks and clothed them in homespun. At Cartside, she sold the butter she made, and her children were fed on milk. It was her wish to eat her own bread, however coarse, and *to owe no person any thing but love.* At Paisley, for a season, her breakfast and supper was porridge, and her dinner potatoes and salt. Peace with God, and a contented mind, supplied the lack of earthly prosperity, and she adverted to this her humble fare, to comfort the hearts of suffering sisters, with whom she corresponded at a later period of life, when in comfortable circumstances.

Meantime the Lord was not unmindful of his believing child; but was preparing the minds of her friends for introducing her to a more enlarged sphere of usefulness.

Her pious and attached friend, Mrs. Major Brown, had accompanied her husband to Scotland, and they now resided on their estate in Ayrshire. Mr. Peter Reid, a kind friend when in Antigua, was now a merchant in London. This gentleman advised her to invest the little money she had brought home, (and which she had still preserved,) in muslins; which she could work into finer articles of dress;

and he would ship them in a vessel of his own, freight free, to be sold in the West Indies. His object was partly to increase her little capital, and partly to divert her mind from meditating so deeply on the loss of her lamented husband.

She shed so many tears while at Cartside, as to injure her eyesight, and to render the use of spectacles necessary: she adopted his plan; the muslin dresses were shipped; but she soon afterwards learned that the ship was captured by the French. This a severe blow to her temporal property, and more deeply felt, as it was received at the time when her father was deprived of his office.

Mrs. Brown, after consulting with the Rev. Mr. Randall, of Glasgow; the Rev. Mr. Ellis, of Paisley; lady Glenorchy and Mrs. Walker, of Edinburgh; proposed to Mrs. Graham to take charge of a boarding school in the metropolis.

The friends of religion were of opinion, that such an establishment, under the direction of such a character as Mrs. Graham, would be of singular benefit to young ladies, destined for important stations in society. Her liberal education, her acquaintance with life, and her humble, yet ardent piety, were considered peculiarly calculated to qualify her for so important a trust.

Another friend had suggested to Mrs. Graham the propriety of opening a boarding house in Edinburgh, which he thought could, through his influence, be easily filled by students.

She saw obstacles to both; a boarding house did not appear suitable, as her daughters would not be so likely to have the same advantages of education as from a boarding school. To engage as an instructress of youth on so large a scale, with so many competitors, appeared for her, an arduous undertaking.

In this perplexity, as in former trials, she fled to her unerring counsellor, the Lord, her covenant God. She set apart a day for fasting and prayer. She spread her case before the Lord, earnestly beseeching him to make his word *a light to her feet, and a lamp to her path;* and *to lead her in the way in which she should go;* especially, that she might be directed to choose the path, in which she could best promote his glory, and the best interests of herself and her children. On searching the scriptures, her mind fastened on these words, in John xxi, 15, *Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee; he said unto him, feed my lambs.*

Never, perhaps, was this commandment applied with more energy, nor accompanied with a richer blessing since the days of the Apostle, than in the present instance.

Her determination was accordingly made. She resolved to undertake the education of youth, trusting that her Lord would make her a humble instrument to feed his lambs. Here was exhibited an instance of simple, yet powerful faith in a believer, surrounded by temporal perplexities; and of condescension and mercy on the part of a compassionate God. Light, unseen by mortal eyes, descended on her path.

Although her faith was strong, yet her mind was under such agitation, from her total want of funds to carry her plan into effect, and from other conflicting exercises, as to throw her into a nervous fever, which kept her confined to her bed for some weeks. On her recovery, she felt it her duty to *go forward*, trusting that He who had directed her path, would provide the means that were necessary to enable her to walk in it: she sold her heavy furniture, packed up all her remaining effects, and prepared to set out from Paisley for Edinburgh on a Monday, sometime in the year 1780.

On the Saturday previous, she sat by her fire, musing, and wondering in what manner the Lord would appear for her at this time, when a letter was brought to her from Mr. Peter Reid, enclosing a sum of money which he had recovered from the underwriters, on account of Mrs. Graham's muslins, captured on their passage to the West Indies. Mrs. Graham had considered them as totally lost, but her friend had taken the precaution to have them insured.

With this supply she was enabled to accomplish her object, and arrived in Edinburgh with her family. Her friend, Mrs. Brown, met her there, and stayed with her a few days, to comfort and patronize her in her new undertaking. Mrs. Brown was her warm and constant friend, until her death, which happened at Paisley it 1782, when she was attending the communion. She bequeathed her daughter Mary to Mrs. Graham's care. But in 1785 the daughter followed the mother, being cut off by a fever in the twelfth year of her age.

It may be proper here to introduce the name of Mr. George Anderson, a merchant in Glasgow, who had been an early and particular friend of Dr. Graham. He kindly offered his friendly services, and the use of his purse, to promote the welfare of the bereaved family of his friend. Mrs. Graham occasionally drew upon both. The money she borrowed, she had the satisfaction of repaying with interest.

A correspondence was carried on between them after Mrs. Graham's removal to America, until the death of Mr. Anderson in 1802. Such was the acknowledged integrity of this gentleman, that he was very generally known in Glasgow by the appellation of "honest George Anderson."

During her residence in Edinburgh, she was honored with the friendship and counsel of many persons of distinction and piety. The viscountess Glenorchy; lady Ross Baillie; lady Jane Belches; Mrs. Walter Scott, (mother of the poet;) Mrs. Dr. Davidson; Mrs. Baillie Walker, were amongst her warm personal friends. The Rev. Dr. Erskine, and Dr. Davidson, (formerly the Rev. Mr. Randall, of Glasgow,) and many respectable clergymen, were also her friends. She and her family attended on the ministry of Dr. Davidson, an able, evangelical, useful pastor.

Her school soon became respectable, in numbers and character. Her early and superior education now proved of essential service to her. She was indefatigable in her attention to the instruction of her pupils. While she was faithful in giving them those accomplishments which were to qualify them for acting a distinguished part in this world, she was also zealous in directing their attention to that Gospel, by which they were instructed to obtain an inheritance in the eternal world. She felt a high responsibility, and took a deep interest in their temporal and spiritual welfare. As *a mother in Israel*, she wished to train them up in the ways of the Lord.

She prayed with them morning and evening, and on the sabbath, which she was careful to devote to its proper use, she took great pains to imbue their minds with the truths of religion. Nor did she labor in vain. Although she was often heard to lament of how little use she had been, compared with her opportunities of doing good, yet when her children, Mr. and Mrs. Bethune, visited Scotland in 1801, they heard of many characters, then pious and exemplary, who dated their first religious impressions from those seasons of early instruction which they enjoyed under Mrs. Graham, while in Edinburgh.

Mrs. Graham's manner in the management of youth, was peculiarly happy. Whilst she kept them diligent in their studies, and strictly obedient the laws she had established, she was endeared to them by her tenderness; and the young ladies instructed in her school, retained for her in after life a degree of filial affection, which showed itself unequivocally wherever opportunities offered to test it. This was afterwards remarkably the case with her pupils in America. Her little republic was completely governed by a system of equitable laws. On every alleged offence, a court martial, as they termed it, was held, and the accused tried by her peers. There were no arbitrary punishments, no sallies of capricious passion. The laws were promulgated and must be obeyed. The sentences of the courts martial were always approved, and had a salutary effect. In short, there was a combination of authority, decision and tendernes, in Mrs. Graham's government, that rendered its subjects industrious, intelligent, circumspect, and happy. She enjoyed their happiness; and in cases of sickness, she watched her patients with unremitting solicitude and care, sparing no expense to promote their restoration to health.

A strong trait in her character was distinctly marked by one rule she had adopted, viz. to educate the daughters of pious ministers at half price. This was setting an example worthy of imitation. It was a conduct conformable to scriptural precept. Said Paul, *If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things? Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things, live of the things of the temple? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live by the gospel.*

It was customary with lady Glenorchy to remark, that two of Mrs. Graham's friends held a band around her waist, when she approached the boundaries between religion and the world, to prevent her from falling over.

Lady Glenorchy being in a delicate state of health, made frequent use of Mrs. Graham as her almoner to the poor. On one of these visits, Mrs. Graham called on a poor woman, with a present of a new gown. "I am obliged to you and her ladyship for your kindness," said the poor woman, rich in faith; "but I maun gang to the right airth first, ye wad na hae come, gin ye had na been sent; the Lord hath left me lately wi but ae goon for week day and sabbath, but now he has sent you with a sabbath day's goon." Meaning in plain English, that her thankfulness was first due to the God of providence, who had put it into the hearts of his children to supply the wants of this poor disciple.

It being stated as a matter of regret, that poor people, when sick, suffered greatly, although while in health their daily labor supported them; Mrs. Graham suggested the idea of every poor person in the neighborhood laying aside one penny a week, to form a fund for relieving the contributors when in sickness. Mr. Douglas undertook the formation of such an Institution. It went for a long time under the name of "The Penny Society." It afterwards received a more liberal patronage, has now a handsome capital, and is called "The Society for the relief of the Destitute Sick."

In July 1786, Mrs. Graham attended the dying bed of her friend and patroness, lady Glenorchy: this lady had shown her friendship in a variety of ways during her valuable life; she had one of Mrs. Graham's daughters for some time in her family; condescended herself to instruct her, and sent her for a year to a French boarding school in Rotterdam. She defrayed all her expenses while there, and furnished her with a liberal supply of pocket money, that she might not see distress without the power of relieving it. So much does a person's conduct in maturer years depend upon the habits of early life, that it is wise to accustom young people to feel for, and to contribute in their degree to the relief of, the afflicted and the needy.

Mrs. Graham had the honor of attending the death bed, and of closing the eyes of this distinguished child of God. It had been lady Glenorchy's express desire that Mrs. Graham should be sent for to attend her dying bed, if within twenty miles of her when such attendance should be necessary.

When Dr. Witherspoon visited Scotland in the year 1785, he had frequent conversations with Mrs. Graham, on the subject of her removal to America. She gave him at this time some reason to calculate on her going thither as soon as her children should have completed the course of education she had proposed for them.

Mrs. Graham had entertained a strong partiality for America ever since her former residence there, and had indulged a secret expectation of returning thither.

It was her opinion, and that of many pious people, that America was the country where the Church of Christ would eventually flourish. She was therefore desirous to leave her offspring there.

After some correspondence with Dr. Witherspoon, and consultation with pious friends, she received the approbation of the latter to her plan. She had an invitation from many respectable characters in the city of New York, with assurances of patronage and support. She arranged her affairs for quitting Edinburgh. The Algerines being then at war with the United States, her friends insisted on her chartering a small British vessel to carry herself and family to the port of New York. This increased her expenses; but providence, in faithfulness and mercy, sent her at this time a remittance from Dr. Henderson; and a legacy of two hundred pounds bequeathed her by lady Glenorchy as a mark of her regard, was of great use to her in her present circumstances.

Thus in the month of July, 1789, Mrs. Graham once more prepared *to go into a land which the Lord seemed to tell her of;* and after a pleasant, though tedious voyage, she landed in New York on the 8th day of September.

At New York she and her family were received with the greatest cordiality and confidence. The late Rev. Dr. Rodgers and Dr. Mason were especially kind to her. She came eminently prepared to instruct her pupils in all the higher branches of female education: the favorable change effected by her exertions in this respect, was soon visible in the minds, manners, and accomplishments of the young ladies committed to her care. She opened her school on the 5th of October, 1789, with five scholars, and before the end of the same month, the number increased to fifty. She not only imparted knowledge to her pupils, but also by her conversation and example, prepared their minds to receive it in such a manner as to apply it to practical advantage. Whilst she taught them to regard external accomplishments as ornaments to the female character, she was careful to recommend the practice of virtue as the highest accomplishment of all, and to inculcate the principles of religion as the only solid foundation for morality and virtue. The annual examination of her scholars were always well attended, and gave great satisfaction. General Washington, whilst at New York, honored her with his patronage. The venerable and amiable Bishop of the Episcopal church in the state of New York, then the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Moore, never once was absent from those examinations. She was sensible of his friendship, and always spoke of him in terms of great esteem and respect.

She united in communion with the Presbyterian Church under the pastoral care of the late Rev. Dr. John Mason. This excellent man was her faithful friend, and wise counsellor. Under his ministry her two daughters, Joanna and Isabella, joined the church in the year 1791. Her eldest daughter Jessie, who had made a profession of religion in Scotland, was married in July, 1790, to Mr. Hay Stevenson, merchant of New York, and she became a member of the Presbyterian Church under the care of Dr. Rodgers where her husband attended.

In the year 1791, her son, who had been left in Scotland to complete his education, paid his mother a visit. Mrs. Graham, considering herself as inadequate to the proper management of a boy, had at an early period of his life sent her son to the care of a friend, who had promised to pay due attention to his morals and education. The boy had a warm affectionate heart, but possessed, at the same time, a bold and fearless spirit. Such a disposition, under proper management, might have been formed into a noble character; but he was neglected, and left in a great measure to himself by his first preceptor.

For two years of his life, he was under the care of Mr. Murray, teacher of an academy at Abercorn. He was a man truly qualified for this station. He instructed his pupils with zeal; led even their amusements; and to an exemplary piety, added the faithful counsel of a friend. He loved, and was therefore beloved. Under his superintendence, John Graham improved rapidly, and gained the affections of his teacher and companions. Happy for him had he continued in such a suitable situation. He was removed to Edinburgh to receive a more classical education. Being left there by his mother and sisters, the impetuosity of his temper, and propensity for a sea-faring life, induced his friends to place him as an apprentice in the merchant-service. He was shipwrecked on the coast of Holland, and Mr. Gibson of Rotterdam, a friend of Mrs. Graham, took him to his house, and enabled him to come to the United States. He remained at New York for some months. His mother deemed it his duty to return to Scotland to complete his time of service. His inclination tended evidently to the profession of a sailor; she therefore fitted him out handsomely, and he embarked for Greenock in the same ship with Mr. John M. Mason, the only son of the late Dr. Mason, who went to attend the theological lectures at the Divinity Hall in Edinburgh.

Mrs. Graham's exercises of mind on parting with her son, were deep and affecting. She cast him upon the covenant mercy of her God, placing a blank, as to temporal things, in her Lord's hand, but holding on with a fervent faith and hope to the promise of spiritual life, *Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive*: *and let thy widows trust in me.*

Three months afterwards, she learned that a pressgang had boarded the ship in which her son had been, and although he was saved from their grasp by a stratagem of the passengers, yet all his clothes were taken away from him. Reflecting on this event, she says, "shall I withdraw the blank I have put into the Redeemer's hands? has he not hitherto done all things well? have not my own afflictions been my greatest blessings? Lord I renew my blank." After undergoing many sufferings, this young man wrote to his mother from Demerara in the year 1794, that he had been made a prisoner; had been retaken; and then intended to go to Europe with a fleet which was soon to sail under convoy. His letter was couched in terms of salutary reflection on his past life, and a hope of profiting by past experience. This was the last account which Mrs. Graham had of her afflicted son. All inquiries instituted respecting him proved fruitless, and she had to exercise faith and submission, not without hope towards God, that the Great Redeemer had taken care of, and would finally save, this prodigal son. She had known a case in her father's family, which excited their solicitude, and encouraged her hope. Her younger brother, Archibald Marshall, a lad of high temper, though possessed of an affectionate heart, had gone to sea, and was not heard of at all for several years. A pious woman who kept a boarding-house in Paisley, found one of her boarders one day reading Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul of Man, with Archibald Marshall's name written on the blank leaf. On inquiry the stranger told her he got that book from a young man on his death-bed, as a token of regard. That young man was Archibald Marshall—he was an exemplary Christian; "and I have reason," added he, "to bless God that he was ever my messmate." The woman, who heard this account, transmitted it to Mr. Marshall's family, who were known to her. Mrs. Graham had no such consolatory account afforded to her; but under much yearning of heart, she left this concern, as well as every other, to the disposal of that God *who doeth all things well.*

In July 1795, Mrs. Graham's second daughter, Joanna, was married to Mr. Divie Bethune, merchant in New York. In the following month her eldest daughter, Mrs. Stevenson, was seized with a fatal illness. Of a most amiable disposition and genuine piety, she viewed the approach of death with the composure of a Christian and the intrepidity of faith.

She had been in delicate health for some years before, and now a complication of disorders denied all hope of recovery. She sung a hymn of triumph, until the struggles of death interrupted her. Mrs. Graham displayed great firmness of mind, during the last trying scene, and when the spirit of her daughter fled, the mother raised her hands, and looking towards heaven, exclaimed, "I wish you joy, my darling." She then washed her face, took some refreshment, and retired to rest.

Such was her joy of faith at the full salvation of her child; but when *the loss of her company* was felt, the tenderness of a mother's heart afterwards gave vent to feelings of affectionate sorrow: nature will feel, even when faith triumphs.

Mrs. Graham made it a rule to appropriate a tenth part of her earnings to be expended for pious and charitable purposes: she had taken a lease of two lots of ground on Greenwich-street from the corporation of Trinity Church, with a view of building a house on them for her own accommodation: the building, however, she never commenced: by a sale which her son, Mr. Bethune, made of the lease in 1795 for her, she got an advance of one thousand pounds. So large a profit was new to her. "Quick, quick," said she, "let me appropriate the tenth before my heart grows hard." What fidelity in duty! what distrust of herself! Fifty pounds of this money she sent to Mr. Mason in aid of the funds he was collecting for the establishment of a Theological Seminary.

In the year 1797, a society was instituted at New York, for the relief of poor widows with small children; a society which rose into great respectability, and has been productive of very beneficent effects. The Lord, in his merciful providence prepared this Institution, to grant relief to many bereaved families, who were left widows and orphans by the ravages of the yellow fever in the year 1798.

It took rise from an apparently adventitious circumstance. Mr. Bethune, in the year 1796, was one of the distributing managers of the St. Andrew's Society. The distribution of this charity was of course limited to a certain description of applicants. Mrs. Bethune, interested for widows not entitled to share in the bounty of the St. Andrew's Society, frequently collected small sums for their relief. She consulted with a few friends on the propriety of establishing a Female Society for the relief of poor widows with small children, without limitation. Invitations in the form of circular letters, were sent to the ladies of New York; and a very respectable number assembled at the house of Mrs. Graham. The proposed plan was approved, and a society organized. Mrs. Graham was elected first Directress which office she held ten years.

At the semi-annual meeting in March, 1798, Mrs. Graham made a very pleasing report of the proceedings of the managers, and of the amount of relief afforded to the poor. The ladies of New-York rendered themselves truly deserving of applause for their zeal in this benevolent undertaking.

In the month of September 1798, Mrs. Graham's daughter Isabella was married to Mr. Andrew Smith, merchant of New York, (afterwards of Richmond, Va.) Her family being thus settled to her satisfaction, she was prevailed upon to retire from business, and to live with her children.

Miss Farquharson, her assistant, to whom she was much attached, declined to succeed her, choosing rather to enjoy the society of her patroness and friend. She was a young lady of genuine piety and worth. The Lord had designed her for another important station. She is now Mrs. Loveless, of Madras, the help-meet of the London Society's excellent missionary there. Mrs. Graham maintained a correspondence with Mrs. Loveless, and always regarded her with much affection.

During the prevalence of the yellow fever in 1798, it was with much difficulty Mrs. Graham was dissuaded from going into the city to attend on the sick: the fear of involving her children in the same calamity, in the event of her being attacked by the fever, was the chief reason of her acquiescing in their wish to prevent so hazardous an undertaking. During the subsequent winter, she was indefatigable in her attentions to the poor: she exerted herself to procure work for her widows, and occupied much of her time in cutting it out, and preparing it for them. The managers of the Widow's society had each their separate districts; and Mrs. Graham, as first Directress, had a general superintendence of the whole. She was so happy in the execution of her trust, as to acquire the respect and confidence of the ladies who acted with her, as well as the affections of the poor.

Her whole time was now at her command, and she devoted it very faithfully to promote the benevolent object of the institution over which she presided. The extent of her exertions, however, became known, not from the information given by herself, but from the observations of her fellow laborers, and especially from the testimony of the poor themselves.

In the summer of 1800, she paid a visit to her friends in Boston. When she had been absent for some weeks, her daughter Mrs. Bethune was surprised at the frequent inquiries made after her, by persons with whom she was unacquainted: at length she asked some of those inquirers what they knew of Mrs. Graham? they replied, "we live in the surburbs of the city, where she used to visit, relieve and comfort the poor. We had missed her so long that we were afraid she had been sick: when she walked our streets, it was customary with us to come to the door and bless her as she passed."

Until January 1803, she lived alternately with her children, Mrs. Bethune and Mrs. Smith; at this period Mr. Smith having removed from New York, Mrs. Graham resided with Mr. and Mrs. Bethune, until her departure to a better world. They loved her, not only from natural affection, but for her superior worth; they valued her, for they believed that many blessings were vouchsafed to them and their family in answer to her prayers.

The Society for the relief of poor widows with small children having received a charter of incorporation, and some pecuniary aid from the Legislature of the state, the ladies who constituted the Board of Direction, were engaged in plans for extending their usefulness: Mrs. Graham took an active part in executing these plans. The society purchased a small house, where they received work of various kinds, for the employment of their widows. They opened a school for the instruction of their orphans, and many of Mrs. Graham's former pupils volunteered their services, taking upon themselves by rotation, the part of instructors. Besides establishing this School, Mrs. Graham selected some of the widows, best qualified for the task, and engaged them for a small compensation, to open day schools for the instruction of the children of widows, in distant parts of the city: she also established two Sabbath Schools, one of which she superintended herself, and the other she placed under the care of her daughter. Wherever she met with Christians sick and in poverty, she visited and comforted them; and in some instances opened small subscription lists to provide for their support.

She attended occasionally for some years at the Alms House for the instruction of the children there, in religious knowledge: in this work she was much assisted by a humble and pious female friend, who was seldom absent from it on the Lord's day. In short, her whole time was occupied in searching out the distresses of the poor, and devising measures to comfort and establish them to the extent of her influence and means. At the same time, far from arrogating any merit to herself, she seemed always to feel how much she was deficient in following fully the precepts, and the footsteps of her beloved Lord and Savior, *who went about doing good.*

It was often her custom to leave home after breakfast, to take with her a few rolls of bread, and return in the evening about eight o'clock. Her only dinner on such days was her bread, and perhaps some soup at the Soup House, established by the Humane Society for the poor over which one of her widows had been, at her recommendation, appointed. She and her venerable companion, Mrs. Sarah Hoffman, second Directress of the Widow's Society, travelled many a day and many a step together in the walks of charity. Mrs. Graham was a Presbyterian, Mrs. Hoffman an Episcopalian. Those barriers, of which such a thundering use has been made by sectarians to separate the children of God, fell down between these two friends at the cry of affliction, and were consumed on the altar of Christian love. Arm in arm, and heart to heart, they visited the abodes of distress, dispensing temporal aid from the purse of charity, and spiritual comfort from the word of life.

At each annual meeting, Mrs. Graham usually made an address to the society, with a report of the proceedings of the managers, through the preceding year. In April 1800, she stated that "again the pestilence had evacuated the city; again every source of industry was dried up; even the streams of benevolence from the country failed. Those storehouses from which relief was issued to thousands in former calamities, now disappointed their hopes, and those spared by the pestilence, were ready to perish by the famine." These distresses were relieved by the energetic benevolence of the members of the society.

The winter of 1804–5 was unusually severe: the river Hudson was shut by frost as early as November: fuel was consequently scarce and dear; and the poor suffered greatly. Mrs. Graham visited those parts of the city where the poorer class of sufferers dwelt; in upwards of two hundred families, she either found a Bible their property, or gave them one; praying with them in their affliction. She requested a friend to write, first one religious tract, and then another, suited to the peculiar situation of those afflicted people.

And lest it might be said, it was cheap to give advice, she usually gave a small sum of money along with the tracts she distributed. There was, at this time, neither a Bible nor Tract Society in New York. Mrs. Hoffman accompanied her in many of her excursions. In the course of their visits, they discovered a French family from St. Domingo, in such extremity of distress, as made them judge it necessary to report their case to the Honorable Dewitt Clinton, then mayor of the city. The situation of this family being made public, three hundred dollars were voluntarily contributed for their relief. Roused by this incident, a public meeting was called at the Tontine Coffee House, and committees from the different wards were appointed to aid the Corporation, in ascertaining and supplying the immediate wants of the suffering poor. The zeal of Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Hoffman paved the way for this public spirited exertion, which, probably, was the means of saving the lives of some of the destitute and friendless.

In the month of August, 1805, Mrs. Graham paid another visit to her friends in Boston, and spoke of them with much affection and esteem. She used to mention with peculiar approbation, a society of pious ladies there, who met once in every week, for prayer and mutual edification.

On the 15th of March, 1806, the female subscribers to proposals for providing an Asylum for Orphan Children met at the City Hotel; Mrs. Graham was called to the chair, a society organized, and a board of direction chosen. Mrs. Hoffman was elected the first directress of the Orphan Asylum Society. Mrs. Graham continued in the office of first directress of the Widow's Society, but took a deep interest in the success of the Orphan Asylum Society also: she or one of her family taught the orphans daily, until the funds of the institution were sufficient to provide a teacher and superintendent. She was a trustee at the time of her decease. The wish to establish this new society, was occasioned by the pain which it gave the ladies of the Widow's Society, to behold a family of orphans, driven, on the decease of a widow, to seek refuge in the alms-house; no melting heart to feel, no redeeming hand to rescue them from a situation so unpromising for mental and moral improvement.

The Society have received a charter of incorporation from the Legislature; they have a handsome seal, with this inscription: IN AS MUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE, YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.

For several years it was customary with Mrs. Graham to visit the Hospital. Before the erection of the edifice adapted to the reception of deranged persons, and called "the Lunatic Asylum," she paid a particular attention to patients of this description.

To the apartments appropriated to sick female convicts in the State Prison, Mrs. Graham also made many visits. She met with some affecting circumstances amongst this class.

In the winter 1807—8, when the suspension of commerce by the embargo, rendered the situation of the poor more destitute than ever, Mrs. Graham adopted a plan best calculated in her view to detect the idle applicant for charity, and at the same time to furnish employment for the more worthy amongst the female poor. She purchased flax, and lent wheels, where applicants had none. Such as were industrious, took the work with thankfulness, and were paid for it; those who were beggars by profession, never kept their word to return for the flax or the wheel. The flax thus spun, was afterwards wove, bleached, and made into table-cloths and towels for family use.

Mrs. Graham used to remark, that until some Institution should be formed to furnish employment for industrious poor women, the work of charity would be incomplete. It was about this time, that deeming the duties too laborious for her health, she resigned the office of First Directress of the Widow's Society, and took the place of a manager. She afterwards declined this also, and became a trustee of the Orphan Asylum Society, as more suited to her advanced period of life.

The delicate state of health to which one of her grand-daughters was reduced in 1808, made it necessary for her to spend the summer season for five successive years at Rockaway for the advantage of sea-bathing. Mrs. Graham went with her, it being beneficial to her own health also. In this place, she met with many strangers: the company residing there, treated her with much affection and respect. She always attended to the worship of God morning and evening in her room, and was usually accompanied by some of the ladies who boarded in the house. Her fund of information, vivacity of manner and the interest which she felt in the happiness of all around her, made her society highly valued and pleasing. Few of those ladies who stayed with her at Rockaway, for any length of time, failed to express, at parting, their esteem for her, and they generally added a pressing invitation for a visit from her, if ever she should travel near where they dwelt.

In the year 1810, whilst bathing, she was carried by the surf, beyond her depth, and for some time there was scarcely a hope of her regaining the shore. Her grand-children were weeping on the beach, and the company assembled there were afflicted but hopeless spectators of her danger. At that moment of peril, she prayed to the Lord for deliverance, but acquiesced in his will, if he should see fit to take her to himself in this manner. Able to swim a little, she kept herself afloat for some time; she became at length very faint; and when her friends on the beach apprehended her lost, they perceived that the wave had impelled her somewhat nearer to them. A gentleman present, and her female attendant stepped into the surf, and extending their arms for mutual support, one of them was enabled to lay hold of Mrs. Graham's bathing gown, and to pull her towards them. When they brought her ashore, she was much exhausted, and had swallowed a considerable quantity of water. It was some hours before she revived, when she addressed the company in a very serious and impressive manner, that affected them to tears. Her health during the following winter was much impaired by the shock it had received.

In the year 1811, some gentlemen of New-York established a Magdalen Society: they elected a Board of ladies, requesting their aid to superintend the internal management of the Magdalen House. This Board chose Mrs. Graham their presiding lady, which office she held until her decease; the duties attendant on it she discharged with fidelity and zeal. In 1812, the trustees of the Lancasterian School solicited the attendance of several pious ladies, to give catechetical instruction to their scholars, one afternoon in every week: Mrs. Graham was one of those who attended regularly to this duty.

During the last two years of her life, she found her strength inadequate to so extensive a course of visiting the poor, as formerly; there were some distressed families, however, that experienced her kind attention to the last. She would occasionally accompany the Rev. Mr. Stanford on his visits to the State Prison, Hospital, and to the Magdalen House. This gentleman is the stated preacher, employed by "the Society for the support of the Gospel among the poor." He devotes his time to preaching in the Alms House, Hospital, State Prison, Debtor's Prison, &c. with great assiduity and acceptance. Mrs. Graham now spent much of her time in her room, devoted to meditation, prayer, and reading the Scriptures; she seemed to be weaning from earth, and preparing for heaven.

In the spring of 1814 she was requested to unite with some ladies, in forming a Society for the promotion of Industry amongst the poor.

The Corporation of the city having returned a favorable answer, to their petition for assistance and provided a house, a meeting of the Society was held, and Mrs. Graham once more was called to the chair. It was the last time she was to preside at the formation of a new Society. Her articulation, once strong and clear, was now observed to have become more feeble. The ladies present listened to her with affectionate attention; her voice broke upon the ear as a pleasant sound that was passing away. She consented to have her name inserted in the list of managers, to give what assistance her age would permit in forwarding so beneficent a work. Although it pleased God to make her cease from her labors, before the House of Industry was opened, yet the work was carried on by others, and prospered. Between four and five hundred women were employed and paid during the following winter. The Corporation declared in strong terms their approbation of the result, and enlarged their donation, with a view to promote the same undertaking for the succeeding winter.

In the month of May, 1814, a Report was received from Mr. S. P—, of Bristol, in England, of the Society for establishing *Adult Schools*. Mrs. Graham was so delighted with a perusal of it, as immediately to undertake the formation of such a school in the village of Greenwich. She called on the young people who were at work in some neighboring manufactories, and requested them to attend her for this purpose every Sabbath morning at eight o'clock. This was kept up after her decease, as a Sunday School, and consisted of nearly eighty scholars. She was translated from this work of faith on earth, to engage in the sublimer work of praise in heaven.

For some weeks previous to her last illness, she was favored with unusual health, and much enjoyment of religion: she appeared to have sweet exercises and communion in attending on all God's ordinances, and appointed means of grace.

She was greatly refreshed in spirit by the success of Missionary and Bible Societies. She used to speak with much affection of Mr. Gordon, Mr. Lee, and Mr. May, with whom she had been acquainted when in New York, on their way to missionary stations in India. For Dr. Robert Morrison, whom she had seen in 1807, on his way to China, she entertained a very high regard. She was much pleased with the solid talents, ardent piety, and persevering zeal which she discerned in his character.

On Tuesday, the 19th of July, she complained of not feeling well, and kept her room; on Thursday, her disorder proved to be a cholera morbus, and her children sent for a physician. She said this attack was slighter than in former seasons. On Saturday however, she requested that Mrs. Chrystie might be sent for; this alarmed Mrs. Bethune, knowing there existed an understanding between those two friends, that one should attend the dying bed of the other: Mrs. Chrystie was a very dear friend of Mrs. Graham. For upwards of twenty four years they had loved each other, feeling reciprocal sympathy in their joys and their sorrows: the hope of faith was the consolation of both, and oftentimes it had been their delightful employment to interchange their expressions of affection towards Him, *whom having not seen, they loved, and in whom, though they saw him not, yet believing on him, they rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.* On Mrs. Chrystie's entering the chamber of her friend, Mrs. Graham welcomed her with a sweet expressive smile, seeming to say, "I am going to get the start of you, I am called home before you; it will be your office to fulfill our engagement." When she sat by her bedside, Mrs. Graham said, "your face is very pleasant to me my friend." During Saturday night a lethargy appeared to be overpowering her frame. On Sabbath morning she was disposed to constant slumber; observing Mr. Bethune, looking at her with agitation, she was roused from her heaviness, and stretching her arms towards him, and embracing him, she said, "my dear, dear son, I am going to leave you, I am going to my Savior." "I know," he replied, "that when you do go from us, it will be to the Savior; but my dear mother, it may not be the Lord's time now to call you to himself." "Yes," said she, "now is the time, and Oh! I could weep for sin." Her words were accompanied with tears. "Have you any doubts then, my dear friend?" asked Mrs. Chrystie. "Oh no," replied Mrs. Graham: and looking at Mr. and Mrs. Bethune, as they wept, "my dear children, I have no more doubt of going to my Savior, than if I were already in his arms; my guilt is all transferred; he has cancelled all I owed. Yet I could weep for sins against so good a God: it seems to me as if there must be weeping even in heaven for sin." After this, she entered into conversation with her friends, mentioning portions of scripture, and favorite hymns which had been subjects of much comfortable exercise of mind to her. Some of these she had transcribed into a little book, calling them her victuals prepared for crossing over Jordan: she committed them to memory, and often *called them to remembrance, as her songs in the night,* when sleep had deserted her. She then got Mr. Bethune, to read to her some of these portions, especially the eighty second hymn of the third book of Newton's hymns, beginning thus:

Let us love, and sing, and wonder;
Let us praise the Savior's name!
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder;
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame;
He has wash'd us with his blood;
He has brought us nigh to God.

Mrs. Graham then fell asleep, nor did she awaken until the voice of the Rev. Dr. Mason roused her. They had a very affectionate interview, which he has partly described in the excellent sermon he delivered after her decease. She expressed to him her hope, as founded altogether on the redemption that is in Jesus Christ. Were she left to depend on the merit of the best action she had ever performed, that would be only a source of despair. She repeated to him, as her view of salvation, the fourth verse of the hymn already quoted:

Let us wonder, grace and justice
Join, and point at mercy's store;
When thro' grace in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles, and asks no more;
He who wash'd us with his blood,
Has secur'd our way to God.

Having asked Dr. Mason to pray with her, he inquired if there was any particular request she had to make of God, by him; she replied that God would direct: then as he kneeled, she put up her hands, and raising her eyes towards heaven, breathed this short, but expressive petition, "Lord, lead thy servant in prayer."

After Dr. Mason had taken his leave, she again fell into a deep sleep. Her physicians still expressed a hope of her recovery, as her pulse was regular, and the violence of her disease had abated. One of them, however, declared his opinion, that his poor drugs would prove of little avail against her own ardent prayers *to depart, and be with Christ, which was far better* for her than a return to a dying world.

On Monday the Rev. Mr. Rowan prayed with her, and to him she expressed also the tranquillity of her mind, and the steadfastness of her hope, through Christ, of eternal felicity.

Her lethargy increased; at intervals from sleep, she would occasionally assure her daughter, Mrs. Bethune, that all was well; and when she could rouse herself only to say one word at a time, that one word, accompanied with a smile, was "Peace." From her, there was a peculiar emphasis in this expression of the state of her mind; *Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you,* had been a favorite portion of scripture with her, and a promise, the fulfilment of which was her earnest prayer to the God who made it. She also occasionally asked Mr. Bethune to pray with her, even when she could only articulate, as she looked at him, "Pray." She was now surrounded by many of her dear Christian friends, who watched her dying-bed with affection and solicitude. On Tuesday afternoon she slept with little intermission. This, said Dr. Mason, may be truly called "falling asleep in Jesus." It was remarked by those who attended her, that all terror was taken away, and that death seemed here as an entrance into life. Her countenance was placid, and looked younger than before her illness.

At a quarter past twelve o'clock, being the morning of the 27th of July, 1814, without a struggle or a groan, her spirit winged its flight from a mansion of clay to the realms of glory, whilst around the precious remnant of earth, her family and friends stood weeping, yet elevated by the scene they were witnessing. After a silence of many minutes, they kneeled by her bed, adored the goodness and the grace of God towards his departed child, and implored the divine blessing on both the branches of her family, as well as on all the Israel of God.

Thus she departed in peace, not trusting in her wisdom or virtue, like the Philosophers of Greece and Rome; not even like Addison, calling on the profligate to see a good man die; but like Howard, afraid that her good works might have a wrong place in the estimate of her hope, her chief glory was that of "a sinner saved by Grace."*

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* This was Howard's epitaph, dictated by himself.

From the life of Mrs. Graham, by her daughter Mrs. Bethune.

MRS. HARRIET NEWELL.

The subject of these memoirs, was a daughter of Mr. Moses Atwood, a merchant of Haverhill, Massachusetts, and was born October 10th, 1793. She was naturally of a cheerful disposition, and in early life was distinguished for her love of books, and a taste for reading, which led her to the acquisition of much useful knowledge. To secure to her the advantage of a liberal and solid education, she was, in her thirteenth year, placed at an academy of high reputation at Bradford, not far from her native town. At this place, distinguished in the religious experience of many eminent Christians, as the place where they first obtained a saving knowledge of divine things, her attention was turned, with several of her companions in study, to the importance and necessity of that change of purpose and feeling, by which alone the soul is fitted for the joys of heaven. This was in the summer of 1806, at a time of general attention to religion. A large number of her companions of both sexes, with whom she had associated, were in deep distress for their immortal souls. Many who were formerly gay and thoughtless were now in tears, anxiously inquiring what they should do to be saved. Her mind was still more earnestly fixed on these things by the perusal of Doddridge's Sermons to Young People. These she much admired, and spoke with delight of the benefit she derived from them.

But before she indulged a hope that she was a subject of spiritual renovation, she had a long season of distressing conviction, careful self-examination, and earnest prayer. She could not admit the comfortable conclusion that she was *born again*, before she was conscious that she had given herself to the Lord, and yielded sincere obedience to his holy commands. And when at length she felt that she had secured the one thing needful, in gratitude for the fruition of that true joy never found but in the exercise of religion, she resolved to devote the remainder of her life entirely to the service of God. Long before she thought her own salvation secure, she began to exercise an enlarged affection for the kingdom of Christ, and to be fervent in her prayers for the building up of Zion, and the salvation of the heathen. And now that all her views and wishes were turned, this became the prominent feature of her religion—the supreme object of her pursuits.

Though not yet thirteen years old, the deep religious impressions here made on her mind, were never effaced, and in them was laid the foundation of her Christian life. She remained in Bradford Academy about one year and three months, and while there retained her first religious feelings in full strength. The warmth of her first sentiment was doubtless kept up in her heart by the influence and example of many of her companions in the academy, who had begun the Christian course at the same time with her, and who went on together mutually cheered and encouraged. It was customary for those in the academy whose thoughts were turned to religious subjects, to maintain a familiar correspondence with each other, communicating to each other the substance of their meditations, in epistolary style. Among the friends at Bradford, with whom Harriet Atwood loved to correspond, and mingle sacred discourse, was Miss Fanny Woodbury, whose eminence for piety has occasioned a brief sketch of her life in the pages of this work. A very frequent and affectionate correspondence was continued between the two friends, after they left the academy, and returned to their respective homes. The ardent piety which distinguished them both was no doubt strengthened and enlarged by the interchange of sympathetic feeling on the subject.

From some passages in her diary and letters, it appears, that during the year 1808, she was in a state of religious declension and darkness. According to the statement of one who was competent to testify, "She appeared gradually to lose her fondness for retirement, and her delight in the scriptures, and associated more freely with her former gay companions. Yet nothing was manifested, which afforded any just ground for suspecting her sincerity."

But this lamb, which had once been gathered to the fold of Christ, was not thus left to wander back into the world's wilderness. In her diary, under date of July 1, 1809, she says,

"God has been pleased in infinite mercy, again to call up my attention to eternal realities. After spending more than a year in the vanities of the world—thoughtless and unconcerned respecting my eternal welfare; he has, as I humbly trust, showed me my awful backslidings from him, and my dependence on his grace for every blessing.

"I do now, in the strength of Jesus, resolve that I will no longer sacrifice my immortal soul for what I have hitherto deemed my temporal happiness. O that I might be enabled to come out from the world, and to profess Christ as my Redeemer before multitudes. I now see that I have enjoyed no happiness in my pursuit of worldly pleasure. Not in the play-room—not in the vain and idle conversation of my companions—not in the bustle of a crowded life, have I found happiness. This heaven-born guest is found only in the bosom of the child of Jesus. How awfully aggravated will be my condemnation, if I do not, after this *second* call, awaken all my drowsy faculties, and become earnestly engaged for God!"

She did not neglect this second call, but arose in the strength of new life, and turned again to the path which she had so early trod. In the following month, she joined herself to the church in her native place, publicly professing her faith in Christ. We here subjoin the following summary account of her religious exercises, found among her private papers.

"*August 27th*, 1809.—A review of past religious experience I have often found useful and encouraging. On this account, I have written down the exercises of my mind, hoping that, by frequently reading them, I may be led to adore the riches of sovereign grace, praise the Lord for his former kindness to me, and feel encouraged to persevere in a holy life.

"The first ten years of my life were spent in vanity. I was entirely ignorant of the depravity of my heart. The summer that I entered my eleventh year, I attended a dancing school. My conscience would sometimes tell me, that my time was foolishly spent, and though I had never heard it intimated, that such amusements were criminal, yet I could not rest, until I had solemnly determined that, when the school closed, I would immediately become religious. But these resolutions were not carried into effect. Although I attended every day to secret prayer, and read the Bible with greater attention than before, yet I soon became weary of these exercises, and, by degrees, omitted entirely the duties of the closet. When I entered my thirteenth year, I was sent by my parents to the Academy at Bradford. A revival of religion commenced in the neighborhood, which in a short time spread into the school. A large number of the young ladies were anxiously inquiring, what they should do to inherit eternal life. I began to inquire, what these things meant? My attention was solemnly called to the concerns of my immortal soul. I was a stranger to hope; and I feared the ridicule of my gay companions. My heart was opposed to the character of God; and I felt that, if I continued an enemy to his government, I must eternally perish. My convictions of sin were not so pungent and distressing, as many have had; but they were of long continuance. It was more than three months, before I was brought to cast my soul on the Savior of sinners, and rely on him alone for salvation. The ecstacies, which many new-born souls possess, were not mine. But if I was not lost in raptures on reflecting upon what I had escaped, I was filled with a sweet peace, a heavenly calmness, which I never can describe. The honors, applauses, and titles of this vain world appeared like trifles light as air. The character of Jesus appeared infinitely lovely, and I could say with the Psalmist, whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth I desire besides thee. The awful gulf I had escaped, filled me with astonishment. My gay associates were renounced, and the friends of Jesus became *my* dear friends. The destitute, broken state of the church at Haverhill prevented me from openly professing my faith in Jesus; but it was a privilege, which I longed to enjoy.

But alas! these seasons so precious did not long continue. Soon was I led to exclaim, Oh that I were as in months past! My zeal for the cause of religion almost entirely abated; while this vain world engrossed my affections, which had been consecrated to my Redeemer. My Bible, once so lovely, was entirely neglected. Novels and romances engaged my thoughts, and hour after hour was foolishly and sinfully spent in the perusal of them. The company of Christians became, by degrees, irksome and unpleasant. I endeavored to shun them. The voice of conscience would frequently whisper, "all is not right." Many a sleepless night have I passed, after a day of vanity and sin. But such conflicts did not bring me home to the fold, from which, like a stray lamb, I had wandered far away. A religion, which was intimately connected with the amusements of the world, and the friendship of those who are at enmity with God, would have suited well my depraved heart. But I knew that the religion of the gospel was vastly different. It exalts the Creator, while it humbles the creature in the dust.

"Such was my awful situation! I lived only to wound the cause of my ever blessed Savior. Weep, oh my soul! when contemplating and recording these sins of my youth. Be astonished at the long suffering of Jehovah! How great a God is our God! The death of a beloved parent and uncle had but little effect on my hard heart. Though these afflictions moved my passions, they did not lead me to the fountain of consolation. But God, who is rich in mercy, did not leave me here! He had prepared my heart to receive his grace; and he glorified the riches of his mercy, by carrying on the work. I was providentially invited to visit a friend in Newburyport. I complied with the invitation. The evening previous to my return home, I heard the Rev. Mr. McF. It was the 28th of June, 1809. How did the truths, which he delivered, sink deep into my inmost soul! My past transgressions rose like great mountains before me. The most poignant anguish seized my mind; my carnal security fled; and I felt myself a guilty transgressor, naked before a holy God. Mr. B. returned with me the next day to Haverhill. Never, no never, while memory retains her seat in my breast, shall I forget the affectionate manner in which he addressed me. His conversation had the desired effect. I then made the solemn resolution, as I trust, in the strength of Jesus, that I would make a sincere dedication of my all to my Creator, both for time and eternity. This resolution produced a calm serenity and composure, to which I had long been a stranger. How lovely the way of salvation then appeared! Oh how lovely was the character of the Savior! The duty of professing publicly on which side I was, now was impressed on my mind. I came forward, and offered myself to the church; was accepted; received into communion; and commemorated, for the first time, the dying love of the blessed Jesus, August 6th, 1809. This was a precious season, long to be remembered! Oh the depths of sovereign grace! Eternity will be too short to celebrate the perfections of God.

HARRIET ATWOOD."

Thus she continued after this new consecration of herself to God, growing each day in grace and strengthening in the resolution to devote herself to his cause, till she became acquainted with Mr. Samuel Newell, a licensed preacher of the gospel, who had resolved to labor among the heathen, as soon as funds could be raised to support a foreign mission. Miss Atwood thus mentions the incident in her diary.

Oct. 23, 1810.—Mr. M. introduced Mr. N. to our family. He appears to be an engaged Christian. Expects to spend his life, in preaching a Savior to the benighted pagans.

Oct. 31.—Mr. N. called on us this morning. He gave me some account of the dealings of God with his soul. If such a man who has devoted himself to the service of the gospel, has determined to labor in the most difficult part of the vineyard, and is willing to renounce his earthly happiness for the interest of religion; if he doubts his possessing love to God;—what shall *I* say of *myself?*"

The acquaintance thus begun soon ripened into an intimacy, which a few months after resulted in a proposal of marriage from Mr. Newell. We give the account of it in her own words.

April 17, 1811.—How shall I record the events of this day! how can I tranquilize my disturbed mind enough to engage in the *once* delightful employment of writing? I returned from Boston in the evening, after spending three days very agreeably with my friends C. and N. M. handed me a letter with an appearance that indicated that something unusual was contained in it. I broke the seal, and what were my emotions, when I read the name of ——. This was not a long wished for letter,—no, it was a long dreaded one, which, I was conscious, would involve me in doubts, anxiety and distress. Nor were the contents such, as I might answer at a *distant* period;—they required an *immediate* answer. And now what shall I say? how shall I decide this *important*, this *interesting* question?—shall I consent to leave forever the *Parent* of my youth; the *friends* of my life; the dear scenes of my childhood, and my native country; and go to a land of *strangers*, "not knowing the things that shall befal me there?" O for direction from heaven! "O for that wisdom which is profitable to direct!" I go to God, and with an unprejudiced mind, seek his guidance. I will cast this heavy burden on him, humbly trusting that he will sustain me, and direct me in the path of duty.

April 19.—The *important decision* is not yet made. I am still wavering. I long to see and converse with my dear mother! so delicate is my situation, that I dare not unbosom my heart to a single person. What shall I do! could tears direct me in the path of duty, surely I should be directed. My heart aches;—I know not *what* to do!—"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah."

April 21.—Have now retired to my chamber, once more to vent, in silence, my unavailing sighs, and with an almost *bursting heart,* implore divine relief and direction.

I shall go home on Tuesday.—Never did I so *greatly long* to visit the dear native dwelling.

April 22.—Perhaps my dear mother will *immediately* say, *Harriet shall never go.* Well if this should be the case, my duty would be *plain.* I *cannot* act contrary to the advice and express commands of a *pious mother.*

May, 1811.—Returning to Haverhill, I found my dear mama calm and composed. So completely was she filled with a sense of the shortness of time, the uncertainty of life, and the duty of giving up our dearest comforts to the Lord, that she never raised one objection, but wished me to act as my conscience directed. I felt an unspeakable consolation in committing the disposal of this event to God. I thought I could willingly renounce my own opinion, and sitting at the feet of Jesus, be guided entirely by him. Mr. N. has visited us frequently. He wishes not to influence me; he would not if he could.

Should I refuse to make this sacrifice, refuse to lend my little aid in the promulgation of the Gospel among the heathen, how could I ever expect to enjoy the blessing of God, and peace of conscience, though surrounded with every temporal mercy? it would be pleasant to spend the remaining part of my life with my friends, and to have them surround my dying bed. But no! I must relinquish their society, and follow God to a land of strangers, where millions of my fellow sinners are perishing for lack of vision. I have professed, for these two years past, to derive comfort only from God.—Here, then is a consoling reflection, that the ever blessed Jesus is able to support and comfort me, as well in the sultry climes of India, as in my dear native land. I trust that he will make his promise good, that as my day is, so shall my strength be. The wintry storms of life will soon be over; and if I have committed my immortal interest into the hands of God, I shall shortly find a sweet release from every woe.—So visibly have I beheld the hand of Providence in removing some obstacles, which once I thought almost insurmountable, that I dare not object. *All* my friends, with whom I have conversed since my return to Haverhill, advise me to go. Some Christians, who were formerly opposed, after obtaining a more extensive knowledge of the subject, think females would be useful. The people of this world probably view this subject as they do others. Those who have never felt the worth of their own souls, account it superstition and hypocritic zeal, for Christians to sacrifice their earthly pleasures, for the sake of telling the heathen world of a Savior. But all the ridicule that the gay and thoughtless sinner can invent, will not essentially injure me. If I am actuated by love to the Savior and his cause, nothing on earth or hell can hurt me. Perhaps my views of this subject may be altered; and God may yet prepare a way for me to continue in America. O, that I might be submissive, and humbly wait on God. He can direct me at this eventful crisis, and glorify himself.

After her engagement, she remained at home for several months, while Mr. Newell was in Philadelphia gaining some knowledge of medicine that might be useful to him. The following extracts from a letter which she wrote to him while there, expresses her views of the undertaking to which she was pledged.

Haverhill, July 16, 1811.—"With respect to the mission, my mind has never been so solemnly impressed, as since you left me. Various indeed have been my feelings. I fear I have not thought enough of the most important qualification of all, viz. a heart *wholly* devoted to God. Sometimes, when reflecting on this subject, I think I shall welcome the day, which will land me on India's shores, that I may have an opportunity of telling those dear benighted females, what I have felt of a Savior's love, and of the worth of his blessed gospel. At other times, a sense of the dangers and hazards of a missionary life quite depresses my spirits, and deprives me of every enjoyment. Is it a delusion, or do I really feel willing to sacrifice the pleasures and comforts of life, which I might enjoy in my native country, and unite with the few dear brethren and sisters, in using my feeble efforts to christianize the heathen?—but I cannot bear the idea that my going should be attended with so many anxieties on your part.*

"You fear that I shall lose my courage, and look back with longing desires towards America.—This I likewise fear. But that God who has said that his grace shall be sufficient for his children, will in answer to sincere prayer, grant me new resolution, and fresh supplies of strength. "From God is all my aid." O pray for me, that I may be furnished with every needful qualification."

July 23.—I have just read a passage in Thomson's Seasons, which I thought I could adopt as my own language.

"Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic Isles! 'tis nought to me,
Since God is ever present—ever just,
In the void waste as in the city full,
And where HE vital breathes, there MUST BE JOY."

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* The following note to this letter, afterwards written by Mr. Newell to his friends, explains the language here employed.

"My mind, you all know, was much tried on this subject before we left America. I once communicated my anxieties on this point, to a confidential friend, to which he replied in these words: "a little slender female, may endure losses and sufferings as cheerfully and resolutely as an apostle. The lovely humility and meekness of a christian woman, are sometimes connected with a tranquillity of mind that no calamities can ruffle, and a firmness that no danger or distress can subdue. The time may come when YOUR courage will sink, and when the cheerfulness and resolution of your Harriet will at once astonish and animate you."—I have to acknowledge that these predictions, (if I may so call them,) have been more than once literally fulfilled."

She was married to Mr. Newell, in the beginning of February 1812, who was ordained as a missionary to India, with Messrs. Judson, Nott, Hall and Rice, at Salem, Feb. 6. On the 19th of the same month, Messrs. Newell and Judson, with their wives sailed from Salem in the brig Caravan for Calcutta.

After a voyage of one hundred and eighteen days, they landed at Calcutta, where they were cordially welcomed by the English missionaries, Carey, Marshman and Ward; and soon after, by invitation, fixed their temporary residence at Serampore, the head quarters of the English Baptist mission in India. The American missionaries expected to begin their labors among the heathen natives, as soon as they could find a convenient place for a beginning. But by the tyrannical conduct of the English East India company, so infamous as the despots of India, they were forbidden to proceed and were ordered to return to America in the same vessel in which they came. But they were determined that they would not thus give up the noble work to which they had solemnly dedicated their lives, and though driven from British India, they sought other fields where there was need, and room for the gospel.

The missionaries separated to different fields of labor, and Mr. and Mrs. Newell embarked for the Isle of France, on the fourth of August, 1812. The narrative of the distressing events of the voyage is best given in the words of Mr. Newell's letter to Mrs. Atwood, the mother of his wife.

"Harriet enjoyed good health from the time we left you, until we embarked on our voyage from Calcutta to the Isle of France. The fatigue of riding in a palanquin, in that unhealthy place, threw her into a fever which commenced the day after we were on board. She was confined about a week to her couch, but afterward recovered and enjoyed pretty good health. We left Calcutta on the 4th of August, but on account of contrary winds and bad weather, we were driven about in the bay of Bengal, without making much progress during the whole of that month. On or about the 27th, it was discovered that the vessel had sprung a leak; and on the 30th the leak had increased to such an alarming degree, as to render our situation extremely perilous. A consultation of the officers was called, and it was determined to put about immediately, and make the nearest port, which was Coringa, a small town on the Coromandel coast, about sixty miles south of Vizigapatam. We got safe into port on Saturday, September 5th."

[On the 19th of September they re-embarked, and Mrs. N. enjoyed comfortable health, till nearly three weeks after leaving Coringa, and about three weeks before reaching the Isle of France, when she became the joyful mother of a daughter. Four days after, in consequence of a severe storm of wind and rain, the child took cold, and died on the evening of the next day.]

"About a week after Mrs. N.'s confinement," says Mr. N., "I first perceived the symptoms of that disorder, which terminated in her death. She immediately recognized the disease of which her father, and several other of her family connexions died, and was confident she should never recover. I endeavored to raise her hopes, and encouraged her to expect much from a change of situation. But she wished me to dismiss all expectations of her recovery, and to prepare my mind, and help her to prepare her own, for the solemn event. She told me she had some doubts respecting her state. Yet she was by no means alarmed at the idea of death, but was calm, patient, and resigned. During the last week of our passage she read through the Book of Job, and, as she afterwards told me, 'found sweet relief from every fear in submitting to a sovereign God;' and could not refrain from tears of joy, that God should give her so comfortable views of death and eternity. Her health continued uniformly in a declining state, and the symptoms of a settled consumption grew every day more and more apparent."

[Though Mr. N. feared the worst, he did not consider her case as fatal, till the last fortnight of her life, which commenced about ten days after their arrival at the Isle of France. Mr. N. immediately on their arrival, called in the aid of Dr. B., the chief surgeon of the British army in that island, and Dr. W., a Danish physician, a friend with whom they had become acquainted at Serampore. There was but little alteration in Mrs. N.'s health, (excepting that she gradually lost strength,) till about a fortnight before her death, when she declined more rapidly, and all hope of her recovery was extinguished. About four o'clock, P. M., on Monday, Nov. 30, 1812, her eyesight failed her, soon after which, she calmly, and with apparent ease, expired, seven weeks and four days after her confinement. These events, with all the attending circumstances, are related by Mr. N. with great tenderness and particularity. He then proceeds as follows:]

"There, my dear mother, I have finished the story of Harriet's sufferings. Let us turn from the tale of wo to a brighter scene; one that will gladden your heart, as I am sure it does mine. During this long series of sufferings, she meekly yielded to the will of her Heavenly Father, without one murmuring word. 'My wicked heart,' she writes, is *inclined* to think it hard, that I should suffer such fatigue and hardship. I sinfully envy those, whose lot it is to live in tranquillity on land. Happy people! Ye know not the toils and trials of voyages across the rough and stormy deep. O for a little Indian hut on land. But hush, my warring passions; it is for Jesus, who sacrificed the joys of his Father's kingdom, and expired on a cross to redeem a fallen world, that thus I wander from place to place, and feel nowhere at home. How reviving the thought! How great the consolation it yields to my sinking heart! I will cherish it, and yet be happy."

"In the first part of the sickness which succeeded the birth of our babe, she had some doubts which occasionally interrupted her spiritual comfort; but they were soon removed, and her mind was filled with that peace of God, which passeth all understanding.

"I finally became convinced that she was far gone in a consumption, and told her I feared she would find a grave in the Isle of France. She seemed to be relieved of a heavy burden, when I gave her this intelligence. From this time we conversed constantly, and with the greatest freedom and plainness, respecting her death, which we now considered as certain, and near at hand. When she perceived me sorrowful, she would, with a smiling countenance and cheerful voice, endeavor to animate me with the prospect of a speedy reunion in a world where we should part no more.

"When I asked her, a few days before she died, if she had any remaining doubts respecting her spiritual state, she answered with an emphasis *that she had none.* During the whole of her sickness, she talked in the most familiar manner, and with great delight, of death, and the glory that was to follow. When Dr. B. one day told her, those were gloomy thoughts, she had better get rid of them, she replied, that, on the contrary, they were to her cheering and joyful, beyond what she could express. When I attempted to persuade her that she would recover, (which I fondly hoped,) it seemed to strike her like a disappointment. She would say, 'You ought rather to pray that I may depart, that I may be perfectly free from sin, and be where God is.'

"Her mind was from day to day filled with the most comforting and delightful views of the character of God and Christ. She often requested me to talk to her on these interesting subjects. She told me that her thoughts were so much confused, and her mind so much weakened, by the distress of body she had suffered, that she found it difficult steadily to pursue a train of thoughts on divine things, but that she continually looked to God, and passively rested on him. She often spoke of meeting her friends in heaven. 'Perhaps,' said she, 'my dear mother has gone before me to heaven, and as soon as I leave this body, I shall find myself with her.' At another time she said, 'We often talk of meeting our friends in heaven; but what would heaven be with all our friends, if God were not there?'

"She longed exceedingly for the brethren to arrive from India, that we might form ourselves into a church, and celebrate the dying love of Jesus once more before she died. Her desires to enjoy the benefit of this ordinance were so strong, and our situation so peculiar, that I thought a deviation from the usage of our churches in this instance would be justifiable, and accordingly on the last Sabbath in November, the day before she died, I gave her the symbols of the body and blood of our Lord; and I trust it was a comfortable season to us both.

"A few days before she died, after one of those distressing turns of coughing and raising phlegm, which so rapidly wasted her strength, she called me to come and sit on her bed beside her, and receive her dying message to her friends. She observed, that her strength was quite exhausted, and she could say only a few words; but feared she should not have another opportunity. 'Tell my dear mother,' said she, 'how much Harriet loved her. Tell her to look to God, and keep near to him, and he will support and comfort her in all her trials. I shall meet her in heaven, for surely she is one of the dear children of God.' She then turned to her brothers and sisters: 'Tell them,' said she, 'from the lips of their dying sister, that there is nothing but religion worth living for. O exhort them to attend immediately to the care of their precious, immortal souls. Tell them not to delay repentance. The eldest of them will be anxious to know how I now feel with respect to missions. Tell them, and also my dear mother, that I have never regretted leaving my native land for the cause of Christ. Let my dear brothers and sisters know I love them to the last. I hope to meet them in heaven; but Oh, if I should not'— Here tears burst from her eyes, and her sobs of grief at the thought of an eternal separation, expressed feelings that were too big for utterance. After she recovered a little from the shock, which these strong emotions had given to her whole frame, she attempted to speak of several other friends; but was obliged to sum up all she had to say in 'Love and an affectionate farewell to them all.' Within a day or two of her death, such conversation as the following passed between us:

"Should you not be willing to recover, and live a while longer here?

"'On some accounts it would be desirable. I wish to do something for God before I die. But the experience I have had of the deceitfulness of my heart leads me to expect, that if I should recover, my future life would be much the same as my past has been, and I long to be perfectly free from sin. God has called me away before we have entered upon the work of the mission, but the case of David affords me comfort. I have had it in my heart to do what I can for the heathen, and I hope God will accept me.'

"But what shall I do, when you are gone? How can I bear the separation?

"'Jesus will be your best friend, and our separation will be short. We shall soon, very soon, meet in a better world; if I thought we should not, it would be painful indeed to part with you.'

"How does your past life appear to you now?

"'Bad enough; but that only makes the grace of Christ appear the more glorious.

"'Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my heavenly dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.'

As I stood by her bedside, about nine in the evening previous to her decease, perceiving that she was failing very fast, I told her I wished to take my leave of her, before her speech and recollection left her. She raised her eyes to look at me once more, gave me her hand, already chilled with death, and with a feeble voice, said, 'Farewell—we shall soon meet again—Jesus will be your friend.'

"When I told her she could not live through the next day, she replied, "O joyful news; I long to depart.' Sometime after, I said to her, 'How does death appear to you now?' She replied: Glorious; truly welcome.' During Sabbath night she seemed to be a little wandering; but the next morning she had her recollection perfectly. As I stood by her, I asked if she knew me. At first she made no answer. I said to her again, 'My dear Harriet, do you know who I am?' 'My dear Mr. Newell, my husband,' was her reply; but in broken accents, and a voice faltering in death.

"The last words which I remember, and which I think were the last she uttered, relative to her departure, were these—'The pains, the groans, the dying strife,'—'How long, O Lord, how long.'

"But I must stop; for I have already exceeded the bounds of a letter, though I have come far short of doing justice to the dying deportment of this dear friend. O may my last end be like hers. I would now proceed to discharge the duty, which Harriet's dying request imposed on me, of administering consolation to you, and of beseeching the dear children to make a right improvement of this afflicting dispensation; but I hope the God of all consolation will himself wipe away your tears, and fill your heart with comfort, and that Harriet's dying entreaties, and tears, and sighs, may be carried by the Spirit of truth to the hearts of the children, and of her other young friends, and may fasten conviction on their minds, and engage them to follow her so far as she followed Christ. With these hopes, I must bid them all an affectionate farewell.

"Her remains were conveyed, on the 1st of December, to the burying ground in Port Louis, followed only by myself and another gentleman, and interred in a retired spot beneath the shade of an evergreen.

Till Christ shall come to rouse the slumbering dead,
Farewell, pale, lifeless clay, a long farewell!
Sweet be thy sleep beneath *that green tree's shade,*
Where I have laid thee in thy lowly cell.
Adieu, dear Harriet; thou shalt sigh no more;
Thy conflict's ended, and thy toils are past;
Thy weary pilgrimage on earth is o'er,
And thou hast reach'd thy wish'd for home at last."

The homeless, sorrowing, lone writer of the above, soon after the interment of his beloved Harriet, left the Isle of France for Ceylon. After a residence of ten months in this Island, he departed to join his American brethren in Bombay, and united with them in laboring for the salvation of the surrounding heathen. Here, after seven short years, his compassionate Savior drew near, and called him to his rest in heaven, where we trust he enjoys a happy reunion with her, whose Christian walk and godlike converse, while on earth, did much to ripen him for Heavenly bliss.

"Short toils, short woes, loved friends, were thine,
Now, joys eternal and divine."

NOTE.—From the Life of Mrs. Newell, by the Rev. Dr. Woods.

MISS FANNY WOODBURY.

This lady was the daughter of Mr. Isaac and Mrs. Anna Woodbury, and was born at Hamilton, Mass., September 10, 1791. In her infancy, she was dedicated to God in baptism.

Being from her birth of a slender constitution, she rarely enjoyed good health; and was often brought apparently very near to death. When about three years old, her sense of hearing was greatly impaired by a fever; and her deafness, which sometimes very much increased, was one of her greatest trials through life.

In the spring of 1807, when in the sixteenth year of her age, she became a member of Bradford Academy. Here her natural disposition to acquire knowledge and her taste for books were fully gratified; and duly estimating the importance of cultivating the female mind, she improved to the utmost the facilities which she enjoyed for study. By constant application and great exertions, she secured an uncommon degree of information, and the advantage of her efforts was manifest in the high refinement which afterwards marked her mind.

But the improvement of her intellectual powers was not the only important benefit which she derived from her residence at Bradford. It was there that she was brought to feel that she was a sinner—"that her heart," in her own words, "was exceedingly sinful and opposed to God, and her will so stubborn that it would not submit to him." Her attention, however, had been roused to the subject of religion the summer before, while at home in Beverly, by an account of the revival of religion among the members of Bradford Academy, which she received in a letter from her sister, then a member of that institution. The narrative of the dealings of God there, brought her to a deep and solemn consideration of the subject, but it was not till she herself came under the influence of the same causes, and into the company of religious acquaintances of her own age, as she did there, that she secured an interest in the great salvation. "After this," she writes, "my feelings were changed; I saw God to be holy, just and good, and as such I loved him." After her return home in the fall she made a public profession of religion, by joining the second church in Beverly, of which the Rev. Moses Dow was pastor. Previous to this, at the time of her being propounded for admission, she privately made a solemn dedication of herself to God in writing, using the form of words given by Doddridge, in Chap. 17 of his "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul."*

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* See Memoirs of Mrs. Ramsay, p. 385.

On the occasion of her admission into the church, she says in her diary, under date of Sept. 27, 1807,

"I have now made a profession of the Christian religion, and given myself up to God in my youthful years. I trust I shall ever find satisfaction in what I have done. I have done it in the vigor of health, in the prime of my age. I choose to take up the cross, and daily to follow the blessed Jesus, rather than indulge myself in youthful pleasures. Indeed, I have not the least wish for the vain amusements of life. Religion alone is capable of giving that happiness, which will remain when every earthly comfort fails. If we are destitute of this, we are destitute of every thing which can render us truly amiable in life, and happy through death and eternity.

Among those whose friendship she secured in Bradford, was Harriet Atwood, whom she found of congenial sentiments and feelings, and capable of all the sensibilities and refinements of friendship; and with her commenced that intercourse of heart and heart, and interchange of mutual endearments, which many years and many vicissitudes served but to cement, strengthen, and improve. While they continued together at Bradford, they were much in each other's society—"they took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company." After their separation they frequently corresponded, and their intimacy continued till death interrupted it. Of Miss Woodbury's numerous letters to this her dearest friend, but one has been preserved, which is here inserted. It was written after hearing of her determination to devote her life to the cause of Christ in India.

Beverly, July 7, 1811.—*Sabbath morn.*

My dear Miss Atwood,

I have just laid down the Memoirs of Pious Women, which I am re-perusing, for the sake of answering your truly kind and valuable letter, for which I return you many thanks. Reading the life of the illustrious Countess of Warwick, in the book above mentioned, I recognized with heartfelt delight the blessed effects of genuine religion. How does it purify the heart, refine and elevate the affection, and influence and adorn the deportment? Let the enemies of our religion substitute a better in its room, and we will acknowledge they have done something. But this they never have done, nor ever will do. How amiable the portraiture, "First pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." Has this religion, my beloved friend, a seat in our hearts? and do we at all times act under its sacred influence? Have we imbibed the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus? and do we emulate his bright example? Do our affections, our hopes and our desires concentre in the unchangeable God? Have we risen superior to the puerile and insipid delights of this lower world; and learnt with humble Mary, to sit at Jesus' feet, and with avidity treasure up his words in our hearts? Do we possess a faith in Christ, which is prolific of good works, and an ardent love to him, as the chief among ten thousands and altogether lovely? If this is not the case, an inspired apostle would say of us, "Let them be Anathema, Maranatha." Let us examine ourselves, and see whether we be in the faith. Let us bring our views, our feelings and our actions to that infallible criterion, the word of God, and endeavor to ascertain whether they comport with what it requires. I am more than ever impressed with the importance of a frequent, impartial and critical investigation of our hopes, characters, dispositions, and lives. I think it would be well every evening to take a retrospect of the day, and inquire, how we have performed the business of it, what duties neglected, what mercies received, and what sins committed. We have a great and arduous work to do; and our time is short. We have evil tempers and propensities to subdue, and stubborn wills to conquer. We have an invisible and malicious adversary ever ready to annoy us. We have a battle to fight, a race to run, a crown to win. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence; and the violent take it by force." It is obvious, our souls cannot be saved, and heaven obtained by a few indolent formal wishes, and heartless duties. No, sedulous care and unremitting vigilance, and circumspection, are necessary. We must place our whole dependence on Jesus. He is all-sufficient, and, if we repair to him for grace and strength to do his will, he will not deny us. It is desirable to feel our own helplessness and nothingness, that we may value him the more, and place a more perfect reliance on his merits.

Sabbath eve.—I have just returned from the house of God, where I have been indulged with hearing Mr. E. Oh that I could but appreciate my privileges as I ought, and make a wise improvement. How many of our dear fellow creatures are groping in horrid darkness, destitute of the heavenly light of the gospel, and enveloped in a gloomy labyrinth of Jewish, Mahometan, or Pagan superstition. Oh that the Sun of Righteousness would arise, and illumine those benighted corners of the earth with his benignant rays. I rejoice to hear there are a few, who are determined to quit their native land, to preach the everlasting gospel to illiterate, perishing Pagans. I have been apprised of your intention of going, and wish you had communicated some of your feelings, as it respects that subject. I am confident, my dear Miss Atwood, you will sit down and seriously count the cost, before you make any engagement. You have undoubtedly revolved in your mind the trying sacrifices you must make; the hardships and distresses you must probably endure. If you go, I hope you will be enabled to do great and lasting good in those distant climes, and give many a poor native reason to bless God through eternity that you came among them. When we consider that they have souls to be saved or lost, we are filled with amazement that no greater exertions have been made for the promulgation of the gospel among them. Surely Jesus has done much for us; and now cannot we do something for him? We should consider no sacrifices too great to be made, no trials too great to be endured, if thereby we can advance his cause and promote his glory. "It is the only cause on earth worth an anxious thought," says the excellent Dr. G. And what great matter is it in which quarter of the globe we reside, for an "inch or two of time," whether in Asia, or America, if we can be doing good? The idea of parting with you is extremely painful; but, if you go, I shall still have the rich consolation of thinking of you, and reading your letters, all of which I have preserved. In imagination I shall often visit Hindostan, and with ineffable delight behold you instructing the poor Hindoos. I shall participate in your joys and sorrows, and wish you the presence and the smiles of the prince of peace. May you live eminently devoted to Him here on earth, and enjoy an eternity of consummate bliss and unfading glory with him in heaven.

You will perceive I have adverted to the difficulties and trials, which you must encounter in your intended migration; but I hope they will be no discouragement. No situation in life is exempt from trouble. I trust you will have wisdom from above, to direct you in this and every important undertaking. I wish you would favor me with a visit. I long to see you. You *must* write. I shall inquire for a letter from you, when I see Bradford friends, and I hope I shall not be disappointed. Present my respects to your mother, and love to all dear friends. While I trust you are all engagedness in religion, and enjoying times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, oh do remember your vile, worthless, stupid friend,

FANNY WOODBURY.

When the news of the death of her beloved friend, on a distant island, reached her, it may well be imagined that no common feelings were roused to action. Her journal records a train of interesting and pathetic reflections on the event, which, after a glance at the happy and peaceful state of her friend in heaven, she thus concludes.

"Well, my dear Harriet, I leave you there, and when all the transient joys and sorrows of this mortal life shall cease to interest me, when my spirit is just ready to part from earth, and commence its flight through space, may you hail its entrance into that bright world, where you have already arrived, to spend endless ages in rehearsing the wonders of redeeming love.

"Ah, how many fervent prayers have been lodged in the court of heaven for my dear Harriet, while she was beyond their reach, employed in cheerful praise. Well, they shall not be lost, if offered in real faith and sincerity. But though I supplicate for her no more, yet let me not cease to remember the little mission in which she was so ardently interested, and which she bore on her heart, when almost overwhelmed with personal trials. Let me not forget perishing Pagans, whose hapless state she so pathetically deplored, and whose immortal salvation she longed to secure. Let me not forget to deposit her letters in my heart, as the surest pledge of our reciprocal affection, and the living transcript of the inward recesses of her breast. Farewell this theme—I drop my pen and sigh, adieu."

Similar emotions were afterwards excited by the perusal of the memoirs of Mrs. Newell.

"*May* 12, 1814.—Last night was chiefly spent in reading the writings of my departed Harriet, and sweetly melancholy it was to my soul. "Safe is she lodged above these rolling spheres," far distant from this land of sorrow and region of death. After many a struggle and many a tear, she has arrived at the mansion of unclouded bliss, and peacefully rests in Eden's bower. And does she not from her golden seat cast a pitying look on her dear Fanny, wandering forlorn in this vale of tears? Does she not witness the mourning tears and tender sighs of bereaved affection, and gently whisper, "Weep not for Harriet, but redeem the time, fulfil your work, and come and join me in our Father's blest abode?" O Harriet, my much loved Harriet, shall our spirits one day meet and be blest with a friendship, which separation cannot wound, nor death destroy? which shall glow with seraphic fire in endless day? Tossed to and fro on the tempestuous sea of life, distressed with fears, assaulted by temptation, oppressed with iniquities, shall I ever find my way to a brighter world? O why tarry I here, seeing I groan day after day over an unprofitable life, and spend my time in vain? Is not the hour of release at hand, and shall I not soon drink abundantly of the wine of my Father's kingdom, and feast on fruit, dropping sweetly from the tree of life? Haste, my beloved, shorten these interposing days, and receive my parting spirit to thy glorious rest.

"*May* 13.—The years that are past arise to my view, and present cause for deep humiliation, self-abasement and contrition. Ah! they are recorded in the annals of eternity, with all their numerous misimprovements, imperfections and sins. Not one moment of them can ever be recalled; not one action ever be undone. As I kneeled before the throne this eve, as usual, I ruminated on what I have been and what I now am, and the tears of sorrow stole gently down; and when I was engaged in supplication, I was blest with some fixedness, ardor and importunity, and found the season grateful to my soul."

Although she had a high relish for social intercourse, especially for social worship, yet her dearest, sweetest, noblest comforts, she found in solitude. *There*, in her beloved chamber, which she seemed to regard as a little sanctuary—*there*, secluded from every mortal eye and mortal care, she could most freely and fully enjoy her pen, her Bible, and her God. Three times a day, like Daniel, did she retire, to hold sweet intercourse with Him, in whom her soul delighted; and sometimes she continued the employment for hours.

When her friends desired an interest in her prayers, she was deeply impressed with the importance of complying with their requests. A few months before her death, a friend said to her, "I have a cousin, whose situation is peculiarly favorable to self-examination. Do pray for him, Fanny, for he is very stupid." About six weeks afterwards there was some reason to hope that he had found Christ, as his all in all. It was said to Miss Woodbury, "Have you ever prayed for him?" She replied, "I have not once attempted to supplicate the throne of grace, without pleading on his behalf."

She had a very deep sense of the worth and preciousness of time. But *holy time* was in her esteem by far the most precious. Very few, if any, could more feelingly "call the Sabbath a delight." Notwithstanding her difficulty of hearing, she had a remarkable fondness for public worship. To one, who often walked with her to the house of God in company, she was accustomed to say, when about to enter the sanctuary, "Now I do hope our souls will be richly fed." "Do let us hear as for eternity," and the like.

Her religious sentiments were decidedly evangelical. The great doctrines of the cross were her meat and her drink, her joy and her glory. She often lamented the abounding errors of the day, especially that which robs the Savior of his divinity, by reducing him to the level of a dependent being.

Deeply imbibing the spirit of the doctrines which she loved and advocated, she seemed constantly to breathe forth love to God, and good will to mankind. As a child, she was respectful and obedient; as a sister, affectionate and kind; as a friend, sincere and constant; as a a correspondent, punctual and faithful.

Although, in consequence of her natural diffidence and inability of hearing, she was in general rather reserved, yet to a few intimate friends, whom she tenderly loved as the friends of Immanuel, she was remarkably open and communicative. Of the two principal characteristics of true friendship, tenderness and faithfulness, it may be difficult to ascertain for which she was most distinguished. When about to part with her friends, she was accustomed to give them some warm exhortation, such as, "Do live near to God;" "Pray much and fervent;" "Press forward with all speed."

With regard to the poor, she was by no means disposed to dismiss them with "Be ye warmed, be ye filled," when it was in her power to relieve them. So far from stopping her ears at the cry of the poor, or turning away her eyes from beholding the needy, she sought them out in their dreary cells, and there she caused the heart of the widow and the fatherless to sing for joy. Nor was she satisfied with relieving their temporal wants. It was her ardent prayer and exertion, that they might be fed with the bread of life, and clothed with the garments of salvation.

The sick and the afflicted had a share in her tender sympathies; and it was her melancholy delight to visit, assist, and console them.

She was a striking example of industry and economy. A large part of her time was spent in discharging the duties of the domestic circle. When her eyes were occupied with reading, her hands were generally employed to some useful purpose. Like Dorcas, she made garments for the poor. After her death, several garments, suitable for the approaching season, were found, which she had carefully prepared, and laid by for distribution. Almost the whole of what she bestowed in charity was the fruit of her own industry. She often expressed her astonishment, that Christians would suffer so much of their time to be lost in idleness; adding, that if their own circumstances did not require the fruit of their labors, the poor were ever needy.

The extension of Christ's kingdom was a subject which peculiarly affected her heart. To hear of a revival of religion, was to her like life from the dead. The poor heathen were much upon her mind. She took a very lively interest in exertions, to spread the gospel, and evangelize the world.

Perhaps the most remarkable trait in her character was a realizing sense of future scenes; especially during two or three of the last years of her life. It really seemed, that the world was dead to her, and she to the world. She manifestly felt, that she wrote for eternity, and lived for eternity. Eternity, with all its tremendous realities, seemed present to her view. It was remarked by those, with whom she met for social prayer, that she appeared to feel a strong impression, that her time on earth was short. They observed an unusual fervor in her petitions. She seemed already an inhabitant of the heavenly world.

The last passage recorded in her journal seems the aspiration of a soul already weaned from earth, purified from its corruptions, and made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.

" *Oct.* 2.—Have this day been permitted to sit down at the table of my divine Redeemer, and again renew my engagements to be his. But ah, what coldness, what indifference, what amazing stupidity usurp their sway over my heart, and paralize every rising emotion of piety. What infinite reason have I to abase myself below all mankind, and freely confess, I am of sinners the very chief. I need true humility, a deep and abiding view of my own depravity, while faith's enlightened eye fastens on the bleeding Lamb of God, and points to a region where perfection flourishes in immortal charms. Beauteous indeed must be that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, filled with holy inhabitants, and abounding with every blessing its maker can devise. May I be so favored as to find some humble mansion there, when this earthly tenement shall be dissolved by the chilling blast of death, and sink beneath the sod. O my Redeemer, be thou my Sun to illumine my path through this benighted world, and to gild the lonely vale of death with some heavenly ray. Let the precious blood with which thou didst once crimson the rugged nails and accursed cross, be efficaciously applied to my polluted soul, that it may be a temple fit for thee. Come, my Savior, remove this interposing veil, and disclose to me those boundless charms of thine, which inflame the bosom of the most exalted seraph with ecstasy, and tune his heart to celebrate thy praise."

These were, probably, the last words she ever wrote. About the middle of October she was seized with an inflammation of the brain, which in a few weeks showed fatal symptoms, and removed all hope of recovery. On her death-bed her spirit was moved with tender regard and anxiety for those whom she left behind her, and on this solemn occasion, feeling that the subjects were too awfully interesting and affecting to be presented by her verbally, she dictated a farewell address to all her relatives, friends and correspondents, and to the church, full of gentle warning, and affectionate counsel, which came to them like the words of "a spirit already on the wing for immortality."

Through the whole course of her very distressing sickness her appearance was such as we might reasonably expect from a person of her character. It is thought that very few have ever exhibited clearer evidence of living the life, and dying the death of the righteous.

From "the writings of Miss Fanny Woodbury; selected and edited by the Rev. Joseph Emerson, of Beverly."

MRS. SUSAN HUNTINGTON.

Mrs. Susan Huntington was a daughter of the Rev. Achilles Mansfield, of Killingworth, in the State of Connecticut. In this place her father was ordained to the ministry of the Gospel in the year 1779, and continued the Pastor of the First Church until death closed his labors in 1814. This gentleman was a native of New Haven, a graduate of Yale College, and a respectable, useful, and much esteemed minister of Christ; and for many years previous to his death, was a member of the Corporation of the College at which he had received his education. On the maternal side, Mrs. Huntington was descended from that pious man, so illustrious in the annals of the New England churches, the Rev. John Eliot of Roxbury. Mass., who will bear, to future ages, the honorable title of "the Indian Apostle." Mrs. Mansfield was a daughter of Joseph Eliot of Killingworth, whose father, Jared Eliot, D. D., minister of Killingworth, was a son of the Rev. Joseph Eliot, of Guilford Conn., and grandson of the venerable John Eliot of Roxbury.

Susan Mansfield was the youngest of three children. She was born January 27, 1791. Her childhood was marked by sensibility, sobriety and tenderness of conscience, and a taste for reading. Her education was chiefly, under the paternal roof, and at the common schools in her native town. The only instruction she received from any other source, was at a classical school kept in Killingworth, during two seasons. Her parents, however, devoted much of their time and attention to her instruction. And as her constitution was delicate from infancy, she was suffered to gratify her inclination, in devoting most of her time to the cultivation of her mind, by reading and efforts at composition.

In reference to the formation of her religious character, a friend of her youth remarks in a letter to the compiler, "blessed as she was with a tenderness of conscience, very, unusual from her earliest years, which was exhibited in all her intercourse, at home and abroad, and with the faithful instructions of her parents, who were living examples of what Christians ought to be, and were constantly endeavoring to instil into the minds of their children sentiments of piety, of the deepest reverence towards God, of love to the Savior, and of universal benevolence and good will towards men—it is difficult to fix on any precise time when her serious impressions commenced. She appeared to have been, in a measure sanctified from her birth, and from the first dawn of reason, to need only to be informed what her duty was, to perform it." There is evidence, however, that, for a time at least after she was capable of understanding her duty and her obligations to God, her heart was not devoted to him. In a letter to her son dated Jan. 13, 1823., she speaks of having a distinct remembrance of a solemn consultation in her mind, when she was about three years old, whether it was best to be a Christian then, or not, and of having come to the decision that it was not. But the God to whom she had been dedicated, and whose blessing her parents had so often and fervently supplicated in her behalf, did not suffer her long to rest in this sinful determination. When about five years of age, she was brought by the Holy Spirit to consider the duty and consequences of becoming a Christian, indeed more seriously, and in the opinion of her parents and of other pious acquaintances, to choose God for her portion. Of the correctness of this conclusion of her parents and friends she always entertained doubts, and regarded a season of deepest, and in her view, more scriptural, religious impression, when about ten years of age, as the commencement of holiness in her heart. She made a public profession of her faith in Christ, and joined the church of which her father was pastor, on the 19th of April, 1807; having just entered her seventeenth year.

About this time she commenced a private Journal, which was continued till her marriage, but which she destroyed a short time before her death. Of her other writings during the period just mentioned, which were numerous, there remain only some lettters, and a few pieces of poetry. The following are extracts from the letters of this early date which the compiler has been able to obtain.

TO A FRIEND AT N. H.

Killingworth March, 4, 1808.

I have read the sweet little poem,* whose admirable author you so much admire, and am happy that we are alike pleased with it. Some of his descriptions are inimitably charming and picturesque, and some of his observations concerning the ways of providence very just, especially when he says

One part, one little part we dimly scan, &c.

in which he is condemning us for doubting the wisdom and goodness of providence. My ideas correspond with his on this interesting subject, for I firmly believe that

Oft from apparent ill, our blessings rise.

All things, we are assured, work together for good to them that love God. And as we are ignorant of the manner in which our heavenly Father is pleased to overrule events for our happiness, it is extremely reprehensible in us to be dissatisfied with any of his appointments. The prayer of the true Christian is, 'make me happy with prosperity; but, above all, give me conformity to, and contentment with thy will.'

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* Beattie's Minstrel.

I have been reading Cowper also, and love his sentiments, his expressions, and his works entire, dearly. Perhaps you will think I speak with the rapture of an enthusiast, rather than with the reasonable animation of a reasonable creature. But how can one fail to be delighted with the mild, delicate and pious sentiments which continually flow from the amiable author of the The Task? in all his expressions he is "simple, grave, sincere;" his style, alike removed from the turgid and the weak, and particularly free from that affectation which was his "perfect scorn."

I cannot sufficiently express the value I place upon this excellent work. Some of his "winter evening" descriptions fill me with pleasure, I, in fancy, visit the lonely spots he describes, and wander with him over each heath and plain. I love the man for his meek and benevolent spirit. His writings are entirely free from that acrimony (which distinguishes some of the English poets) of satire against any class whom he disliked.

The intelligence that the Lord is visiting you with the showers of his grace, and causing the Sun of righteousness to shine on N. H., and the neighboring towns, affords me unspeakable pleasure.

If I know my own heart, I ardently long for the universal promulgation and reception of that religion which alone can make men happy. And blessed be the God of mercies! he will not leave his work unfinished. I rejoice that so many are hopefully turned from darkness to light. May this happy state of things long continue, and your light shine more and more unto the perfect day.

TO MISS L. AT NEW HAVEN.

Killingworth, Sept. 21, 1808.

In writing to you, my dear M., I shall, with a confidence which our friendship justifies, throw away all unnecessary reserve, and use the freedom of a friend and sister. In communicating every incident which is interesting to me, and seeking in you, when I am in trouble, that sympathy and consolation which I hope to find in one whose mind is so congenial with my own, I shall enjoy your society, though I am separated from you. And in such correspondence—which it is my wish may be maintained between us while life shall last—we shall find much pleasure, and, I hope, some profit. When I go to Boston, I do not expect to have any regular correspondent but you; as other necessary and unavoidable engagements will probably, prevent my retaining more than one. I shall therefore wish you to write me frequently, that we may not cease to think of and love each other.

I received a letter last week from Gen. Huntington. He informs me of the melancholy death of his daughter-in-law, at N., of whom you have heard me speak in terms of affection and admiration. She was one of the excellent of the earth; an ornament to her sex, and to the religion of Christ. Her usefulness here is now at an end. God had prepared her for glory, and he has taken her to himself. In the misdst of life we are in death. Oh! that we, my dear M., would learn to consider ourselves as pilgrims and strangers on the earth, and to live with a constant reference to eternity; that when the solemn hour of death shall come, we may

> look back on every sorrow past,
> And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile.

TO A FRIEND AT N. Y.

Killingworth, February 19, 1809.

What, my dear N., would be our sensations did we suppose, like many learned infidels, that this narrow sphere of being was the whole of our existence? Dreadful indeed would be the thought; that man was destined only to tread for a few short days this speck of creation, and then sink to nought! What could ever have induced cultivated and aspiring minds, to imbibe notions so degrading to our nature as these; notions which make us but a little higher than the beasts that perish, and which preclude all desires and exertions for nobler joys than those of time and sense? Futurity is the Christian's hope. In the gospel, life and immortality are brought to light. Death shall be swallowed up of victory. Then grace shall be perfected, and glory consummated. Then shall we know even as we are known; whatever appeared mysterious and incomprehensible to our finite capacities, shall be elucidated; God will be seen to have done all things well, and to be just in justifying them that believe.

On the eighteenth of May, 1809, Miss Mansfield was married to the Rev. Joshua Huntington, son of Gen. Jedidiah Huntington of New London, Conn., and junior pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, Mass., which became, immediately after, the place of her residence.

The letter, of which the following is an extract, was written soon after her removal to Boston.

TO A SISTER-IN-LAW, AT N. L.

Boston, May 30, 1809.

Our ride was very pleasant. I am delighted with the country around Boston, and think the town is handsomely situated, and I doubt not I shall be pleased with the inhabitants. But, my dear friend, flattering as is the prospect before us, I cannot contemplate the responsibility of the station in which I am placed, its total dissimilarity to that to which I have been accustomed, and the arduous duties resulting from it, together with my own inability to perform them as I ought, without feeling a degree of anxiety lest I be found wholly unqualified for the situation. Did I not believe that the bounds of our habitations are not accidental, but determined by the providence of God, I should sink under the weight of responsibility which now rests upon me. But I do believe that the Lord has placed me here; he it is who calls me to the arduous duties in which I am now to engage, and I desire—I think I feel in some degree enabled, to trust in him for wisdom and strength to guide and sustain me.

I have as yet seen but few of Mr. H.'s congregation. But, if I may form a judgment from those who have called, I think I shall find among them many who cherish an ardent attachment to the doctrines, and maintain a consistent practice of the duties, of the Gospel, unmoved by the prevalence of error,—many real disciples of the blessed Jesus. I do not doubt therefore, but I shall be happy, for it is chiefly the society which renders a place agreeable or unpleasant.

In July of this year Mrs. Huntington made a visit to her parents. While with them, she wrote several letters to her friends in different parts of the country, from some of which the following extracts have been taken.

TO A SISTER-IN-LAW, AT N. L.

Killingworth, August 1, 1809.

It is a week to day, my dear E., since I bade adieu to your pleasant town; and I am the more desirous of taking this early opportunity to write you, as I suppose you will be anxious to know whether I reached home in safety. That I left your family with regret, you will not doubt; but that the parting would have been so painful as it was, I could not have imagined. It was justifiable in me to suffer myself to become attached to you; situated as I was, it would have been unpardonable if I had not. But I believe that if we would not suffer our affections to become so ardent, as we sometimes do, for those whose society we cannot long enjoy, the separations we must experience in this life would be far less distressing. Some however would say, and perhaps not without reason, this would be the philosophy of a stoic.

Our ride was as pleasant as could be expected, and our sail as agreeable as high and adverse winds would permit. I found our family well, and happy to see me, and my dear little native village appeared very lovely, after my short residence amid the noise and bustle of a giddy metropolis. Did I not believe, with Milton, that the mind is its own place, and in itself can make every circumstance and situation, merely temporal, productive of happiness or misery, and did I not also believe the more consolatory doctrine, that all things and events are under the direction of One who cannot err, I should sometimes be almost disposed to sigh for the solitude to which my mind and feelings are so well adapted. But I trust that the situation in which providence has placed me, if it exposes me more to temptation than my former one, will also lead me to more watchfulness and caution; and that I shall be enabled to fill properly that station which is "a call to duty, not a discharge from care."

TO MISS L., OF N. H.

Boston, January 1, 1810.

Through the kindness of providence, I reached this place in safety; and now you doubtless wish to know where and how I am situated. We have been keeping house seven or eight weeks, and as I have for company one to whom the management of a family is familiar, I get along very well. Happiness, I find, is confined to no particular state or place: and I can say with the Psalmist, (I wish it were with the same pious gratitude,) Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. I also find, as I have always found, that no situation is exempt from trouble; and, while surrounded by blessings which demand my thankful acknowledgments, I see and feel, in myself, and in those about me, numberless evils which excite pain, and should produce humiliation. To the soul which can, with unshaken faith, repose, not only its own cares, but those of others in whom it is interested, on the arm of Him who is mighty to save, and which can view every event, whatever be its nature or effects, as necessary to answer some wise design of providence, nothing can be so distressing as entirely to break its peace.

The truth of this remark is, I think, evinced by the conduct of some Christians in this place, who, though they mourn the sad declension of vital piety here, are filled with joy and confidence in God, and feel that, should the times grow darker and darker, they could still trust in Him who is able to dispel the clouds of ignorance and sin which hang over us, and cause the righteousness of Zion to go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. Nor does the persuasion that when God sees it most for his glory to pour out his Spirit upon us he will do it, lead them to indulge in supineness and indifference in requesting it and using the means to obtain it; for they remember that the promise is made to those who ask and knock and seek and strive, and that God has said he will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do these things for them. I believe, however, that this high degree of grace is acquired, and retained without interruption, by very few; though it is the duty, and, but for our wickedness, might be the privilege, of all believers to acquire and preserve it.

When are S. and E. to be married? Dear girls! I hope they will be happy in this state, which must be very happy, or very miserable. I am no advocate for cold esteem only, between those who are to live together, and in so close a connexion, through life. But I believe extravagant, misjudged attachment misleads more than that of an opposite character. If the understanding and judgment condemn what the passions only approve, and if this is the substance of the love which is to unite husband and wife, there is great danger of its proving like a fire of dry stubble, which, though it may burn to the skies for the present moment, soon dies away, to be enkindled no more.

TO A FRIEND AT ——.

Boston, August 15, 1811.

It gives me great pleasure, my dear friend, to learn that you are so well pleased with your new situation, and that your society are so well pleased with you; which I learned from a friend of yours. The approbation of those with whom you are connected, is desirable, if it does not interfere with, or divert us from duty. Our influence depends upon the opinion others entertain of us; and influence, rightly used, may promote the glory of God and the best interests of men. I have no doubt but my dear —— will improve every advantage she may have from the estimation of her friends, to advance His kingdom and cause, to whose glory our every talent should be devoted. The wife of a clergyman is more narrowly watched, than almost any one else. Her deviations from duty are very seldom overlooked; her opinions are minutely examined and often repeated. She is thought to take her notions of things to a considerable extent, from her husband; and of course he suffers if she is imprudent. When I reflect on the responsibilities of this situation I tremble; and should faint, had not ONE, whose strength I sometimes feel as if I could lay hold upon, said, "my grace is sufficient for thee."

TO MISS L., OF N. H.

Boston, March 20, 1812.

It will give you pleasure to hear that for some time before the birth of my child, I enjoyed a degree of spiritual comfort scarcely ever felt before—not as high overflowings of natural feeling, but a sweet and delightful calm, arising from the consciousness of the infinite integrity, faithfulness, holiness and goodness of God; and that these feelings were continued, for the most part, during my sickness. I am only astonished, and I hope grieved, that I love and serve the blessed Jehovah no better. When I reflect on his unbounded goodness to me who deserve nothing, on the infinite excellence and holiness of his character, and my obligations as a ransomed sinner and a lawful subject, I wonder at myself; I wonder that heart, soul and life, and all, are not unreservedly yielded to Him who deserves more than I can give. Oh, my friend, remember me at the throne of grace. Pray that my soul may not be, as it were, the grave of God's mercies; that I may not be entirely dead in the vineyard of my gracious Lord, who has, as I humbly trust, redeemed me to God by his own precious blood. How sweet a passage is this, "the love of Christ constraineth us, &c."? How desirable to be thus constrained to live, not to ourselves, but to Him who died for us and rose again?

In May of this year Mrs. Huntington commenced a second Journal, which was continued till near the time of her death, and has been preserved.

Her motives in commencing this record of the Lord's dealings with her, are thus stated by herself, in an introductory paragraph: "having of late been impressed with a conviction of the expediency of taking down written memorials of special mercies, I shall, from this time forward, endeavor to do it. My reasons for it are these, 1. The remembrance of mercies will lead me to extol the goodness of God. 2. I shall always have them before me as delightful incitements to duty. 3. Such a remembrance will lead me to trust in God in seasons of doubt and distress. 4. It will ever shew me the weakness and wickedness of yielding to despondency, my besetting sin. And, oh! may the record of the gracious dealings of my God ever serve to quicken, enliven and encourage me and make me faithful, for Christ's sake, Amen."

In the subsequent part of these Memoirs, extracts will be made from this Journal, and from her letters, promiscuously, in the order of their respective dates, without any other distinction than the mode of entering them, which will at once indicate to the reader from which they are taken.

March 21, 1812.—Deeply impressed with a sense of the vast importance of a mother's duties, and the lasting effect of youthful impressions, I this day resolve to endeavor, at all times, by my precepts and my example, to inspire my children with just notions of right and wrong, of what is to be avoided and what pursued, of what is sacredly to be desired, and what unreservedly deprecated. And, as my firm opinion is that we are formed to glorify God, and that to enjoy him is our highest happiness, I will endeavor, by a life corresponding with this belief, to convince my children that God's glory is my ultimate aim in all that I do, and the enjoyment of him my most ardent desire, my unremitted pursuit, and my unspeakable comfort. I will endeavor, by avoiding all superfluous concern about dress, furniture, worldly accomplishments, &c., not to counteract my precepts, and thus inspire my children with the idea that, what I say, I think the highest good, I really view but as a secondary consideration; to act uniformly as if a desire after the one thing needful, was an abiding, influential principle in all my conduct and pursuits. May God give me grace to keep these resolutions!

23.—Indulged in many anxious anticipations. Did not sufficiently realize that all is at the disposal of a Being of infinite wisdom, and was therefore careful about many things. Well might the prophet say, "thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." The doctrines of the holy Scriptures are calculated to maintain the soul in uniform serenity. It is our unbelief that counteracts their influence. Oh! for grace to view futurity as the only consummation of life and happiness, and to see that every, thing, however to present gratification, has an ultimate reference to it, that there is a "need be" for all these things, and that the time is coming when every dark providence shall be cleared up, and it shall be made manifest that every event of this mortal state has been necessary in the great operations of the director of all things, to perfect the work of redeeming grace! how sweet it will be to trace the blessed concatenation of causes and effects, and give glory to him who hath in all things made us more than conquerors!

Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall fill my heart,
And love inspire my tongue.

January 22.—When I hear females, as I sometimes do, deprecating the contractedness of domestic life, and eagerly panting after the employments and publicity of philosophers, statesmen and legislators, I am led to think that my life, in the little sphere of my family, must be more varied than theirs, or they could not consider the duties of the domestic circle as unimportant, or devoid of excitements. It is true, if the meed to be obtained were mere human applause, the female part of the world would have but little opportunity to shine; and might justly complain of the narrowness of their sphere, and the insignificance of their lot. But when it is considered that the quality of actions is determined by God, and that, in his view, the person who tears from his bosom a right-hand sin, or performs a self-denying duty, is greater than the hero or the conqueror, considered only as such; how is the case altered? how does it dignify any station which is calculated to produce these effects? The woman, therefore, who complains of the obscurity of her condition, feels and talks like a heathen. She virtually professes to value the praise of men more than the praise of God; and is likely, by her impiety and folly, to forfeit both. In performing the duties of private life, no Christian will have reason to complain that he has not sufficient excitement to duty, or sufficiently numerous calls for the use of all his intellectual and moral powers. The various and complicated vexations and trials, pains and sufferings, privations and disappointments, which perpetually occur in the best organized and most favored family, are enough to convince him, that there is no time to sleep, that much is to be done, and that he has need of all his strength and wisdom to decide, and resolve, and act. If the end of all that we set ourselves about ought to be to mend the heart, (and no Christian will deny that it ought;) what situation is so favorable for this, as that which teaches the soul what are its besetting sins, and offers no illusive temptations to self-delusion, no poisonous reward to virtues which our consciences tell us are defective at the core? The natural effect of public applause is to produce self-ignorance and deception, for the standard of morals is extremely low and defective in the world; and the popular man will give himself credit for virtues which, either are worthless in the sight of God, or he does not possess. How awful, when death shall turn him from the decisions of a world blind and partial, to Him who looketh on the heart! Oh, that in humility of mind, I may ever prefer that condition which leads me to the most intimate knowledge of myself! that I may be enabled to profit by such a knowledge, and rejoice to become nothing that God may be all in all.

February 7.—There is scarcely any subject concerning which I feel more anxiety, than the proper education of my children. It is a difficult and delicate subject; and the more I reflect on my duty to them the more I feel how much is to be learnt by myself. The person who undertakes to form the infant mind, to cut off the distorted shoots, and direct and fashion those which may, in due time, become fruitful and lovely branches, ought to possess a deep and accurate knowledge of human nature. It is no easy task to ascertain, not only the principles and habits of thinking, but also the causes which produce them. It is no easy task, not only to watch over actions, but also to become acquainted with the motives which prompted them. It is no easy task, not only to produce correct associations, but to undo improper ones, which may, through the medium of those nameless occurrences to which children are continually exposed, have found a place in the mind. But such is the task of every mother who superintends the education of her children. Add to this the difficulty of maintaining that uniform and consistent course of conduct which children ought always to observe in their parents, and which alone can give force to the most judicious discipline; and, verily, every considerate person must allow, that it is no small matter to be faithful in the employment of instructors of infancy and youth. Not only must the precept be given, Love not the world; but the life must speak the same. Not only must we exhort our infant charge to patience under their little privations and sorrows, but we must also practice those higher exercises of submission which, they will easily perceive, are but the more vigorous branches of the same root whose feeble twigs they are required to cultivate. Not only must we entreat them to seek first the kingdom of God, but we must be careful to let them see, that we are not as easily depressed by the frowns, or elated by the smiles, of the world, as others. In short, nothing but the most persevering industry in the acquisition of necessary knowledge, the most indefatigable application of that knowledge to particular cases, the most decisive adherence to a consistent course of piety, and, above all, the most unremitted supplications to Him who alone can enable us to resolve and act correctly, can qualify us to discharge properly the duties which devolve upon every mother.

June 4.—Yesterday I went to the meeting at Mrs. M.'s* as usual, but was in a very stupid frame. I did not feel a sense of the divine presence, or scarcely any desire to seek it. In the night I awoke about two o'clock; and was led, first, to reflect on my insensibility, the preceding day; and then, on the sufficiency of Christ to atone for my sins, and strengthen me for the future day. I did not have as deep a sense of my guilt as I desired; but I seemed to feel sensibly what I ought to be—that I ought to live for God, that I ought to maintain a constant spirit of prayer, for myself, my children and this miserable world; and it seemed as if I could get up and go to work, to some purpose, about my Master's business. Oh, it is delightful to feel as if the first wish of our hearts was to fulfil the great purpose of our existence, as if we had caught something of the spirit of the heavenly world, and desired principally to be, and do, and suffer, just what God pleases.

Oct. 25.—What a delicate office is that of a mother! How wary should be her footsteps, how spotless her example, how uniform her patience, how extensive her knowledge of the human heart, how great her skill in using that knowledge, by the most vigilant and strenuous application of it in every variety of occurring circumstances, to enlighten the understanding and reform the heart! Legislators and governors have to enact laws, and compel men to observe them; mothers, have to implant the principles, and cultivate the dispositions, which alone can make good citizens and subjects. The former have to exert authority over characters already formed; the latter, have to mould the character of the future man, giving it a shape which will make him, either an instrument of good to the world, or a pest in the lap of society. Oh that a constant sense of the importance and responsibility of this station may rest upon me! that grace may be given me faithfully to discharge its difficult duties!

November 5.—What a great, what a blessed thing, to be a Christian indeed! Surely, after evidence of having attained this glorious character I do pant and strive. I would rather be a Christian than the monarch of the world. That blessed name embraces and supposes principles more elevated, and joys more exalted, than all other names combined. Men may talk of honor, of integrity, and of moral rectitude; they may dream of pleasure, and follow the phantom till they die; but the Christian alone possesses dispositions calculated to make us either truly good or truly happy. So long as man is supremely bent on his own interests, his morality must be defective. None but a principle embracing universal good, and loving supremely what is supremely excellent, will do for creatures formed for happiness; for in loving ourselves supremely we love what is infinitely unlovely; and in seeking our own interest as our highest end, we virtually take up arms against all that is excellent in the universe. Oh for the precious spirit of the Gospel, which makes us willing to be nothing ourselves, that God may be all in all.

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* A stated female prayer meeting established in 1741, and continued to the present time. See Memoirs of Mrs. Abigail Waters.

TO A SISTER-IN-LAW, AT N. L.

Boston, April 22, 1814.

Have you seen the Memoirs of Mrs. Harriet Newell? It is a *very interesting* book. Such unreserved and disinterested devotedness to the cause of Christ, in so young a person, appears very extraordinary in these times of religious indifference and sloth. There was an elevation and spirituality in her character, seldom met with at the present day. No one can help admiring her excellence. Christians will be humbled by its contemplation, and stimulated to greater activity in the service of Christ.

June 19.—My friends are very desirous that I should take a journey into Connecticut for my health, under the protection of an acquaintance who is going on in an empty carriage. The prospect of leaving my children is distressing. Dear little creatures! they cling to me with the utmost tenderness. I sometimes feel it to be mysterious that I should be, to such an extent, disqualified, by the feeble state of my health, to do my duty to them, when those duties are so important. But I do not complain, for it is God who orders it thus. If he were to deal with me according to my deserts, I should be swept away with the besom of destruction. I long to have no will of my own; to live as an humble child at the feet of Jesus. God is wise, and righteous and good. I commit my way unto him.

July 4. *At Killingworth, Conn.*—O God, my soul is bowed down to the dust under this burden of sin; a grievous load, too heavy to be borne! Oh, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? Thou blessed Jesus, who art able to bruise sin and Satan under my feet, I fly to thee! I humbly implore thy aid, to strengthen me to perform and keep this resolution which I this day make. I solemnly resolve to endeavor, in the strength of the Lord, to be more watchful over myself, to maintain a constant sense of the divine presence, to take time to meditate, and think how Jesus would have acted in my situation, before I act, that I may not rashly say or do those things which, afterwards, I could weep the bitterest tears to recal. Blessed Redeemer, do thou assist me; or rather, do thou work by me and for me, or I shall be swallowed up in the mighty flood of corruption which threatens to overwhelm me. Help, Lord! or I must perish!

20.—I am in great distress. My dear father is apparently on the brink of the grave, with a dreadful fever. My hand trembles so I can scarcely write. It seems as if my feeble frame could not support me through the trial. Dearest of earthly friends, husband and children excepted! Were it not for the consolation of knowing that God reigns, what should I do? Heaven spare him! Heaven prepare us, and especially my dear mother, for what is before us! Heaven support me, or I shall not bear the trial which God seems about to send!

22.—The conflict is over. My dear father, who loved me as himself, is gone, never to return! I may say, with the Apostle, I am "troubled, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." But the wound is deep, it can never be healed. Dear man! I dwell too much on the merely earthly circumstances of this afflicting event. I ought to look beyond the veil. His sufferings were great; it pierces my heart to think of them. But what were they to the glory now revealed? Blessed be God for the satisfactory evidence he gave of preparation for the great change, and for the spiritual comfort he enjoyed, amid his bodily pains, and in prospect of death! I would bow at the solemn rebuke, and say, Thy will be done! God of mercy, support, comfort and sanctify me!

Aug. 4.—I feel, I hope, sincerely desirous that this solemn providence may be sanctified. How can I again, lean upon such a broken staff as this world? How can I ever again, think myself secure in the possession of any earthly good? Oh that I might feel hereafter, that I am indeed living as a probationer for eternity! Now I ought to shake myself from the impure adhesions of this wretched world, and be more engaged in the work I was created to do. Now it is high time to awake out of sleep. But I am too much like the sluggard who is roused by the accusations of conscience, but still is too indolent to rise. I am clogged, paralyzed, by "this body of death." I cannot excuse my supineness. I can only cry, God be merciful to me a sinner! I feel that it is only because Jehovah is infinite in mercy, that I am not beyond the reach of hope. I have reason to bless his holy name for the supports he vouchsafed me in the hour of trial. I think I had some precious views of his character, and of the rectitude of his government; some earnest desires that my sins, my idols, should all be buried in my beloved father's grave; some sense of the evil of sin, on account of which a merciful God was compelled in faithfulness to inflict so severe a chastisement upon me. But, alas! how is it with me now? My dear husband is come; and I find I still lean to the creature, and am wickedly reposing on one who, like myself, is crushed before the moth; one whom God sent to comfort me, a blessing which He kindly lent me, but which I, wretched creature! am disposed to put in the place of God! O how treacherous is my heart! What a miracle of mercy that my heavenly Father spares so perverse a child! I can only bring my soul to the efficacious fountain which grace has opened for sin and uncleanness. Here must I lie, for it is my only hope.

5.—What a changing, dying world! How does every relic of departed joys whisper to my soul, This is not your rest! On every side I behold memorials of my departed father. They loudly speak the vanity of earthly comforts and pursuits, and bid me lay up treasure in heaven. I hear, and mourn; but do I hear and profit?

> For us he languished, and for us he died.
> And shall he languish, shall he die, in vain?

September 2. At Boston.—I was quite well when I left Connecticut, but feel, since my return, much that appears wrong at my breast, and an almost constant pain in my side. At times I am almost discouraged, and think these complaints will terminate in a consumption.

I had hoped to have been spared to my darling children; to have used my humble exertions to guide their infant minds in the paths of truth and holiness; to have watched over their early associations, and directed those propensities which a mother best understands, and on the judicious management of which so much of their future usefulness and happiness depends. I had hoped to have directed their early studies; to have put into their hands such books as I know to be useful, or accompanied with my own observations such as I know to be dangerous, if they were greatly inclined to peruse them. I had hoped to have gone with them over the instructive pages of history, to have drawn their minds from an undue regard to riches and worldly endowments, by pointing them to the noble and virtuous conduct of statesman and generals taken from the cottage and the plough. I had hoped to have shewn them, that ambition is not always successful, that pride is never productive of happiness, that outward greatness does not always involve magnanimity. And, above all, I had hoped to have shewn them, from the history of past ages, that the lusts and passions of men produce wars and fightings, turmoil and misery and death; and to have drawn them to behold the difference, manifested in the spirit of the Gospel of Christ, from this picture of wretchedness and sin; and thus to have taught them to cultivate the dispositions which that Gospel requires, and on which the happiness of individuals and society depends. O how many ways may the mother seize, to teach the offspring of her love of the way of truth, which no one else can perceive.

But what if this office of maternal tenderness, dear to my heart as life, should be denied me; have I any complaint to make? no none. Is not God able to take care of my children without me? yes, infinitely able. Let me not then be unreasonably anxious how it may be with my poor body. God governs, infinite rectitude is on the throne of the universe; and why should I fear? if it is for his glory that I should live he is able to preserve me; if it is not ought I to desire it? oh that I may ever stand in a waiting posture; not looking upon this world as my home, but desiring that all my will should be, that the Lord's will should be done!

TO A SISTER-IN-LAW, AT N. L.

Boston, September 11, 1814.

We have been forming a Female Bible Society here, upon the plan of the one in Philadelphia, and in consequence of letters received from that society. What an honor for us, to be permitted to be co-workers with God in spreading that Gospel, which bringeth glad tidings of great joy to this miserable world. And those women whose whole attention is not necessarily devoted to their families, ought to embrace such opportunities of usefulness, with joy. How much do our sex owe to the Gospel. And should we not testify our thankfulness, by extending its blessings to those who are strangers to them? were we faithful to redeem the time, we might all do much more than we do for the promotion of the kingdom of Christ. And is not the object worthy of such an effort?

TO A FRIEND AT A.

Boston, January 3, 1815.

Do you find as much leisure for public charities, as you used to before your marriage? young ladies should consider the talent which is intrusted to them of time, disencumbered of domestic cares, as a precious deposit, and devote it faithfully to the service of Christ. They may not always have so much influence (though it is far from being always so) as married ladies, but they have more time and opportunity for action, in the various fields of christian benevolence which it is proper for females to cultivate; they can *do* more for the the promotion of the various charities of the present day. Yet *our* situation, my dear friend, is not without opportunities for doing good. A married lady can exert a greater influence in her own family than any where else; she may be more useful there than she could be any where else. It is indeed in a silent unobserved way; but not on that account, the less acceptable to God, or the less beneficial to the world. Besides, industrious women may redeem much time from their families for more public duties. But in saying what might be done, I condemn myself.

January 5. How difficult, how hopeless is the task of pleasing every body! a fortnight since a lady said to me, with a tone and manner which gave peculiar emphasis to the words, "how is it possible you can go out so much, visit your people so frequently, and be engaged in so many charitable societies, without neglecting your family?" this week a different imputation has been attached to my conduct. I am censured for doing so little in a public way, and confining myself so much to my family. I am accused of want of interest in public charities, because I give to them so little of my time and attention. Such different opinions are formed of the same conduct! but the voice of wisdom bids me, cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils, and study to approve myself to God. As to my conduct, I am very sensible that I do little good in the world, in comparison with what I might do. But whether I could, with propriety, devote more time to the active duties of public charities, I have serious doubts. More of the charity of prayer, to Him who can effectually ameliorate the calamities of the world by subduing its corruptions, I might, I ought, to bestow. Alas! here how I fall short! but my opinion is, that her own family has the first claim to the attention and active exertions of a married lady. So much time as can be redeemed, (and she should feel it her duty to redeem as much as possible,) from the ordering of domestic affairs, the care and culture of children, the duties of personal religion the improvement of her own mind, and the perusal of works from which assistance may be derived in the all important business of education, may be, and much of it ought to be devoted to the duties of public charity.*

TO A FRIEND AT A.

Boston, December 20, 1816.

You inquired, what is my method with my children at prayers, &c. I am ashamed that you should ask advice of me, who need counsel so much myself. But if I can suggest to you any new thoughts, I shall be very glad; and expect the same friendly office from you in return. I begin to have my children in the room at prayers, within the month after their birth: and they always continue to be present, unless they are sick, or are excluded the *privilege* as a punishment for having been very naughty. It is difficult, when they are quite young, to keep them perfectly still. But the habit of thinking they are too young to be present at family devotions, is a bad one. And besides, if they do not come in, some one is obliged to remain out with them, and is thus deprived of a precious privilege and an important means of grace. After they get to be two years old, and are able to understand the meaning of your conduct, if they play, or in any other way make a disturbance, they may be taken out, and compelled to remain by themselves till the service is over; which will generally be felt by them to be so great a punishment, that they will not soon commit a similar offence. I would not do this, however, on every slight deviation from perfect order, as children cannot be expected to conduct like men.

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* It may be well to state in this place, that, at the time of her death, Mrs. Huntington, was a life member of the Female Orphan Asylum, and of the Fragment Society, a life member, and Vice President of the Graham Society: a life member, and a director of the Corban Society, and of the Female Society of Boston and vicinity for promoting Christianity among the Jews; a life member, and the corresponding Secretary, and one of the visiting and distributing committee, of the Female Bible Society of Boston and vicinity; an annual subscriber, to the Widows Society, and to the Boston Female Education Society; an annual subscriber to, and the Vice President of the Old South Charity School Society; an annual subscriber to, and a Director of the Boston Female Tract Society: and a member of the Boston Maternal Association.

As to government, I have always made it a rule never to give a child what it is passionately earnest to have, however proper the object may be in itself; because, otherwise, an association would immediately be formed in the mind between importunity and success. Were a child always told, when he cries for a thing, 'You shall have it when you shew a proper temper,' it would soon learn him to be reasonable. I think it the destruction of government to be capricious, to refuse one day, what in circumstances not seen by the child to be different, is granted in another; to let fretting and teazing carry a point at one time, when at another, they would bring punishment. Children very soon see whether we are consistent; and little deviations from an established rule, afford great encouragement for the next time. These *little* deviations do great mischief, and are often slidden into very imperceptibly by the parent, though the child is quick-sighted enough to observe them.

One thing, my dear friend, I think of the greatest importance, and that is, that children be made *always* to mind, and consider the parent's word as their law. Giving up *once* after a command has passed, may lay the foundation, and lead to insubordination as troublesome as unconquerable. For this reason, absolute commands should be as few as possible. I also think it dangerous to play with children in the way of command, saying do this or that, when you do not mean that the thing must be done. It weakens parental authoity. I never like, to tell very small children to kiss strangers, as they often feel a degree of backwardness very difficult to overcome; and if they refuse, it is necessary to pass it over without compelling obedience, which should not be, or to have a combat with them before the company, which hardens them to reproof. It is better to say, if a stranger offers to kiss them and they refuse, and it is thought best to say any thing, 'Your kisses are of no great consequence, they may be dispensed with I dare say.' This leads the child to think he is not of so much importance, as he might otherwise be led to suppose.

It is also very necessary to good government that punishments should be proportioned to offences. If we make no distinctions between intentional and complicated offences, and careless inadvertences, the child, by frequent recurrence of these latter faults and the sharp rebukes they bring upon him, will become so accustomed to severe reproof that he will not mind it. Tenderness of heart is the most powerful human engine of parental government; and when this is lost, it seems to me all is lost, unless the grace of God interposes. The inevitable consequence of frequent reproof is a heart blunted in its sensibilities, and unmoved by the parent's displeasure. Of course, all temptations should, as much as possible, be put out of the way of children. Many little things should not be observed, which if you were conscious the child knew you had observed, ought to be reproved. A harsh and angry tone should never be used, unless a gentle one has previously failed. And I believe, where the authority of the parent is early established by the mild and gentle means, to some of which I have alluded, severe measures need be resorted to very seldom.

February 26, 1817.—I never felt as if I had more cause for gratitude, than now; every trial is so mercifully tempered. I enjoy the exhibitions of reason in my other children a thousand times more on account of dear Elizabeth's situation. God is very gracious to me, even in respect to her. She seems to suffer but little, and is a sweet, quiet child. This heart of stone, this flinty, stubborn heart, which can requite love so great with ingratitude, is, I think, my greatest trouble. I shall begin, the sixth of next month which will be Elizabeth's birth day, to observe a quarterly fast on her account.

March 15.—Heaven looks very sweet. But I am sometimes led to fear, that such a vile creature, so little inclined to improve under the culture of the Gospel, can never enter it. Where the christian religion a delusion, it would be the most blessed delusion that ever smiled on the heart of man. But it is not, it cannot be, a delusion. Oh no: blessed be God! there *is* an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserving in heaven for those who obey the calls of his word; and their afflictions, however severe, shall all be made to work for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

TO A FRIEND IN BOSTON.

Saratoga Springs, June 20, 1817.

We have been brought thus far on our journey in safety. My health is good, and Mr. Huntington's evidently improving. We shall continue here a few days, and then set out for the Falls.

In the society of such a place as this, a Christian, while he finds much that is pleasant, sees many things that give him pain. To hear one complaining of sorrows, for which, we feel, there is a balm which he knows not of, and another regretting past disappointments, and vainly promising himself ample remuneration in future gratifications, when we know there is a hope sure and stedfast of which he is ignorant, without being able to speak of either, is a revolting to the spirit of philanthropy as well as of Christianity. He is the wise man who is able to seize the "time to speak," and employ it properly. And it certainly argues a criminal indifference to the interests of our fellow creatures, or a deplorable fear of man, to be habitually and totally silent on those subjects, in such circumstaces.

TO ANOTHER FRIEND IN BOSTON.

Auburn, June 28, 1817.

We are surprised to find, how universally this State is peopled, upon this road. It is quite amusing to think, how little I was prepared to find a country, thirty years ago a wilderness, more generally settled than some parts of our own State, for instance, between Brook-field and Northampton. Thus far we have, every mile, seen cultivated lands, fine orchards, and good houses. Many of the buildings are constructed with a neat and simple elegance, which is very gratifying to the traveller. We have been much pleased with some of the houses of worship. The land appears, generally, to be very fertile, and seems to promise a liberal return for the labors of the husbandman.

We passed the settlement of the Oneida Indians yesterday. You recollect that Mr. Kirkland was formerly Missionary among them. Their present minister is a Mr. Williams, who I hear, is a very worthy man. It is curious to see, how scrupulously they adhere to their ancient dress and customs, though in the midst of a civilized people.

Auburn is quite a pretty village, something city-like in its appearance. Mr. Huntington has gone to call on the Presbyterian minister, while I am writing. We are told there is a revival in his congregation, and that his house is filled, on the sabbath, with anxiously attentive hearers. As to-morrow will be the sabbath, we expect to hear him preach, and see his congregation.

Canandaigua, July 2.—I intended to have finished my letter before, but could not. We were much pleased with the appearance of the congregation with which we worshipped, at Auburn, on the sabbath. There is evidently a work of the Spirit among them. Between forty and fifty have obtained a hope, since the commencement of the revival. The subjects of the work are, as usually the case, mostly young people. The minister seems to be much engaged. It was truly delightful to spend a sabbath in such circumstances.

The roads have been so bad the last few days, that I feel quite fatigued, but hope I shall hold out to the end of our journey.

TO ANOTHER FRIEND IN BOSTON.

Herkimer, July 18, 1817.

Our journey has been a very pleasant one. We have been highly gratified with the appearance of things, in many parts of this State, in a religious point of view. We did not expect to see flourishing churches of two and three hundred members, and to behold the people flocking in crowds to the sanctuary, three times on the sabbath in this wilderness, as we had considered it. In many places religion is almost the only topic of conversation. I was particularly interested in our visit at Geneva, a most beautifully situated village, sixteen miles this side of Canandaigua. The good people there, seemed to think religion was in a dull and languid state among them. But I thought I found there a great deal of the life and soul of it. Some of the ladies will I hope, follow our example, and form a Maternal Association. At Buffalo there is more than a usual attention to religion.

Buffalo is a delightfully situated place, on the bay, or whatever else it is called, where the waters of lake Erie enter the Niagara river. It is really very pleasant to see such a city-like place, grown up, as if by enchantment, on the extremity of our western frontier.

There is but one house, a log one, standing now, which survived the fire two years ago. The whole village besides was consumed. The people are still rather depressed by their late calamities, and have been somewhat straitened in building a house for public worship. They hope to receive some remuneration for their losses from the government.—Canandaigua is an elegant village; there is scarcely a poor house in the place.

TO HER MOTHER, AT KILLINGWORTH, CONN.

Boston, August 8, 1817.

We arrived at home last night, and had the great comfort of finding our dear little ones in usual health; which is a peculiar mercy, for I am told, it is quite sickly in town. I hope this will find you more comfortable than you were when I left Killingworth.* Oh my dear mother, I did not expect to see you so much altered and enfeebled. But I hope that God is dealing with you in covenant love; and if so, all your trials will be the means of fitting you more perfectly for the kingdom of heaven. It is a great thing to grow better by suffering. God sends judgments upon his children, to wean them from the world and from sin, and to make them more like himself. I hope you will find that God is an unfailing refuge in every time of trial. My dear mother, do not be discouraged, but carry all your sorrows to Him by whose power all things are controlled. He will not suffer you to be tried above what he will enable you to bear. Trust in the Lord Jehovah, with whom is everlasting strength. Those that wait on him, shall renew their strength, they shall never faint. Though he may see that his children need the rod, and, if I may use the expression in reference to him, be constrained, in faithfulness, to visit them with it; yet blessed be his name, to them, he always tempers the stroke with mercy.

Mrs. Huntington was duly sensible of the high responsibilities of her station, as wife of the pastor of a large church, and was uncommonly successful in the discharge of her important duties. She secured the love of the people, in an eminent degree; and by her usefulness in various institutions, in which she was called to take a part, has left a name that will not soon fade from the memory of those who knew her value.

But Mrs. Huntington was now called upon by the greatest earthly bereavement with which she could be afflicted, to leave the relation in which she stood to them, though she ever after held her place in their affections and respect. In the autumn of 1819, her husband, returning from a journey to the north which he had taken for his health, weakened by fatigue, was taken sick on the way at Groton, Mass., where he died on Saturday, Sept. 11, 1819.

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* Her mother was at, this time, afflicted with great bodily weakness, and with unusual spiritual darkness. From the latter, she was soon mercifully delivered, and continued to enjoy peace of mind till the close of life.

On the succeeding Monday the mortal remains were interred in in Boston, with appropriate exercises, and great solemnity. A sermon was delivered on the occasion, by the Rev. Mr. Dwight,* in the Old South Church; where an immense concourse was assembled, to express their interest in the solemn event, and to pay a public tribute to distinguished worth. The clergy of Boston and the vicinity, the members of the church and congregation of which the deceased had been pastor, and a multitude of other acquaintances and friends, united with the bereaved family and relations in deploring their common loss, while they praised God for the bright example of Christian virtue which they had witnessed. The spacious house of worship where the last sad offices were performed, was so crowded, that many hundreds tried in vain to obtain admittance. The tokens of unaffected mourning were so numerous, and so impressive, that it could not be doubted in what high and affectionate estimation the character of the departed minister and friend, was held.

In relation to the state of Mrs. Huntington's mind, under this heavy trial, an intimate friend, who was constantly with her, during the first week after her husband's death, observes, in a letter to the compiler, written March 1, 1824, "There was, in her whole deportment, the most convincing and pleasing evidence of humble, child-like submission to the divine will. Most of her conversation with me at that time, worthy of being recorded as I felt it to be, I regret that I am compelled to say, has escaped my memory. I will, however, add a few particulars, in the unconnected manner in which they occur to my recollection.

"I remember asking her, on the day succeeding the death of Mr. Huntington, if it required an effort to be submissive. She answered, 'I am enabled to bless God, that I have not had to contend with an unbelieving thought. I would rather have endured the agony of separation, than that my dear husband should have borne it. I can truly say, 'Tis the survivor dies.''

"On another occasion she said to me, "The bitterness of my grief can be known only to God and my own soul. But I think I can say, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,' and can lay hold on the hand that smites, for support. But, oh the loneliness of widowhood! I am as Peter, sinking in deep waters.'

"The resignation and calmness she was enabled to feel, she ascribed 'to the mercy of God, in answer to the prayers of his dear people,' many of whom, she knew, constantly remembered her in their supplications."

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* Then pastor of the Park Street Church, in Boston.

But the most interesting and satisfactory details, in relation to this important period of her life, are found in her journal, from which the following passage is taken.

"I have long intended, for the sake of my children, to describe some of the exercises of my mind at the time of my blessed husband's sickness and death; but have not before felt able to do so.

"The last part of my stay at Bridgewater, I experienced at times, a peculiar flagging of my animal spirits, and a sense of horror which can never be described. There was no particular cause for this that I am aware of. On Saturday, August 28, 1819, I heard that Mr. Huntington had stopped at Groton, fatigued; and was not much alarmed, supposing that he did not come to Boston so late in the week, to avoid the labor of preaching immediately after so long and fatiguing a journey; and, overruled by the solicitations of my friends, and the consideration of the yellow fever being in Boston, I remained at Bridgewater until Wednesday. On Tuesday I sat watching at my window, to see the well known chaise, the sound of which, on similar occasions, had always delighted me. Toward evening I expected the stage, and possibly, my husband in it. The stage appeared. Instead of my husband, the driver threw me out a letter. It struck a pang to my heart. When I had opened it, through the mistaken kindness of my friends, I was still informed that "he was fatigued." Distracted with apprehension and suspense, I waited for morning; and, at nine o'clock, left Bridgewater in the stage, with a heart tortured with apprehensions, alas! soon and certainly realized. During my ride home, this passage of Scripture was upon my mind, and comforted me, "All things work together for good to them that love God." I was feeble, but wished to go to Groton that night. Mr. —— assured me, however, that Mr. Huntington was not very sick. He had seen him on Monday. Miss —— was with me. Mr. ——'s assurance of my precious husband's being only slightly feverish, had, in a great measure, lulled my fears.

"On Thursday morning I set out, in a chaise, accompanied by a friend for Groton. During the ride, the first answer of the Assembly's Catechism was strongly impressed upon my mind, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever." I felt that, for the last twelve years I had, in a great degree, misunderstood the great object for which I was made; that, if not my chief, a very high end with me had been, to be happy in my husband, and make him happy in me. I felt that the highest happiness of a rational mind ought to arise, from answering the purpose for which God made it; and therefore that I ought to be happy in glorifying God, not in enjoying myself.

"We reached the public house in Groton. I inquired if they knew how Mr. Huntington of Boston was. The answer was, "Very sick indeed; the doctor has been there all day; he is a very sick man." My limbs would scarcely support me to the house. Upon our arrival there, we went into the parlor alone. The first object that met my eye, was the hat of the blessed sufferer above stairs. It struck me with fearfulness and trembling, as the herald of death. I asked for the physician; and in reply to my agonized interrogation, "Is there no hope?" he said, "Mr. Huntington is very sick. I should have some hope, were it not that all fevers this summer have been unusually fatal."—The overwhelming agonies of that moment can never be described. The language of my heart was, 'Oh that God would redeem his life with mine!' The doctor told me I must compose myself, as to see me agitated might destroy the object of my solicitude.

"Mr. Huntington was apprised, by the physician, of my arrival. There was an increase of ten to the number of his pulse upon this intelligence. When I entered the room in which he lay, he was gasping for breath; but his countenance glowed with an expression of tenderness I shall never forget, as he threw open his arms, exclaiming, "My dear wife!" and clasped me, for some moments, to his bosom. I said, with perfect composure, "My blessed husband, I have come at last." He replied, "Yes, and it is in infinite mercy to me." I told him, all I regretted was, that I could not get to him sooner. He said, with a tender consideration for my health, which he always valued more than his own, "I am glad you could not; in your present circumstances, it might have been too much for you."

"From that time, owing to the insidious nature of his disease, I had considerable hope. I had seen him. I was with him. He was as sensible of my love, and of my attentions, as ever; and I could not realize the stroke which was impending. Never shall I remember, without gratitude, the goodness of God in giving me that last week of sweet, though sorrowful, intercourse with my beloved husband.

"The days and nights of solicitude drew near a fatal close. I could not think of his death. At that prospect, nature revolted. I felt as if it would be comparatively easy to die for him. But the day before his death, when all spoke encouragement, I felt that we must part. In the bitterness of my soul, I went into the garret. It was the only place I could have without interruption. Never shall I forget that hour. Whether in the body or out, I could scarcely tell. I DREW NEAR TO GOD. Such a view of the reality and nearness of eternal things, I had never had. It seemed as if I were somewhere with God. I cast my eye back on this life, it seemed a speck. I felt that God was my God, and my husband's God; that this was enough; that it was a mere point of difference, whether he should go to heaven first or I, seeing we should both go so soon. My mind was filled with satisfaction with the government of God. "Be ye followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises," seemed to be the exhortation given me upon coming back to this world.—I do not mean that there were any bodily or sensible appearances. But I seemed carried away in spirit. I pleaded for myself and children, travelling through this distant country. It seemed as if I gave them, myself, and my husband, up, entirely. And it was made sure to me, that God would do what was best for us.

"From that time, though nature would have her struggles, I felt that God had an infinite right to do what he pleased with his own; that he loved my husband better than I did; that if He saw him ripe for his rest, I had no objections to make. All the night he was exercised with expiring sufferings, and God was pouring into my soul one truth and promise of the gospel after another. I felt it sweet for him to govern. There was a solemn tranquillity filled the chamber of death. It was an hour of extremity to one whom Jesus loved. I felt that He was there, that angels were there, that every agony was sweetened and mitigated by ONE, in whose sight the death of his saints is precious. I felt as if I had gone with the departing spirit to the very utmost boundary of this land of mortals, and as if it would be easier for me to drop the body which confined my soul in its approach toward heaven, than retrace all the way I had gone. When the intelligence was brought me that the conflict was over, it was good news, I kissed the clay, as pleasantly as I ever did when it was animated by the now departed spirit. I was glad he had got safely home, and that all the steps of his departure were so gently ordered.

"It would be in vain for me to attempt a description of my feelings the next morning. I had never seen such a sun rise before. It beheld me alone. Were I the only created being in the universe, I could not, perhaps, have felt very differently. I went into the chamber in which he died. There, on the pillow, was the print of his head. The bed of death was just as when it resigned forever, the body of him who was all the world to me. His portmanteau, comb, brush, &c. lay in sight. God wonderfully supported me.

"But why do I dwell on a description which, even now, is almost too much for me? How did God sustain a creature who was weakness itself! How mercifully he has carried me through all my successive trials! Truly it was the Lord's doing; and it is marvellous in my eyes.

"And now; O, how is it now! Not so much comfort; laboring with sin; afraid almost to live in this wicked world; dreading a thousand evils in my present lonely state. But all this is wrong. God hath said, "Who shall harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" How kindly my beloved husband used to remind me of this text."

The few remaining years of Mrs. Huntington's pilgrimage were years of deep sorrow, but not of despair. The wound made by this blow of Providence never closed, but her sorrow was not that of those who have no hope. The consolations of that religion which had comforted her under former trials were with her still, and though she lamented she did not repine. In August, 1821, she was called upon to give up to God her youngest child, a little boy born less than three months after the death of his father. And in a fortnight after the death of her son, her youngest daughter was taken away. Her own description will give the best idea of her affliction.

TO A SISTER IN LAW AT N. L.

Boston, November 6, 1821.

You wish to be informed more particularly of the circumstances of my sweet Joshua's death. When I left him on Saturday he appeared as well as usual. The heat of the weather had made him rather thin and pale; but he was not otherwise unwell. He continued well until Wednesday morning, when he was seized with a diarrhea. This continued, sometimes apparently abating, till Friday morning; when it became apparent that his disease was the dysentery. The Doctor came to see him, and advised his removal to Mr. W.'s, where he could have all my friends near him. I think he must have fallen away greatly on Friday night, as the doctor did not speak of him as in a dangerous state, at the time of the visit just alluded to. On Saturday morning, the little sufferer was accordingly removed, forever removed. After he arrived at Mr. W.'s, he was by the direction of the physician, put in a warm bath. But no one seemed to be aware of his real situation. Early on Saturday morning, I was sent for, and arrived at about half past one o'clock in the afternoon. Light of heart, I sprang out of the carriage to inquire for my child; for I had been told that he was not very sick, and his being at Mr. W.'s, confirmed me in the opinion. Mrs. W. told me that he was now very sick. Still, however my infatuation prevailed. I thought he could not be very sick, and be there. Judge then of my agony, when I entered the chamber, and saw my child, the darling of my soul, not as I left him, but engaged in his last conflict. I instantly recognized the hand of death, for I had seen it too often to be mistaken. Never shall I forget that look. Changed he was, but beautiful. There was a composed look of meek and patient suffering; he looked, as if he had quieted himself to die. His little eyes were already fixed. He did not know me. Oh, what a moment! about an hour and a half after this, the last struggle commenced. I took him in my arms; and in a few minutes, he breathed his last sigh as sweetly as ever a spirit disencumbered itself of its earthly habitation; and before I knew it he was in heaven.

The greatest shock was the first. But my mind was unsettled all that, and the next day. I hardly knew where, or what I was. So little sensible had I been, how this darling babe had entwined himself about every fibre of my heart. On Monday, however, I was relieved and comforted. But that was one of the most solemn weeks of my life. The strong and intense excitements of it were almost too much for my feeble frame. So that when Elizabeth was taken sick, which was on the next Sabbath, I sunk at once. She was soon released from all her sorrows. And I live to tell the tale—who knows how much he is capable of enduring? I have since spent a few weeks at Andover, and am now quite well.

Sister Mary's health is exceedingly delicate. Her situation is in my opinion, very critical. With unwearied care, she *may* live some years; or she may soon be taken from us.

Our family, my beloved sister, seems to be dissolving. God smote the head when he called your and my dear father, (for I loved him as a father:) and the shock seemed to extend itself to the branches, one after another of which has, since that time, withered and fallen. But how sweet, to be permitted to believe, that, of all the dear number removed, not one is lost? all safe, safe forever. God grant that we may meet them where there is no more death.

During the last two years of her life Mrs. Huntington was troubbled with an affection of the lungs from which she never recovered, and which preyed upon her health almost continually. She lived in constant preparation for death, and loved life more for the sake of her surviving children than for her own. In them all her earthly anxieties centered, and for them she lived, till the summer of 1823, when in consequence of her taking cold on Saturday, July 5th, her cough became much worse and her disease assumed a more painful and alarming character.

The change, and her feelings in relation to it, are thus described by herself in a postscript to a letter commenced June 29th. "Since I wrote the above, my dear Mrs. S., my health has changed a good deal. You recollect my troublesome cough. Day before yesterday, I spit a little blood, and every day since I have raised a little. A blister and a slight fever have reduced my strength, so that I feel that I am a frail, dying creature.

Dr. —— is very anxious to get me from Boston. He hopes a change of air will benefit me. I hope so too, and think of Connecticut, if I can get there. But, Oh, how lonely I feel! Whom shall I look to? But hush every word that looks like complaining. The Lord has written me, widow and desolate; and he has done well. Oh, for a heart to bless him now, to bless him forever! I need strong faith. I cannot write much. You must all love and pray for me. But we all want love to, and confidence in the blessed God, a thousand times more than any thing else."

A second postscript to the same letter, written by another hand, and dated "Wednesday evening, July 9th," is as follows, "Dear Madam. Thus far our beloved friend had written to you. She is now unable to finish; and has requested me to do it, and to inform you of the particulars of her case. It is painful indeed to know it, but you would consider it cruel to keep you in ignorance of it. Last evening, and but a short time after she had written the above, she was taken with raising blood to a degree which alarmed us very much. The physician took nearly a pint of blood from the arm, and she was considerably relieved from the irritation on the lungs. Another blister has also been applied, and has drawn very well. The doctor thinks there is no immediate danger, and hopes she will recover. He wishes her to keep entirely quiet, and not to speak a word. She is very much exhausted, and the weather to-day has been oppressively warm. We hope that the means which are using, will be blessed of Him in whose hand is the breath of every one, and that this precious woman may long be continued to her children, her friends, the church, and the world. Many fervent prayers are ascending for her; and she will not be forgotten by you and her other dear friends in Connecticut. She is in a very quiet and happy frame of mind, sweetly feeling that she is in the hands of her covenant God."

These hopes in regard to her health were not realized. Every effort which skill and kindness could make, was made, for the removal of her complaint. Prayer was continually offered, by numerous and ardently attached Christian friends, for her restoration. But she continued gradually to decline.

In the latter part of August, she was removed to the house of a friend in the country, about ten miles from Boston, with the hope that a change of air and scene might be beneficial. And, for a time, she was more comfortable than while in the city; but the progress of her disease was not interrupted. While here, she wrote two or three short notes to her children, none of whom were with her. The following extracts are from one to her son at Andover.

"*September* 19, 1823.

"My beloved child. Though I am very feeble, I feel a great desire to write you a few lines. My love and anxiety for you, are greater than any but a parent can know; and yet I tell you your faults. I want you to settle this truth in your mind for life, my J., that *he is your best friend who takes the most pains to correct your errors.* Beware of the person who tries to make you think well of yourself, especially when your own conscience is not quite satisfied.

20.—Always love your sisters. Consider yourself as, in a sense, their protector and guardian. Write to them often: pray for them. You are likely to be left alone in a strange world. So have I been; and

Thus far the Lord hath led me on,

so that I have never lacked any good thing. The way has been boisterous sometimes,

But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the travellers HOME.

Make this friend yours.—But I must close. Love Mr. C., always love him. He is one of your best friends; and *faithful* friends are not very plenty in this treacherous world, my J. But, oh! that I could see you securing the friendship of your God. Remember, his vows are upon you, and you cannot, must not, go back. Farewell, beloved child. The Lord be with you continually."

About the close of the month of September, she desired the physician then attending her to inform her, definitely and frankly, whether there was, in his opinion, any prospect of her recovery. His answer was in the negative. She received it, with some feeling, but with submission, and thanked him for his kindness in being so explicit.

On the third of October, she was removed again to her residence in Boston; and proceeded immediately, to set her house in order, in preparation for death. She had an interview with the gentleman who has since, in compliance with the request then made, been appointed guardian to her children. She saw, or wrote to, the friends who have kindly undertaken the charge of their education. The following is an extract from one of her letters on this subject, dated October 20, 1823. "My dear M. How I have longed to see you. Your mother said you would be here, and I have expected it with great anxiety. She said you would take S. Will you be her mother? Will your husband be her father? Will you watch over this dear child?—Yes, you will, and I shall die easy on this point. God helps me to trust the promise, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them."

"My strength decays. I have scarcely any appetite. But my Savior lays under me his everlasting arm; and I trust that all is well, and will be well forever. Pray that I may have his presence, and that I may glorify him to the end. Farewell, beloved friend."

During her illness, her pastor had frequent interviews with her. She at one time, about a fortnight after the first bleeding from her lungs, had some doubts and fears in regard to the genuineness of her religious experience. Her apprehension was, that she might never have been truly humbled for sin. But the feelings which this apprehension excited, were of such a character as to furnish to others, the most satisfactory evidence of her piety; as they clearly evinced a deep and practical conviction, that, without the light of God's countenance, there can be no real happiness. The cloud was, however, soon dissipated; and, from that time till her death, she was favored with uniform peace of mind.

Her pastor, usually when other engagements did not prevent, made brief minutes, upon returning home from visiting her, of the conversation during the interview. A few of these, as a specimen, will be here inserted.

"*Tuesday*, *October* 28, 1823.—Called on Mrs. Huntington about half past nine in the morning, found that she had failed considerably since my last visit. To an inquiry in relation to the state of her mind since Friday, she replied, "I think I have felt more of the presence of Christ than I did when I saw you last. I have not had those strong views and joyful feelings, with which I have sometimes been favored. My mind is weak, and I cannot direct and fix my thoughts as I once could. But I think I *have* fled for refuge to lay hold on the hopes set before me in the precious Gospel; and He, who is the foundation of that hope, will never forsake me." Then, with a most interesting expression of countenance she said, "I trust we shall meet in heaven, and spend an eternity in praising our dear Redeemer." It was replied, "we shall, if we give him our hearts, and continue faithful to him unto the end." "I feel," she answered "that I have been very, very unfaithful. But he is merciful, his blood cleanseth from all sin, and I trust he has blotted my sins from the book of his remembrance. Oh, what should we do without Christ?" "As much debtors," it was remarked, "to free grace at the end of our course as when we begin it." "More," she replied, "far more; for we sin against greater light and love, after we are born again. Yes, it is all of free grace. If it were not what would become of me?" It was answered, "you would have perished, justly perished; but now, when you enter heaven, you will stand before the angels, a monument of God's justice as well as of his free grace, for he is just in justifying those that believe in Jesus." "Yes," she replied; "what a glorious plan! what a precious Savior! oh, that I could love him more! pray that I may love and glorify him forever."

"On Friday October 31st, at nine o'clock A. M. found her more comfortable than on Tuesday last. She said, "my mind has generally been in a peaceful frame since I saw you. But I want to realize the presence and preciousness of Christ, more distinctly and constantly than my great weakness permits me to do." Some remarks were made respecting the provisions of the covenant of Grace as adapted to all our weaknesses. "The bible," it was said, "tells us that, 'he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust;' 'a bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench;' 'we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.'" She said, "glorious covenant! precious promises! I have given myself, soul and body, to Him in whom they are all yea and amen, and I do not fear. I desire to have him do with me as it shall please him."

"*Friday, November* 7.—To the usual inquiry respecting the state of her mind, she said, Mrs. Graham accurately describes my feelings, when she says, "thus far has the Lord brought me through the wilderness, bearing, chastising, forgiving, restoring. I am near to Jordan's flood. May my blessed high priest, and ark of the covenant lead on my staggering steps the little further I have to go."* I have had no rapturous views of the heaven to which I hope I am going, no longings to depart. But I have generally been enabled to feel a calm submission, and to realize the fullness and the preciousness of the Savior. I desire to feel perfect resignation to the will of God, because it is his will. O how sweet, to be willing to be just where, and just what God pleases; to rejoice that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. This, in its perfection, is I think, a principal source of the happiness of heaven. Pray that God would enable me to feel thus while suffering from weakness and pain, and entering the dark valley."

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* See Life and Writings of Mrs. Isabella Graham, p. 161, third New York edition.

Frequently, during her sickness, she had expressed to her pastor, a desire that he would, if possible, be with her in her last moments. On Thursday December 4th, he was informed, about three o'clock in the afternoon, that she had failed greatly since morning, and would probably survive but a little longer. He immediately repaired to her residence and found her sleeping, but very restless and breathing with great difficulty. She continued in this state, except that respiration became constantly more difficult, through the afternoon and evening. About eleven o'clock the difficulty of breathing became so great, as to overcome the disposition to slumber. Intelligence, it was found, still remained. She was asked "if she knew that she was near her end." She answered by a sign in the affirmative. It was said, "I hope you feel the presence of the Savior sustaining and comforting you." She assented. "Your faith and hope in him are unshaken?" Her reply was in the affirmative.—A few minutes after, her sight failed; and, at twenty minutes past eleven, her spirit entered into rest.

Her end was full of peace,
Fitting her uniform piety serene,
'Twas rather the deep humble calm of faith,
Than her high triumph; and resembled more
The unnoticed setting of a clear day's sun,
Than his admired departure in a blaze
Of glory, bursting from a clouded course.

From the Memoirs of Mrs. Huntington, by the Rev. B. B. Wisner, D. D., late pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, now Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

MISS CAROLINE ELIZABETH SMELT.

Miss Caroline Elizabeth Smelt, the subject of the following narrative, was born in the city of Augusta, in the state of Georgia, on the Lord's day morning, December 28th, 1800. Her ancestors, so far as is known, were respectable. Her father, Doctor Dennis Smelt, was born in Essex county, in the state of Virginia, on the 23d day of November, 1763. His father, the Rev. John Smelt, was a clergyman of the Episcopal church; he was born in England, educated at Oxford, and emigrated to America in early life, where he married a lady of Virginia, who gave birth to the Doctor.

Doctor Smelt was educated at William and Mary College, in his native state. In the year 1786 he went to England, for the purpose of completing his medical studies; where he remained three years, and then returned to his native land. The state of Georgia, at that time, offered many attractions to young men of talents and enterprise. Accordingly, the Doctor determined on removing thither, and selected Augusta as the place of his future residence, where he settled in 1789. Here his medical skill and industrious attention to the duties of his profession, soon procured him a large share of public confidence, as well as an extensive and lucrative practice.

In the year 1806, he was elected, by his fellow citizens, as a member to represent them in the Congress of the United States. After acting five years in this capacity, he retired from the service of his country, to repose in the bosom of his family.

In the year 1798 he received in marriage the hand of Miss Mary Cooper, an amiable and accomplished young lady of Augusta.

Miss Caroline was not the first child of her parents. A son, named John, was the first pledge of their wedded love. This son afforded his parents all that happiness, in prospect, which a promising infant could possibly furnish, during thirteen months. It pleased Him who "blessed little children," to take this interesting child from his earthly parents, at that early age, to be with himself.

About four months after this bereavement, the hearts of these parents were gladdened by the birth of a daughter; and this daughter was Caroline Elizabeth. From early childhood, she discovered strong marks of an intelligent mind, blended with much meekness, modesty, and benevolence of disposition. At the age of eighteen months, she was uncommonly engaging and interesting. She could, even then, repeat many little prayers with such a distinct articulation as is not usual at that tender age. When only two years old, she could repeat a number of short instructive lessons, which she had committed to memory, and deliver them with such *pathos*, propriety of *emphasis*, and expression of countenance, as to surprise and gratify all who heard her.

In her eighth year, she was called to experience a most afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence, in the death of a darling little sister, who was three years younger than herself. She was greatly grieved, but displayed much resignation to the will of God; and directed her sympathy and affectionate condolence, to the consolation of her afflicted mother. Mrs. Smelt had enjoyed but feeble health for several years, and her mind had been deeply exercised, in seeking to secure the best interests of her own soul. This bereavement laid her low in the valley of humiliation. She was visited by many pious friends and ministers of the gospel. When her mother was engaged in conversation with them, reading the Scriptures, or other religious works, little Caroline would give her whole attention to the subject, and she has since told her mother, that from *that period* she dated the first perceptible operations of divine grace upon her heart. For, said she, "so clear was my comprehension of the plan of salvation through a Redeemer, that I understood it as well, and believed in it as firmly, at *eight years* of age, as I do now on my death bed." She also observed, "that it had often been a matter of astonishment to her, even at that early period, that she should have had such clear conceptions of a subject which caused so much investigation and doubt in the minds of older persons." She was always attentive to religious instruction, and at the age just mentioned particularly so. Her mother never asked her to retire with her, for the purpose of private prayer, without finding her ready and immediately willing to attend, let her little engagements be what they might. She would bow on her little knees, with so much sweet humility, and so silently and patiently engage in this solemn duty, as to afford her affectionate mother the greatest delight, particularly when she could see her, at the close of the duty, wiping the precious tears from her infantile cheeks.

She was early distinguished for her love of truth; insomuch, that she was frequently called upon to decide little disputes in school; it being generally admitted by the contending parties, that Caroline Smelt would not tell a falsehood, even to screen herself from censure. Her friends have no recollection of her ever having deserved a reproof for deviating from strict veracity. She viewed falsehood as one of the most degrading and unprofitable vices, and a very high offence against Him who knoweth all things. Neither did she countenance or practice tale-bearing. So far did she carry this principle, as to suffer herself sometimes to be grossly imposed upon, rather than make a complaint, lest she might be called a *tell-tale*.

To her relations she was affable and companionable, while yet a child; but her extreme diffidence, or timid modesty, prevented her from communicating her ideas on any subject, with freedom, except to those with whom she was well acquainted. To such she was free and communicative, and her conversation frequently afforded them instruction and delight. Her language was pure; her expressions select; and her observations far beyond her years.

She appeared to attach no importance to herself on account of her being an only child; nor did she infer from this, that she had any claim to extraordinary indulgence. On the contrary, she said "it humbled her; for it became her duty to strive to be every thing to her parents, that they might not grieve too much after those children they had lost."

When she was twelve years old, she was highly gratified by the birth of a little sister. On this occasion her joy was beyond description. A certain female neighbor expressed her surprise at seeing Caroline so delighted, as "it might have been expected that she would have been disappointed, rather than pleased, that the child was not a boy; for now, the little stranger would stand on equal ground with herself, and her importance would probably be diminished." She replied, she was very sorry that any person should entertain so contracted an opinion of her heart. She could, with great sincerity, declare that she was much happier than she should have been if it had been a boy; and gave her reasons at full length, which silenced the friend. Some time afterwards she said to her mother, "Mamma, do you think our neighbor ——— was in earnest when she gave such an opinion? I do not approve of jests, at *any time*, or on *any subject;* and I never have taken, nor ever will, if I can help it, take such a liberty with any one. I am sure I feel so much gratitude to Providence for blessing me with a beautiful little sister, that I would be willing that you, even *you*, should love her a great deal better (if that is possible) than you do me."

She now proved that she did indeed love *living babes;* for greater tenderness or affection perhaps was never witnessed than she testified towards this little treasure. But, alas! in rather less than a year after its birth, it was called to the arms of that Savior who had condescended to bless such little ones while he sojourned here on earth. This was the second time Caroline had felt the pain of separation from an only sister; but her grief was tempered with sweet submission to the decree of unerring wisdom. She, nevertheless, discovered great sensibility whenever this child was mentioned, and could seldom suppress her tears on such occasions.

At the close of her thirteenth year, Caroline had attained the stature of a woman. Being tall and slender, her close application to study, and the death of her little sister, occasioned her health (which had always before been good) to become rather delicate. A journey was advised; and accordingly, in the spring of 1814 she set out, accompanied by her mother, on a journey to New York, to visit a number of beloved relations who resided in that city. On this journey she was also accompanied by her cousin, Cornelia Walker, who had been as a companion and sister to her, from early childhood. A detail of the incidents which occurred during that journey, will not be attempted.

They travelled by land; and before they had proceeded three hundred miles, Mrs. Smelt had the happiness to see her daughter's health improving daily. They spent some time, for the purpose of rest, in all the principal towns and cities which lay on their way to New York; but made a considerable stay near Richmond, in Virginia, as they had relations in its neighborhood. The young ladies were delighted with all they saw. Every city opened upon their youthful vision, like a new world; Caroline's health still improving, and her mind expanding more and more.

When they reached New York, it was about the last of May. Her friends there considered Caroline's health still rather delicate; but her mother regarded it as sufficiently restored to qualify her for resuming her studies. Accordingly, as soon as she was perfectly rested, after the fatigue of the journey, Mrs. Smelt placed her at an excellent school, designing to leave her there a year or two, if she could receive greater advantages for education in that city than she could at home. To this scheme Caroline could not willingly assent; and offered such reasons for her opposition as determined her mother to bring her home with her.

Having spent eight months in travelling and visiting their friends, they returned home by the same route by which they had gone; after which, Caroline resumed her studies partly under private instructors. At this period she manifested an increasing ambition to acquire literary knowledge, which her mother feared would occupy her whole attention, to the exclusion of every other consideration. Mrs. Smelt frequently admonished her, at least to equalize her attention, and not devote the whole of her time to that, which, however laudable in itself, she was carrying to an extreme. To this Caroline would reply, that she was desirous of obtaining all the useful knowledge she could; that she wished to meet the expectations of her friends, and to lay up for herself a plentiful store of information while she was young, and unincumbered with cares or pleasures. She has since confessed, that the thirst for human knowledge had excited in her mind so much ambition to be considered learned, and to be distinguished for her intellectual attainments, that she frequently feared her desires to be a Christian were suffering considerable abatement; that her judgment was not sufficiently matured to enable her rightly to divide her time; that she stood in great need of the admonitory cautions, which she used to receive from her mother, as they generally tended to humble her aspiring notions, and bring her to serious reflections. She, at the same time, observed that she could with great truth declare that she had never felt the least tincture of vanity in her nature, except what arose from the compliments which her friends had paid to her understanding. "But," said she, "the goodness of Providence soon quelled this foolish spirit, by showing me, that to whom much is given, of the same much will be required." And resuming the conversation at another time, she said, "My beloved mother, how thankful do I feel that I was brought, through grace, to see there was time for all things; that the improvement of my youthful mind need not exclude piety, but that both could sweetly harmonize; and every talent intrusted to my care, when properly exercised, might redound to the glory of God. Instead of being vain, I now feel a double weight of responsibility; but I desire that my friends may never compliment me again; it may prove unprofitable. I would thank them much more, if they would kindly tell me of my faults. I fondly hope my vanity and foolish ambition were buried at the same time; and that too, before any, but a mother's eye, had discerned them; but I wish to avoid every thing that might rouse their ashes."

Thus employed, in pursuing such an education as became her birth, her fortune, and future prospects in life, she continued to delight her parents, and increase the number of her friends, by exhibiting every virtue, and performing every filial duty which the fond solicitude of parental affection could desire or expect from a daughter of her age, until she had completed her fifteenth year.

She had now arrived at the period when she was about to be ushered into society as a young lady. Her principles were pure, her manners dignified, and extremely modest. She was unaffected, intelligent, and inoffensive; graceful, meek, and affectionate. Her mother saw much to gratify her fond heart, but her mind was not free from maternal anxiety. The eternal welfare of this beloved daughter lay near her heart.

Mrs. Smelt had long ere this time cherished a hope that her beloved Caroline was a child of grace; but she now feared that she might be drawn into various temptations, be allured by worldly amusements, contract a fondness for gay society, and thereby lose her religious impressions. She regretted the want of a regular ministry. The ill health of Dr. Thompson, who was their pastor at that time, subjected his congregation to many privations. Therefore, the only resource of her mother's mind, in her then trying circumstances, appeared to be a steady application to a throne of grace in her child's behalf, together with the use of such methods and admonitions as might appear most proper to counteract the influence of the world. She was soon surprised to see her daughter show no fondness for parties of pleasure, and to hear her express great wonder, that rational beings could be so delighted with them. She several times observed to her mother, that she did not think it *profitable* or *right* in *serious people*, to countenance so much *folly* and *extravagance* in what were termed *social parties;* and as to her own feelings, she could truly say they afforded her neither pleasure nor improvement; that she enjoyed the society of a few friends around her father's fireside, or the perusal of a good book, more than she did any gay amusement.

Notwithstanding these were her sentiments, she was often allured to participate in fashionable follies, and for eight months previous to her acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. J., she had been much engaged in worldly amusements.

There are, no doubt, many who will ever regard it as a token of the goodness of Divine Providence, that this ambassador of Christ was directed to visit Augusta at this time. His visit was short, but long enough to afford a number of persons an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him, of hearing him preach several times, and of laying the foundation of a friendship which, it is hoped, will continue through eternity. He left them in July, 1816, intending to visit the Western country, and uncertain whether he would return to Augusta. Mrs. Smelt requested an interest in his prayers, but particularly, that he would remember her beloved Caroline at a throne of grace; and she felt a pleasing confidence that he did not forget her request.

Shortly after this, the Presbyterian church of Augusta being then destitute of a pastor, Caroline retired to the country to spend the residue of the summer about twelve miles from town. There, in the society of her *sister-cousin*, Cornelia Walker, she promised herself much satisfaction. She had enjoyed this retreat but a few days when she was attacked with a slight indisposition, but which continued until the month of October. During this indisposition both her parents were frequently with her. Her mother observed, with deep concern, the decline of her Caroline's health; but neither she nor Dr. Smelt could discover any symptoms to justify an apprehension of immediate danger. She was not confined, nor did she complain of any thing but want of appetite and consequent debility. Her parents knew her attachment to study, and advised her to exercise more in the open air; to put away, for the present, her books, globes, maps, &c. and to substitute walking, riding, and swinging, until her strength should be restored. She complied with their wishes, and in a few weeks appeared considerably improved in health, but not entirely well.

She returned home from the country late in October, her health being considerable improved, yet still rather feeble. The church which she had usually attended was still destitute of a pastor. She was soon surrounded by her gay young friends and an extensive acquaintance; but she seemed resolved not to be allured into what she then considered to be criminal amusements, and took a decided stand against them. Within a few weeks after her return, the Rev. Mr. J. again visited Augusta, and was prevailed on to tarry there six or eight months. Caroline now regularly attended on his ministry, and appeared to grow in the knowledge and love of evangelical truth. Doctor Smelt's family were frequently favored with the social visits of their pastor, and a pleasing hope was once more entertained by

Mrs. Smelt, that her Caroline would soon make a profession of her faith in Christ. She could seldom prevail on her daughter to converse freely about herself. Whenever this subject was touched upon, which lay nearest to her heart, tears would begin to flow without one word accompanying them.

In the course of the winter, Miss Caroline engaged in a Scripture class, composed of young ladies, for the improvement of their knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. This institution was projected and patronized by Mr. J., and was of incalculable advantage to Miss Caroline. During the winter she resisted every invitation and solicitation to attend the dancing assemblies, except *one;* and but once did she attend the theatre. On her return from the ball she informed her mother, that she had made a solemn resolution never to attend another. This she carefully kept, and never did attend another ball, though she frequently engaged in private parties, but seldom, if ever, with her own consent.

About this time Mrs. Smelt felt unusually exercised about the eternal welfare of her daughter, and frequently retired with her to hold secret prayer. She felt oppressed with apprehensions for the life of her child, and to many of her friends expressed a fear that she should lose her soon. To one she said, "I fear that the worm is already at the root of my gourd: I feel an awful presentiment that my Caroline will descend to an early tomb." To another she said, "O that my child were but right in the sight of the Lord, I should then feel more comfortable, and less reluctant to part with her." To a pious friend she frequently mentioned her apprehensions, and intreated him to lay her case before the Lord. She saw that Caroline was serious, that she had very correct views of religion; was remarkably tender, and read the Scriptures. She had also good reason to believe that she was attentive to secret devotion. She listened attentively to pious instructions, while the tears would flow down her cheeks; but she never could draw her out in conversation, so as to obtain a knowledge of her views as it respected herself, nor could any of her pious friends succeed any better.

She was asked several times by her mother, why she observed so much reserve on this all-important subject, and could be so communicative on any other? She once replied, "My dear mamma, I have no confidence in myself; I hope to do that which is right when I shall have more experience. I desire to belong to the little flock, but I am too unstable." On another occasion, she said to her mother, "I was very much impressed under the discourse of Mr. J. last Sabbath, and thought that he was preaching to me exclusively. I felt very solemn, and made a number of good resolutions, and hoped I should be enabled to keep them. I thought that I would, and determined to begin that day. But alas! I had scarcely left the church when I was surrounded by a number of my gay young friends, several of whom walked with me, and introduced a great deal of small light chat; and before I reached home, I found all the solemnity occasioned by the sermon so nearly effaced, that scarcely an impression was left. I feel very guilty as it is, but if I were a professing Christian, what dishonor should I bring on the church?"

The winter and spring passed away without any very remarkable occurrence. One circumstance, however, seems worthy of notice, as it was referred to afterwards. Some time late in that winter Mr. J., accompanied by a minister of the Gospel who was a stranger, came to Doctor Smelt's house, in order to spend the evening with the family. In the course of the conversation, Mrs. Smelt mentioned some of the difficulties which she had experienced when she was about to be made a subject of the new birth. Caroline had often heard of those difficulties before, and always discovered much sensibility on such occasions; but this evening she appeared unusually impressed, insomuch that she took no part in the conversation afterwards. Mr. J. observing that she was dejected, approached her seat, and with affectionate solicitude said to her, "Miss Caroline, you must not be discouraged at what your mamma has stated; the Lord, I hope, will draw you by the cords of love. Very few experience as severe exercises of mind as she did." He then put into her hand a small religious tract, which she read before she retired to rest, and which appeared to comfort her, though she said nothing. Doctor Smelt being on a visit to a sick lady in the country, and Caroline intending that night to sleep with her mother, the latter considered it a good opportunity to converse freely with her daughter on the necessity of obtaining a saving interest in Christ. Caroline wept; they went to prayer; she sobbed aloud, but still said nothing. After retiring to bed, neither of them could sleep until a very late hour.

From this period Mrs. Smelt discovered a great change in her child. She was often pensive; attached herself more closely to her mother than before, and appeared more disgusted with the world than ever; more anxious for religious instruction, and more zealous in the performance of every duty.

Her birth-day arrived; she was sixteen years old. Mr. J. called in on that day to visit the family. Before leaving the house he engaged in prayer, and particularly in behalf of Miss Caroline. She was much agitated, but still observed her usual taciturnity. Twelve months afterward, precisely at the same hour of the day, he was engaged in preaching her funeral sermon!

A few months before this Doctor Smelt and his family had changed their residence, in order that their dwelling house might undergo some repairs. Miss Caroline began to express her anxiety to return to the house in which she was born. She said she was attached to every part of it, but particularly to one room; she longed to occupy that. Hearing her frequently express a desire to see the house finished, that they might return to it, her mother one day said to her, "What has become of your patience, my child? The work cannot go on faster than it does." She replied, "O mamma, I wish to take possession of my own little room, it is sweetly adapted to study and contemplation; and then I shall be on the same story with you and papa, and we can so conveniently visit each others' apartments; for I want always to be near you."

In a short time she was gratified, and took possession of this favorite apartment. Her health was better than usual; indeed her parents considered her perfectly well, and all things appeared to go on prosperously for a few weeks.

It was now the month of July, the sickly season approaching fast, and Mr. J., their pastor, about to set out for the North, to visit his relations and recruit his own health. These united considerations contributed to depress the mind of Mrs. Smelt. She was still impressed with a presentiment, that some great trouble awaited her in a short time; and she could not banish the apprehension from her mind, that *the loss of her only living child*, would be that trouble. The prospect of such an event was so distressing, that she mentioned her uneasiness to several friends, and to Mr. J. in particular, and became more than ever engaged for the eternal welfare of her daughter.

Mr. J. called to take leave of the family before his departure. After he left the house, Mrs. Smelt retired and left Caroline in the room by herself. On her mother's return, she was found sitting in the same spot where she had been left, still holding a book in her hand, which she had just received as a parting gift from her pastor. She appeared much dejected. Her mother seated herself by her, and entered into a detail of the advantages that might result from their acquaintance with Mr. J. if they followed his counsels, and improved them as they ought. Caroline then expressed her deep regret that the church would again be shut up; and wished that Mr. J. could have been prevailed on to stay the year out, for she was very sure he could not be more wanted any where else.

While the Presbyterian house of worship was shut up Mrs. Smelt and her daughter determined to attend the Methodist chapel, the worthy pastor of that congregation being a man of exalted piety. For several Sabbaths they attended the Sunday-school, which afforded Caroline the highest satisfaction. She resolved to make application for instructing a female class, but on the 13th of August her mother was taken sick, and she never afterwards had an opportunity.

When Mrs. Smelt was taken ill, the first symptoms gave reason to believe that she would have a severe attack. The fever which had appeared in the city was raging with great violence. She had been much exposed to it, and for four or five days and nights previous to her attack, she had been sitting up and attending to an orphan child, who died that evening, in the fourteenth year of her age. Finding herself unwell, and the child dying, she returned home, stated the little sufferer's situation to her daughter, but did not mention her own symptoms. Caroline expressed a desire to see the dying orphan, as she had never seen *any person die.* Apprehensive that she might take the fever, or be greatly alarmed, her mother hesitated. At length she committed her to the care of a merciful God, and, with uncommon fervor, implored that He would sanctify this visit to the chamber of death, to the heart of her beloved daughter. The result evinced that her prayers were heard and answered.

Caroline went: the distance was only to the next door. She staid some time; returned, and reported the little girl to be in convulsive agonies. She could not stay to see the end; such sufferings she had never before witnessed. She was bathed in tears, and overwhelmed with sorrow. Her fears were immediately excited on her mother's account, because she saw that she was ill. She afterwards informed her mother, that she had never tasted the bitterness of sorrow until that night; that her soul was in deep anguish, and her heart near bursting. On this occasion, her appearance was peculiarly interesting.

After this Caroline appeared to throw off all restraint in conversing with her mother on the subject of experimental religion; and in the course of five or six days Mrs. Smelt was restored to a comfortable measure of health.

Caroline now appeared to attach herself to her mother more than ever—seemed reluctant to leave her, even to attend to common duties—would often invite her into her room, in order to have social conversation, or that they might read to each other. When Mrs. Smelt was obliged to leave her, she would entreat her to return as soon as possible; and on returning, her mother would frequently find her reading the scriptures.

A short time before she was taken sick, she engaged with two other ladies to make a collection for the poor. Very many of that class in the city bounds were in great affliction, and required some public effort to be made for their relief. On the morning of that day on which they were to commence their benevolent operations, she hesitated—indeed shed tears, and said that she felt such reluctance and timidity, she wished to be excused. Her father and mother both gave her every encouragement—desired her to lay aside her fears, and to look only at the magnitude and importance of the object. She wiped away her tears—summoned up resolution to go forth, and in a few hours they collected more than six hundred dollars from the charitable inhabitants of the city. When Caroline saw the success which had attended this, their first effort of the kind, she said, "well mamma, how delightful is the path of duty! my poor timid nature shrunk from the task before me this morning; and if you and papa had not encouraged me as you did, I should have staid at home and done nothing for the poor this day. I am now thankful that I went, though I am very sure I did not aid the cause much, for

I asked but one person to contribute his mite, and that was an intimate acquaintance. I carried the purse and left all *the begging* to the other two ladies. However I feel pleasant this evening in reflecting on the events of the day, and hope I may be more useful in future." She appeared in better health than usual, from this period to the day on which she was attacked with the fatal fever, which terminated her life. Indeed, her health for several preceding months had been considered by her parents as being very good.

On the morning of the 28th of August, somewhat more than a fortnight after her painful exercises about her mother, Caroline was sitting in her own room, in cheerful conversation with her mother and another female friend. She after some time, laid down her sewing and walked into her mother's room. Mrs. Smelt, finding that her daughter did not return immediately, after some delay, followed her and found her extended on her bed. She observed that Caroline looked very pale, and inquired the cause. Caroline very calmly replied that she felt very unwell—that she had been seized with a sudden *vertigo*—that she found the bed a very timely relief, for she could not balance herself—that she then felt much better and would soon get up. Mrs. Smelt then called her husband, the doctor, into the room, who examined her pulse, and applied some volatiles to his daughter's head; after which, she was soon so much relieved, as to be able to get up, dress herself, and join the family at dinner, in her usual spirits. But, in the course of that night a most violent fever came on, which was never perfectly subdued.

September 1st.—This was a day never to be forgotten by Mrs. Smelt: her feelings were such as cannot be described—no language can convey an adequate idea of them. She saw her child ill and feared the worst. She strove repeatedly to entreat the Lord to spare her daughter's life; but seemed as if she could not pray. At length she prostrated herself before God time after time, and implored the God of mercy to wash her child in the blood of the Lamb; and if she were about to be removed by death, to enable her to leave her friends some comforting token of her acceptance with God. The mother's agonies were great and distressing on this subject. She pleaded for this blessing to her daughter, in the name and for the sake of the blessed Redeemer. She pleaded various promises in the word of God. At length she promised that if the Lord would be gracious to the soul of her child, she would give her up without a murmur. Towards evening she was more composed, had stronger faith; but her daughter was no better.

Caroline was sensible of her mother's distress, and said all she could to comfort her. The friends, as well as the physicians who were present, were surprised to see her so composed and submissive. They ascribe this, in a great degree, to her tenderness for her mother.

It was remarked by all who visited her, that they never saw a countenance expressive of so much heavenly serenity, and such celestial beauty, as appeared in hers during this and the succeeding part of her sickness. Her face frequently reminded some of her pious friends of what was said of the patriarch Moses, when he came down from converse with his Maker on the mount, for it indeed appeared to shine with a sacred radiance, which suffered no change throughout her whole confinement.

One morning she spoke much of death, and longed for its approach. She admonished many of her young friends, and entreated them to seek an interest in Christ, in preference to all other attainments. Believing her departure to be very near, she took a solemn leave of many who visited her on that day. With a countenance beaming with divine love and a voice most harmonious, she said to her mother, "O my beloved mother! weep not for me. My sufferings will soon terminate. Blessed be God! who hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me." Through the blood of the cross, death is disarmed of all his terrors; the grave, to which I am hastening, is deprived of all victory. Oh the boundless goodness of God! thus to support a frail worm of the dust; for what is man, that he should be mindful of him? or the son of man, that he should visit him? I am going—yes I am going to that happy land, so finely described by Dr. Watts;" repeating the following lines with great emphasis:

"1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between."

She did not finish the hymn; but addressed some young friends who had just entered the room. "You see before you," said she, "a young, timid, delicate female, not yet seventeen years old—the only child of my beloved parents—surrounded with all the comforts of life—nurtured with pecular tenderness, in the bosom of parental affection from my earliest infancy, and always sheltered from the rude blasts of misfortune—blessed with the friendship of an extensive acquaintance, and beloved by all my dear relations. I could add many other considerations calculated to attach me to this world; but I can say, with holy joy, farewell to all! yea, I desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. I am going to my Redeemer's kingdom: his arms are open to receive me. O! the incalculable benefits resulting from the religion of Jesus, the once crucified, but now gloriously exalted son of God. What but this, my friends, could sustain me in this trying hour? my sensibility is not blunted. My heart was formed for sympathy and the sweets of friendship. I am sensible of the sorrow which my departure will occasion in the breasts of those whom I tenderly love; but I commit them to the care of one who is able to console them, and who will, I trust, prepare them to join me in the regions of eternal glory, where we shall part no more. O! my dear young friends allow me to entreat you to embrace this religion. To a bed of death you will all have to come; and at the bar of judgment you will have to give an account of all the deeds done by you in this world; and if the Savior is not then your friend, I tremble to think of your fate. O! close with the offers of mercy. Now is the accepted time; to-day is the day of salvation. When I am gone, will you ever think of me? will you strive to remember the displays of God's mercy to me? and will you endeavor to obtain his favor also? that you may finish your course, as I hope to finish mine, rejoicing in redeeming love, comforted and sustained against every fear? I feel peace in my heart, and joy unspeakable and full of glory."

After being some time silent, she said to Mrs. Smelt, "My mother, let me see you put on the Christian's beautiful robe—*holy submission.* You will not be left alone: for the Lord is your friend, and he can be more to you than ten sons and daughters. Your case is by no means a new one. Recollect the trials of your name-sake, the mother of our blessed Redeemer. She was called upon to give up her only child—she did so. He died a most cruel and ignominious death. He had none of the temporal comforts which I enjoy—no friends to soothe his sorrows—no bed on which to rest his weary limbs—no kind attendants, to administer a cooling draught to quench a parching thirst—no—He had to drink vinegar and gall. His blessed mother was not allowed to sit by him, as you sit by me, and receive divine comfort from his sacred lips. O my dear mother! think of these things and believe yourself blessed. Let your faith rise in lively exercise, to the sufferings of the Son of God. View him in the garden; go with him to Pilate. See his patient meekness! like a lamb dumb before his shearers, so he opened not his mouth. He suffered, the just for the unjust, and by his stripes I am healed. He died that we might live. He bore our sins in his own body. He was God over all blessed forever, and yet he submitted to the death of the cross, that a perishing world might be saved. When I take a view of his compassionate mercy to rebellious sinners, I am lost in wonder. When I see his sacred temples perforated, and encircled with a crown of thorns, I am ready to cry out, and did my Savior suffer thus? for whom and for what was he thus afflicted and scourged? In a moment, I answer, for *me*—poor unworthy *me;* and not only for *sinful me*, but for *you*, my mother, and for *as many* as will believe in his all sufficient atonement. When, with the eye of faith, I see my immaculate Savior extended on the cross, my heart dissolves with tenderness and gratitude. I feel humble and submissive—ready and willing to suffer any thing; yea, feel happy in being thought worthy to suffer; for you know, whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, &c.

The physicians entered her room; after which, with a sweet smile on her countenance, she said to them, "My kind friends and brothers, you have striven hard to raise this frail tenement; but it will all be in vain. You have done much for me. I have not been unmindful of the deep interest and tender solicitude, which you have discovered in my case. I have sensibly felt for the fatigue and loss of rest, to which you have so willingly submitted, during my protracted illness; but I think it will soon draw to a close. In return for so much kindness, allow me to bid an affectionate farewell to you all, but not before I strive to impress a few important truths on your minds." Then raising her eyes, she said, "may the God of mercy write them upon your hearts!"

She then said much to them concerning the truth of the scriptures—the necessity of being prepared for death, &c. and obtained a promise from them all, that they would not forget what she had said, and would comply with the request which she had made. She then bade them farewell, and said, "I hope to see you again; yes, I hope to see you in my Redeemer's kingdom."

Her mother having retired for a few minutes, in order to conceal the emotions of her grief, which she felt unable to control, now returned, and found all in the room in tears except her daughter. With a celestial mildness in her countenance, she then addressed her mother thus: "Now, my mother, the conflict will soon be over. I wish you to put on the *whole Christian*, and carry my most affectionate regard to my beloved father. Tell him, farewell. Tell him, I loved him in life, and loved him in the hour of death. Request him, from me, to pray frequently and fervently for regenerating grace. Tell him that I commit him, soul and body, to the Lord Jesus. Let it comfort him to know that I have unclouded prospects of an immediate entrance into my heavenly Father's kingdom." Her mother then rose, went to Dr. Smelt, who was sick in another room, and delivered the message of Caroline to her father; who, in return, sent to her, by Mrs. Smelt, a similar expression of his warm affection, accompanied by a fervent prayer that her life might be continued many years. On receiving this information, Caroline said "I am sorry that my dear parents do not feel more resigned to the will of God; but he will comfort them in his own time, and in his own way."

After pausing for some minutes, as if to gather strength to speak, she called her mother to her and said, "my blessed mother, I have been praying that your faith may be strengthened, and that the Lord may be your friend in life and in death. I now wish you to take a pleasant view of your daughter—bid her farewell; and if you cannot, with composure, witness her departure, retire to another room. The conflict will soon be over, and the Lord will not forsake you." Her mother's heart was deeply penetrated with that voice, which she thought she was now hearing for the last time. She regarded her daughter with affectionate admiration, and lingered in suspense, hesitating whether to remain or retire. Although she spoke not a word, yet Caroline seemed to conceive correctly what her feelings were, and continued her address in these words, "yes, my precious mother, the Lord will enable you. Only cast yourself upon him—look to him for strength, and plead with him for faith. Divine faith can enable us to perform every duty—to overcome mountainous difficulties. Faith in the Son of God enables me to part with you, my mother, without feeling one pang, on my own account." She then made an effort to extend her arms to embrace her mother; who folded her to her bosom and said, "farewell, my beloved daughter." Caroline then exclaimed, "I feel clothed with the whole armor of God. Farewell, my blessed mother; the Lord will be your comforter."

One day, after being visited by some pious persons, she observed to her mother, that it afforded her great pleasure to converse with the children of God; "for to them," said she, "I speak in a known tongue. They know the import of every word, having been taught in the same school. O mother, I now understand that passage in the Holy Scriptures, which tells us, *the wisdom of man is foolishness with God.* It is indeed foolishness—perfect folly. All that I ever knew is but as a drop in the ocean, in comparison with what I now feel and know. The holy Comforter is indeed a divine teacher. Oh! that all the world would seek after true wisdom, for her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

September 10*th.*—She was still better, her fever light, and all her symptoms favorable. On this day she conversed freely and frequently with her mother, and referred, with great pleasure, to her acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. J. She said "she had often felt very solemn under the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Thompson; but these impressions would soon pass away; they were like the early cloud and the morning dew. But under Mr. J.'s preaching, she had been made to see, and to feel the necessity of having an interest in Jesus. Oh, mother! if you live to see that man of God, tell him what the Lord has done for my soul. Tell him, he was one of the happy instruments employed by my heavenly Father to bring me to Christ. Tell him all; it will fill his heart with joy and gladness." Mrs. Smelt then observed to her daughter, that she hoped she would live to tell him herself. Caroline replied, "my mother, you must not wish or hope; leave the event to God, who doeth all things well. When I reflect," said she, "on my deportment towards Mr. J., I think how great must his discouragements have been. I wonder that he did not give me up; but he did not. How often has he said, *come out from the world, Miss Caroline, O come out!* and on one occasion he observed, *if you will come out from the world, I feel as if a host would follow.* Nothing but his engagedness in his Master's work could have made him so anxious for my eternal welfare. Oh! if I could now see him, I would speak to him without reserve. I should be delighted to receive the sacrament of the Lord's supper from his hands; and I am resolved, if I am raised from this bed, the first place I shall go to, will be the church. I will there present myself in the presence of the congregation, and make a public profession of my faith in Christ. Oh how I lament that I have so often neglected opportunities of doing this, when I was in health! Now I should delight to take my mother by the hand, and in the presence of seven millions of people, take a seat with her at the table of the Lord."

September 11*th.*—She appeared so much better, that little doubt was entertained of her recovery. This day she was visited by many friends, and was uncommonly zealous and feeling in her conversation with them. A very intelligent female friend, who heard her on this occasion, afterwards observed that she was the most divine preacher she had ever heard—that her eloquence and fervor far surpassed any thing she had ever witnessed—that her voice seemed to partake of the nature of heaven. Her prayers astonished every one. The same friend, at another time, expressed her surprise at the extraordinary powers which she exhibited. To this Caroline replied, "my mental powers are exceedingly enlarged—the Holy Spirit is my teacher—of myself I could do nothing; but a new tongue hath been given me, and a new spirit put within me. Give God the praise; for he hath said, *out of the mouths of babes and sucklings shall praise be perfected.* Behold what he has done in my case! I who could not, a few weeks ago, raise my voice to be heard without embarrassment, particularly if the religion of Jesus was the subject, can now speak with holy boldness and inexpressible delight. My kind physicians try to impose silence; but I must speak. I have perhaps but a short time to labor—my master's work I must do. His commands are more important than theirs, and I delight to do his will. O! that all the world could feel as I do. O! that the Lord would make me the happy instrument of turning one soul to Christ. O! that my dear young friends would come out from the world, as my friend and brother, Mr. J., used to say to me."

She then addressed some young persons, who were present, in a most pathetic and eloquent manner, expressive of her most affectionate attachment and earnest solicitude, for their present and future felicity. Of this part of her exercises, it is not believed that any complete or just representation can be given here: therefore it will not be attempted.

On the subject of worldly amusement, she was uncommonly earnest and forcible. In speaking on this subject to some friends, she said "let no person, endowed with rational powers, call them innocent or harmless. How can that be innocent, which leads to a prodigal waste of precious time? How can that thing be called harmless, which leads to an unnecessary exposure of health? How can that amusement be innocent, which has not the glory of God for its object? How can that amusement be harmless, which has a direct tendency to unfit the mind for devotional exercises? We are such frail creatures that we constantly require some excitement to lead us to God, and not to estrange us from him. Will any venture to say, that they have been brought to love the Lord Jesus better, by having attended a theatre or a ball-room? I presume not. I can say from my own experience, that I never derived solid improvement or real pleasure from either. From neither of them, have I ever derived any thing, which could afford my mind the least satisfaction in hours devoted to self-examination, nor any thing to strengthen the soul against the terrors of death and judgment. I consider them worse than vanity—they are exceedingly sinful."

She spoke much of her absent relatives and friends, and desired that particular messages might be delivered to them. She observed that it would afford her inexpressible satisfaction to see them once more—to tell them all that the Lord had done for her soul, and to encourage them to rest their hopes on him. "But," said she, "if it be decreed that we shall not meet again in this life, tell them, it will be their own fault if we do not meet in another and a better world—tell them, there is room enough for all, in my Redeemer's kingdom—and he will give them a gracious reception, if they will only take up the cross and follow him." Then addressing herself particularly to her mother, she said, "O my mother! it would give me such happiness to see my pious friend, Mr. J. I feel as if he was my *spiritual father*, my *dear brother* in the Lord. Could he see me now, I trust he would not be ashamed to own me as his child, his sister; no, he would gladly own the relationship." It was remarked by the many friends who saw her, that they never witnessed stronger filial affection in their lives. She was ever on the watch to pour the balm of consolation into the heart of her sorrowing mother; and omitted nothing that she thought calculated to relieve her feelings.

September 12th.—On this day she felt so much better, though she still had some fever, which never went entirely off, that several friends did not hesitate to tell her, that she was getting well very fast. Her mother, standing by her bedside, said, "yes, the beloved of my heart is indeed recovering; and I do hope the Lord has heard my prayers, and will prolong her precious life many years." Caroline looked concerned. Some one observed, "I have no doubt of it; I think she will be able to ride out in a few days." She immediately gave the friend a gentle rebuke. Mrs. Smelt then turned from the bed. In an instant Caroline called her back, and said, "my blessed mother, I did not intend that for you. I know your maternal tenderness induces you to hope, and I conceive those hopes are perfectly natural when kept under proper restrictions. I should be very sorry if you should think me capable of departing from my duty as a child, so far as to rebuke you, my mother. No; I have too high a sense of that sacred command, which says, '*honor thy father and mother*,' &c. and too much love and gratitude to you, ever to speak unbecomingly. I thought our friend (pointing to the person) spoke rather presumptuously, and needed a rebuke. But I did not intend the least offence to him, only to remind him that the secret designs of God were known only to himself, and that the event of my case was known only to my heavenly Father."

The visiting friends having all retired, Caroline and her mother were left alone for an hour or two. The daughter then communicated many of the exercises of her mind, since she had been confined to that bed. "Mother," said she, "let no one call it a bed of affliction; it has been to me a heavenly bed. I wish I could describe the visitation I had on the second night of this month, and which I still feel with a grateful recollection. How mercifully did the Lord deal with me! I was oppressed with a heavy burden: I felt guilty, self-condemned, and bowed down; the passage of scripture which I mentioned constantly ringing in my ears. I felt ill, extremely ill. I was not afraid of death in itself, but I feared the displeasure of God. I derived no comfort from the reflection that I had not been guilty of great crimes; no comfort from the recollection that I had never, in conversation, or in any other way, used my Maker's name irreverently. I have always held it sacred; for even in prayer or reading, I felt solemn whenever I repeated it. I knew my situation in life and a pious education had kept me from being exposed to gross temptations; but I felt that I had lived in the neglect of many known duties, and in the abuse of many distinguished blessings; that I had stifled many strong convictions, and grieved the Holy Spirit of God, who had been striving with me in various ways, ever since I was seven years old. I tried to draw comfort from the recollection, that I had for some months past resolved to take a decided stand to serve the Lord; but how did I know that he would accept my imperfect services after such rebellion against him? I remembered the anxiety which I felt to return to this house. The Lord had gratified me sooner than I expected. I had resolved, as soon as we got settled, to commence a new system of devotion, and was impatient to begin. The first night on which I returned to the occupancy of my chamber deserves to be remembered. As soon as I found myself alone, I prostrated myself on the carpet, and poured out my soul in prayer to my heavenly Father. I resolved, by his assistance, to make it an important period in my life; and from that moment to give up all worldly amusements. I made a solemn promise never to dance another step; never to enter a theater again, nor to resort to places of festivity and mirth. I considered them as all belonging to the same family, and injurious to a growth in grace. I then pleaded, with tears and great fervency, that my God and Savior would condescend to consecrate my chamber; that he would make it a little Bethel, where he would often meet me. I then felt so comforted and strengthened in my good resolutions, that I had no doubt of my prayer being answered. But on the second day of this month, I received no consolation from a review of those circumstances; no, not a ray of light from any quarter. Worlds would I have given for an interest in the redemption purchased by the blessed Redeemer. Without this, I felt I was forever lost. I strove to be fervent in prayer; but many friends called, and I was much interrupted. I was enabled all the forepart of the day to appear composed, for I felt very unwilling, my dear mother, to increase your sorrows by telling you I was unhappy; but in the evening I could not restrain my feelings; I was compelled to let you know all. You then prayed for me, and repeated many precious promises. I felt a sudden heat pass over me; it surpassed any thing which I ever felt before. My whole system seemed as if in a furnace. I was alarmed. I desired you to engage with me in silent prayer. O! then my wrestlings commenced, and for one hour, one short hour, they continued, at the end of which period, I was most wonderfully blessed. What I felt at that moment can never be described. The Spirit of God was in my soul, nor can I express the half of what he then revealed to me. Indeed, I dare not attempt to describe the manifestation which I then received. I felt the power of the Holy Ghost; I felt that my soul was ransomed by the blood of the cross; every sin washed away, and my name recorded in the Lamb's book of life. Love to God, and love to his people filled my heart. I knew of a truth that Jesus was *mine*, and I was *his;* and from that moment to this, my faith, my views have been the very same, though my ecstacies have not always been equally great. One small cloud or temptation, and one only, has Satan been permitted to cast in my way, and that only for a few minutes. The Hearer of prayer soon removed it. I believe it was permitted, to show me my weakness, and to try my faith; but the Lord soon said to my soul, '*fear not, for I am with thee.*' O my mother! do you wonder that I should be patient and happy, when I have such divine support, such holy comforts?"

She then desired that her position in the bed might be changed. This was done; by which means she had a commanding view of the garden, from a window near her bed. It was then near sunset, and a most beautiful evening. As soon as she saw her flowering shrubs, (several of which were loaded with rich flowers,) she broke forth in the most exalted strains of admiration, and adoring ejaculations, to the great Architect of the universe. She commented sweetly on the particular time of the evening. It was admirably adapted to sacred contemplation—then on the serenity of the azure vault of heaven—then on a floating white cloud; and remarked the harmony which subsisted, and was apparent, in all the works of God. She then asked, "why do frail mortals seek pleasure in noisy, tumultuous amusements, when such an ample volume lies open to their view?" She then took leave of a favorite shrub, saying, "farewell, my innocent friend; your fragrant blossoms have often regaled my senses, while my thoughts have ascended to him that made both you and me. I have often plucked your flowers, and ran with delight to present them to my mother; but other hands will now gather your blossoms: farewell, my tree, I long to be in the garden above.

"The finest flower that ever blow'd
Open'd on Calvary's tree,
When Jesus' blood in rivers flow'd,
For love of worthless me.

Its deepest hue, its sweetest smell
No mortal can declare,
Nor can the tongue of angels tell
How bright the colors are.

But soon, on yonder banks above,
Shall every blossom here
Appear a full-blown flower of love,
Like him, transplanted there."

Her countenance beamed with radiance when she said, "farewell, garden, delightful spot for innocent amusement! My infant feet have often trod your walks"—and smiling when she repeated, "they will never walk them again." She then listened, with apparent rapture, to the notes of a little bird, that was perched on a tree near her window, until her soul seemed transported almost to heaven. She soon afterwards desired her mother to bring the Bible to her, and read the 121st psalm, the whole of which she was enabled to apply to herself. Mrs. Smelt then read to her some passages in Isaiah. Caroline exclaimed, "it is the word of God: I feel it in my very soul. Isaiah is a divine prophet; he is my prophet."

A friend entered soon afterwards, to whom Caroline said, "my dear aunt, I have taken leave of the garden this evening, and have felt so happy, so entirely filled with divine love, that my room has appeared like a little Bethel, or the gate of heaven." She then desired her mother to read to her aunt the same psalm over again, saying, "every word of that psalm is applicable to me, for the Lord has preserved, and will keep me to the end, even for ever and ever." She then repeated to her friend many of the sentiments which she had just before uttered to her mother, on the subject of the garden, &c. After which, she said, she had never before seen nature dressed in so beautiful a robe—that a peculiar brightness or lustre appeared to rest upon every flower, and upon every leaf—that the whole sky, and even the little cloud seemed to bear a strong impress of her Maker's glory, and concluded with the following beautiful lines:

> "The spacious firmament on high,
> "With all the blue ethereal sky,
> "And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
> "Their great original proclaim."

At this time, all her friends thought her much better, except her mother, whom the faculty considered unreasonable for indulging a doubt of her recovery. But she thought her daughter too ripe for glory to be long continued here; and she wished to be submissively prepared for that dispensation of Divine Providence, which she thought would shortly remove "the joy of her heart, and desire of her eyes." That night Caroline enjoyed considerable quietude, but very little sleep.

September 15*th*.—On the morning of this day she appeared, for some hours, much as she had been the day before. A friend hearing she was getting well, sent her twelve varieties of choice flowers. She appeared unusually delighted, as soon as she saw them. She requested her mother to spread them out before her on the bed, and then to present them, one by one, to her view, which was done accordingly. There was one which was conspicuous for its size and color, which she requested to be handed to her first. On taking it in her hand, she called all her friends then present, to view its beauties. Her admiration of that flower excited the wonder of her friends; for it did not strike them, at the moment, as being equal to the others in beauty, nor was it thought to accord with her general taste, as the flower in question was of a crimson hue. Her mother remarking this to her, she replied, "O mother! then you do not see what I see, for it reflects beauty on all the rest. The rich crimson color reminds me of the precious blood of Christ—its size, transparency, and fulness, remind me of the love, purity, and all-sufficiency of my blessed Redeemer. Examine its petals; view the vast number of veins in each! how expressive of the channels of divine grace! What entire perfection is impressed on every leaf!" Her mother, fearing she would exhaust herself, proposed to take the whole of the flowers and put them in water. Caroline sweetly asked permission to examine the others also, which was granted. She then commented with great eloquence on each one, and concluded by repeating, "*Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.*" These flowers were then gathered up to be removed, but she desired they might be put in a flower pot, and placed where she could view them. After the removal of the flowers, it was observed that she had retained the bud of a small white cluster-rose, which she held in her fingers. After a silence, which lasted for some considerable time, Caroline at length said, "mother, look at this," holding the rose bud.

She paused as if she wished her mother to say something. Mrs. Smelt replied, "my daughter, I suppose you discover some similarity between that bud and yourself." Caroline smiled. Mrs. Smelt observed, that the rose bud was an emblem of youth and innocence, Caroline again smiled, and said, "no, my mother, your thoughts and mine have not been the same this time, though we very generally think alike. But this little bud is emblematical of the grace that is now in my soul"—she then exclaimed, "to bloom, to expand in the garden of heaven!" In a short time afterwards, her mother discovered that Caroline was not so well as she had been, in which opinion, their friends did not agree with her. In the evening the fever increased, and her rest that night was not so good as for some nights immediately before.

Towards the evening of the next day she had more fever, and little or no sleep that night. She evidently endured considerable pain; but no complaint escaped from her lips.

September 17*th.*—About nine o'clock of this day, a most violent chill came on, which was succeeded by a higher fever than she ever had before. Her sufferings were great, but not a murmur was she heard to utter.

September 19*th.*—This morning she appeared rather better until the chill returned. When she felt the first symptoms of it, she observed to her mother that she was well pleased. Mrs. Smelt was much alarmed, because she apprehended that her daughter had not strength sufficient to enable her to live through it, but Caroline endeavored to comfort her.

Within a short time afterwards symptoms accompanying the fever, pointed to the necessity of blistering her head. When her hair was removed she expressed great satisfaction. She observed that many persons might suppose she would feel some mortification at the loss of her hair, but that she felt none. "I wish," said she, "my dear father may feel as composed as I do." She then desired a friend to hold it up to her view. She said, as she looked on it, "I did not think there was such a quantity." (It was more than a yard long, of a dark, glossy, brown color, and very thick.) "Well, it will never again fatigue my poor arms to comb, curl, and dispose of it fancifully. Had I kept it, I should never, I hope, have spent so much precious time in that way again; but it is all over now. Put it away; my parents will wish to see it." She soon afterwards fell asleep, and did not awake till near bed time. She then expressed her regret that she had slept so long, but was too feeble to speak much. She appeared very composed through the remaining part of the night.

September 20*th.*—This morning she appeared to revive a little. She desired her mother to read a portion of God's word to her. After reading sundry passages, her mother said to her "my beloved Caroline, you are very ill; how are your feelings to-day? is your faith as strong in the Lord Jesus as ever? are you as willing to depart, and are your views of divine mercy as great, as clear as they have been? She replied, with a countenance beaming with divine love, "just the same, just the same. My heavenly Father has never left me; and whether I live or die, it will be to the glory of God." She said much more, which cannot be accurately recollected; but every sentiment which she expressed breathed the strongest confidence, and sweetest resignation to the will of God.

It was soon discovered that her speech began to fail. Her mother took leave of her with forced composure. She shortly afterwards fell asleep, and never spoke again. She continued in this state for several hours; after which, on Sabbath evening, the 21st September, her happy spirit was released from "the earthly house of its tabernacle," and took its flight to the arms of Jesus. Not a single struggle—not the smallest distortion of features, nor even the movement of a single limb, appeared in her last moments. She was gone some seconds, before the many kind friends who surrounded her dying couch had ascertained that her spirit had indeed departed.

It is deemed worthy of remark, that she told many of her friends, before her departure, that she had prayed that her end might be just as in the event it proved to be. She observed to them, that she "knew her dear parents would feel much distressed to see her die in hard struggles; or even to know that this was the case, if they did not witness it; and she knew that her heavenly Father would grant her petition, and temper the Providence, as much as was right, to their feelings." This was realized in a most remarkable degree. Her father, during the remission of his fever was enabled to visit her chamber, in company with her mother, during the time of her sleep, which immediately preceded her decease. They saw it was the sleep of death; for to their repeated calls she made no answer. Once, and only once, when standing by her bed-side, they united their voices in calling "Caroline, Oh Caroline! our beloved daughter, shall we never more hear the sound of your harmonious voice? it is your father and mother that thus call you;" she made an effort to open her eyes, and to move her lips to speak, but could not. However, she was enabled to smile. She lay like one reposing in health, perfectly calm. They impressed a kiss of affection on her lips, repeating, "It is your father—it is your mother." She made no signal of sensibility, except another smile. Mrs. Smelt repeated her visits again and again to her before she departed. She viewed her dying daughter with a solemn pleasure, and found herself frequently breathing "O may my last end be like hers!" The fervent prayers of two friends, who called in a little before she fell asleep in Jesus, contributed much to her comfort. She felt indeed that the cup which she had to drink was bitter; but she was enabled to say with submission, "*not my will but thine, O God, be done.*"

On the following day her earthly remains were attended to the place of interment by as large a number of her afflicted and sympathizing friends as the distressing situation of their families at that time would admit. At the grave the thirty first hymn of Dr. Watts's 2d book, which she had often repeated during her illness, was sung, after which the mourning friends retired to reflect on the solemnities of that scene, which had engaged their attention for such a length of time.

Thus lived, and thus died Caroline Elizabeth Smelt. By the exercise of the numerous amiable qualities which she possessed, she had endeared herself to an extensive circle of friends of all ages, sexes, and ranks in life. It is asserted that she was never seen to be in a passion, although her disposition has been visibly tried. She was affectionate, meek, dutiful, and modest. She has been seen to be displeased, and to suffer momentary mortification; but never allowed herself to utter an indelicate, harsh, or hasty expression. She possessed great independence of principle, and would support her opinions with great firmness and propriety; but, if convinced of error, would never hesitate to retract and acknowledge it. To servants she was particularly mild; and as she made her request to those of her father's household with the utmost softness, they always served her with the greatest alacrity. When they did so, she would often thank them as politely as if she had had no claim to their obediene. When they disobliged her, she was always ready to frame and offer an apology for them. She would say, "prehaps it proceeds from forgetfulness.—I know I am too thoughtless myself, and omit many important duties; and why should I condemn, in those poor, ignorant beings, faults that are less than my own."

In a word, reverence towards God, and filial submission and respect towards her parents—affability and benevolence towards all with whom she was acquainted, seem to have been united in her temper and practice through life, and "*in her death they were not divided.*"

From the Memoirs of Miss Smelt, by the Rev. Moses Waddel, D. D.

MRS. SUSAN POOR.

Of the birth and education of Mrs. Poor, we have been unable to procure any account. In the year 1816, she proceeded with her husband, the Rev. Daniel Poor, an ordained missionary of the American Board, to Tillipally in the island of Ceylon, which continued her residence, and the scene of her missionary labors till her death, in 1821. The following affecting and instructive account of her death is from a communication of her husband to the secretary of the American Board.

Mrs. Poor's last illness commenced on Monday evening, the 23d of April. On Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding came to our assistance and continued with us. As Mrs. Poor continued ill, and medical advice appeared necessary, we sent, on Wednesday morning, for Dr. Scudder. On his arrival, he found that her symptoms were in some degree alarming. Powerful remedies were used for several days without any favorable issue. During this time she was affected with severe pain. Her mind, as appeared from the frequent recital of passages of Scripture, and of parts of hymns adapted to her suffering state, was turned to God and divine subjects.

On Thursday, A. M. in consequence of some unusual sensations of body, and more especially of some peculiar exercises of her mind that morning, she apprehended that the time of her departure was at hand. Under this impression, she began to address me. Having freely spoken of the strong consolations God had given her, she stated to me the views and feelings she had recently had, concerning the family and station.

"I have been enabled," said she, "this morning, to make a formal and entire surrender of husband and children, and of all the affairs of the station into the hands of God. The strong desires, which I have heretofore had, for continuing a few years longer, have been so entirely taken away, that even my beloved husband and children cease to be ties that bind me to the earth. Every cord is now broken. This is a victory that I scarcely dared to hope for, and it is to my mind, a sure indication that I shall not long be continued with you."

She then spoke of our past intercourse with each other,—and of God's gracious dealings with us since we were united, especially in the work of the mission; and expressed a confident belief, that God would be with me, and comfort me, in my solitary state, and bless my labors among the heathen. She appeared to take firm hold of the promises, respecting the children of believers. She expressed strong confidence in the belief, that, though her children were left motherless in a land of idolaters, God would be their Protector, and would raise up such friends as were necessary to watch over them. She urged the propriety of this belief, from the views she entertained of that covenant, which is well ordered in all things and sure, and which she thought had been established with our house.

She expressed her thoughts concerning God's designs of mercy towards the heathen. The substance of her remarks on this subject was, that in view of what he had already done, and of the present indications of his Providence, she believed he would soon come down by his Spirit, *like rain upon the mown grass*, and gather a people to the praise of the glory of his grace.

The earnest and confident manner in which she spoke on the two last mentioned subjects, was new and unexpected. Formerly, the idea of leaving her children, in this land of moral darkness, was extremely painful to her. Although she had been abundant in her labors and fervent in her prayers to promote the salvation of the heathen, she was ever fearful and doubtful, as to what God would do for those of the present generation; but now her language was that of triumphant hope, and joyful anticipation.

As we assured her, that she had no reason to apprehend an immediate departure, she did not proceed to particulars; but observed, that what she had to say or do must be done before the hour of death came, as she could not expect then to be able to say any thing. It was rather unpleasant to her to know, that *she only* was of the opinion that the hour of death was near.

She continued in a quiet state of mind, speaking often of the great goodness of God, in entirely weaning her affections from her family, and in giving her strong desires to depart and be with Christ.

"For some weeks past," said she, "I have dwelt with much interest upon the word IMMANUEL, as applied to Christ. But within a few days my thoughts have turned to him with peculiar delight, as bearing the name JESUS." She many times quoted the passage, *And his name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.*

On reviewing her conduct for several months previous to her late illness, I can now discover many reasons for believing that the Lord was, in a special manner, preparing her by his grace for this season of trial. One of the many circumstances to which I here refer, was, that several weeks before her death, she proposed that we should regard every Friday, as a season of special prayer.

As I stood by her bed side with a Bible in my hand, while she lay in a suffering state, she took the Bible, and directed me to the 118th Psalm, 14th verse and onward, as expressing her feelings. Many times, in the course of the day, she required those present to unite in prayer and thanksgiving to God on her account. In the afternoon we were happy to welcome Mr. Richards and Mrs. Scudder.

Friday, P. M. we continued the active use of powerful medicines with much hope of her recovery. Her corporeal sufferings were great, arising from spasms of the stomach. Her mind was tranquil, and she had a strong desire to hear appropriate portions of Scripture. Most of the twenty-ninth chapter of Doddridge's Rise and Progress was read to her. It afforded her much pleasure, as it accorded with her own experience. About 4 o'clock, an unfavorable change took place, which she considered a sure indication of the approach of death, and a special call to her to set her house in order.

At this time, Dr. Scudder was absent, having been called to Manepy, to attend Mr. Woodward. Mr. Richards, though in some degree alarmed by the change to which I have here alluded, did not express to us his fears. Mrs. Poor, after speaking of the quietude and peace of mind she felt, began to address me as from the borders of the eternal state. She repeated, with some additions, the same sentiments she had expressed on the morning of the preceding day. She commended me to the kindness of the brethren and sisters of the mission, and to God,—and rejoiced in the prospect of our being soon united in the mansions above.

She then spoke of her own life and conduct; of her numerous offenses; how unfaithfully she had served her God and Savior; and how undeserving she was of the numerous blessings he had bestowed upon her; but that, notwithstanding her guilt and unworthiness, she indulged confident hopes of pardon and acceptance with God, through the blood of Christ. She expressed a lively sense of God's goodness in manifesting himself to her in a special manner, at this hour of extremity; in his taking away the sting of death; in giving her peace of mind: and in filling her soul with precious foretastes of the joys of heaven. It did indeed appear, from her observations, especially from the manner in which they were made, that her fellowship was with the Father and with the Son Jesus Christ. She begged us to be faithful with her in that critical hour, if we perceived that she was in danger of deceiving herself.

After a short interval, she spoke of those dear babes she was about to leave. She adverted, with expressions of gratitude, to the exercises of her mind concerning them, on the preceding day, and observed, that she had committed them into the hands of God, and had no desire to see them again. She then pointed out the good and bad qualities of each of them; commended them to the kind care of the sisters present; and intreated them to bear with their defects, and to watch over them while they continued in this heathen land, adding, " God will reward you for all you do for them." She told with what feelings she had desired a son, and what were her hopes concerning him; viz. that he might perpetuate his father's name; that he might early become a child of God, a preacher of the Gospel, and a helper in the mission.

She then addressed the brethren and sisters present, and sent messages to some who were absent. She observed, that she had a good hope that they were all the dear children of God, that she had a love for them all; and left them with the expectation of being united with them in the world to come. She pointed out some particulars wherein she thought, that, as a body of missionaries, or a church of Christ, we had all been deficient in duty toward each other. She advised to the use of some special means for watching over each other's souls, and for promoting the growth of divine grace in the heart. She urged the importance of our making it one *distinct object of pursuit*, to grow in the knowledge of the word of God, This she did, in view of what she considered to be her own neglect of this duty, and of her present convictions of its importance.

She then spoke of her father, brothers, and sisters, and of many dear friends in America, to several of whom she sent particular messages, and requested me to write to them.

I observed to her, that, as some of her friends were opposed to her engaging in the work of the mission, they might wish to know how she viewed the subject at the last. "What they said by way of opposing," she observed, "was mere talk. Their objections arose principally from their unwillingness to part with me." Shortly after she said, "But in answer to what you have suggested, you well know that I have no enthusiastic notions on the subject. I had no expectations of doing great things. On the contrary, my expectations were low, though I wished to do what I could. I think the opportunities for a female's usefulness here should be considered as on a level with those enjoyed in America. Many females there move in a more important sphere than they could in a heathen land. I never should have thought that I had any duty to do among the heathen, had you not invited me to come. I am satisfied with the course I pursued." For several years past she has often expressed the idea, that she did not originally expect to do more, or to see more accomplished in the furtherance of the object of this mission, than she had already witnessed. Several months ago, when we were endeavoring to establish Tuesday schools for females, in villages near the station, and when it was in contemplation to admit several persons, the first fruits from the heathen in this place, to the ordinance of Baptism, and the Lord's supper, she observed, "that if she saw these two objects accomplished, she should be ready to say with Simeon, *Now lettest thou, &c.* She witnessed the latter the day before her last sickness commenced. The schools had been previously established.

During the time of her remarks on the subjects abovementioned, she was more free from pain than she had been for several days before. Her mind was composed and active as usual; though on account of her weakness of body, she was obliged often to desist from speaking and to take cordials.

After lying quiet for some time, she requested me to bring from her writing desk, her covenant, which she wished to have read. This paper, I discovered, for the first time, a few weeks previous to her last illness. It contains a formal dedication of herself to God, and an enumeration of the blessings she wished him to bestow upon her. Having read the covenant, she observed, "The Lord has been faithful on his part: he has done all things well; but I have been unfaithful; I have many times broken my engagements; I have forfeited all claim to the blessings of the covenant; yet it is a covenant *well ordered in all things and sure*." "Yes," said she, (repeating the words of the covenant,) "He does look down with pity upon his languishing, dying child; he does embrace me in his everlasting arms, &c." The date of this paper is Salem, January 11th, 1811.

Towards evening Dr. Scudder returned from Manepy, in company with Mrs. Winslow. The brethren Scudder and Richards thought it their duty to inform us, that they could indulge little or no hope of her recovery. She received the information with a smile, observing that "it was a confirmation of her own opinion." A new excitement appeared to be given to her mind. "Now," said she, "I think I can see my children once more; where are they?" After they were called in, she gave each of them a parting embrace and kiss, and made some observations similar to those already related. She then commended them to God, in a fervent prayer, beginning with "Lord Jesus, receive these Lambs, &c. In this prayer she expressed much confidence in the belief that God would not forsake them.

She then expressed a wish to have the servants called around her. As this occasioned some alarm, the native boys and girls connected with the family hastily entered, and filled the room. Addressing the servants in their own language, she told them that she should soon leave them. She reminded them of what she had often said to them, concerning their souls, and exhorted them to prepare for death, by turning from their idols, and by repentance and faith in Christ the only Savior. She spoke to the native school girls to the same effect. Then taking Nicholas, my native assistant, by the hand, she addressed him as a brother of the church;—pointed out his duty and obligations to the heathen, and exhorted him to do what he could to aid me in the work of the mission. Afterwards she took Niles and Jordan by the hand, (two native boys who joined the church on the preceding Sabbath,) and addressed them in Tamul as her children, and as babes in Christ; solemnly warned them against drawing back; encouraged them to persevere; and expressed a hope that she should meet them at the right hand of Christ. Both of them were deeply affected. The other boys appeared desirous of taking her hand; but as she was then quite exhausted, she told Nicholas, to go and address them in her name. She again expressed her belief, in strong terms, that God would soon visit the heathen in mercy. She prayed fervently for their salvation and for the prosperity of Zion.

Soon after, in the course of the evening, she gave many directions concerning the temporal affairs of the family and station. Her mind continued to be in a sweet and heavenly frame. Frequently she would abruptly exclaim, "What a wonder, what a wonder, what a wonder! that even I should have such joy and peace at this hour. It is more than I prayed for. I can say with brother Warren,* "Is this death?" Yes, this is death. O that was a good exhortation which he sent to us, 'Be ye faithful unto death.' But I do not see the kind angel, whom he saw. Yet I can trust in Jesus."

On being raised up in bed to take some refreshing drink; "My Master," said she, "in his last extremity, had gall and vinegar to drink; he was forsaken by his friends, and even by his heavenly Father; but I have every comfort, am surrounded by beloved brethren and sisters," [here she embraced them,] "and have the light of God's countenance. Oh, he graciously smooths the way through the dark valley."

She was more free from pain during the night, and had more quiet sleep than she had enjoyed for four days previously. Whenever she awoke from a short season of repose, she spoke as one very near the heavenly state. She often repeated some parts of "The dying Christian." Once on waking she whispered with much emphasis, "Lend, lend your wings."

At midnight we thought her departing, and called the brethren and sisters to witness the solemn scene. Her pulse nearly cased to beat. She however revived, and appeared to have a little more strength.

During the night she had an unusual degree of tenderness and sweetness of spirit. She continually expressed a lively sense of gratitude towards every one who rendered her the least assistance, and toward God for providing for her such friends. She was also tenderly alive to the danger of sinning. When she suddenly moved herself in bed, or declined any thing that was offered her, she would often say, "I hope this is not sin; tell me when I am in danger of doing wrong; help me to keep from sinning."

On Saturday morning about ten o'clock, Mr. Chater, Baptist missionary from Columbo, who has kindly favored us with a visit of several weeks at our stations,—came to Tillipally. Immediately on his arrival, she requested, as was her practice when Christian friends came, to unite with him in prayer and thanksgiving. As Mr. Chater was about to lead in prayer, she requested us to sing the hymn,

"Jesus with all thy saints above," &c.

in the tune of Arlington. At this time many of the natives, having heard of her dangerous illness, had assembled around the house.

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* The Rev. Edward Warren, Missionary in Ceylon, who died there a short time before.

After we had sung a part of the first verse, Mrs. P., to the astonishment of all, joined with much elevation of spirit in singing. Though her voice was tremulous and weak, it was as loud as usual, and to our ears much more melodious. It appeared that every strain must be the last effort she could possibly make. She, however, continued through the hymn, and sung the last verse with more animation than the preceding. The last line of the hymn is,

"Or saints to feel his grace."

Her mind appeared to fasten upon the last word, which she protracted a little in singing, and then exclaimed. "O to grace how great a debtor,"—"do sing." But here she sunk down, being quite exhausted. We, who commenced the singing, were so deeply affected, by the scene before us, that several times no voice of the company was heard but that of Mrs. Poor.

The circumstance of our singing induced the natives to crowd into the house, and about the windows. They also were deeply affected, and it was a season of weeping to all present. We, who knew her case, wept for joy; others, many of them no doubt, by the power of sympathy, and in consequence of the strangeness of the scene. As we were about to kneel down by her bed side. Mr. Chater observed, "Let us not *pray* but *praise*." He then gave most hearty thanks to God, for the special manifestations of his grace to his dying child, in which she evidently joined with great delight. When he gave thanks to God for giving her the victory, she interrupted him, saying, "I have *much* for which to praise him, but the victory is not yet complete. I am still on the enemy's ground, and we must watch unto prayer." Afterward, when he gave thanks that Christ appeared to be present to take his handmaid home, she, with much feeling and many tears said, "But I can't see him; is he here? Why then do I not see him?" Several times afterward she observed, "I can't see him," meaning that she could not see Christ with her bodily eyes. On being told, that she could not expect to have such a view of him. She quickly replied, "But do you not believe that our dear brother Warren saw Christ, when he said, "O thou kind angel, conduct me, conduct me."" "We cannot say," said brother Richards, "that he saw any thing with his mortal eyes." "O yes," said she, "he did, I fully believe it." After a little reflection, she seemed to doubt the propriety of expecting any thing like a vision. Though she seemed to triumph in hope, she several times complained that the tempter was present, and that he suggested evil thoughts to her mind, against which she frequently called upon the brethren to pray.

Previously to Mr. Chater's arrival, (as I should have before mentioned,) Mr. Winslow came. When Mrs. Poor requested him to pray, she said, she had petitions for him to offer on her account; one of which was, that she might have an easy departure; the other, that God would leave a blessing behind her. She afterwards requested him to find and read to her the psalm, which contains the words, "Yet in the midst of grief and death." [See Psalm 103, L. M. first part.]

About eleven o'clock, Mr. Meigs, and Mr. Knight, Church Missionary from Nellore, came to see us. After leading in prayer, at her request, we sung the hymn,

"And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die," &c.

in the tune of *St. Paul's*. Mrs. Poor's feelings strongly prompted her to join in singing, which she several times attempted to do, but her strength would not permit. At twelve o'clock we thought her departing; but she again revived, and at four o'clock P. M. her symptoms in a most important respect, became more favorable. We had a gleam of hope that she would be spared to us. When she understood that this was her case, she expressed by her countenance much disappointment, and regret; but soon observed, that she had given herself to the Lord, and would endeavor to be resigned to his will. She did not, however, herself believe, that she should be brought back again to the world.

In the evening our kind friend, Mr. Mooyart, came, to whom she made several remarks expressive of the joyful state of her mind, in prospect of a speedy departure.

In order to prevent repetition, and to give some just idea of Mrs. Poor's case, it may be observed that, during almost the whole season of her illness, her bodily sufferings were great. It rarely happens that a sick person requires so great and constant attention as she required. Four watchers, besides native attendants, were requisite every night. Two were needed at a time, but could not, without much inconvenience to themselves, sit more than five or six hours at once. It also rarely happens, that it is practicable for a sick person to be so constantly attended by so many beloved brethren and sisters, as were with her on this occasion. The means of contributing to her comfort were in proportion to her wants. Two skilful physicians belonging to our own mission were almost constantly with her; and many articles of bedding and clothing, which were greatly needed, were furnished from our several stations. Nor were her spiritual necessities less numerous, or less abundantly supplied. She needed to be fed almost constantly with the milk of the Word,—with the bread and water of life. She very frequently spoke to herself, to those around her, and to God, in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,—and requested those present to read to her select portions of the word of God, to which she directed. Her mind never appeared to be more active and energetic. She spoke freely on a great variety of subjects, and her remarks, though often in a whisper, were emphatic and impressive.

On Sabbath morn she observed, "This is a delightful day. I think I shall go to day, and that my everlasting Sabbath will begin."

After lying some time in a low and sinking state, she exclaimed, with much expression of feeling, "Now I see my Jesus." Do you see him, said I? "O yes,—all bright and glorious;" and then repeated, "*all bright* and *glorious*." She then covered her eyes and said, "O keep me from beholding these earthly things. I wish to see only spiritual objects." After a little repose, "Perfect love," said she, "casteth out fear. I have not perfect love, and yet fear is *almost*, and sometimes *quite* cast out."

In the course of the forenoon, she spoke Tamul with the native female servants around her, and said, "I am now going, I am very happy, I am going to be with Jesus. You also must prepare to die. If you would die happy, you must receive Jesus." Other remarks she made of a similar nature.

Shortly after this, on hearing a clap of thunder, she observed, "sweet sound." Soon after, being a little agitated in mind, "O, that day;"—then appeared to be in pain to express something, but said, faintly, "can't think,—can't take in the idea." But immediately exclaimed, "*Glory, glory*, I see him;—his chariot wheels, how bright they are." She was quiet a few minutes, and then repeated several times with a low tone of voice, but with much emphasis, "How bright and glorious." A few hours after, having watched for a favorable opportunity, I asked what she saw, when she uttered the expressions which I have here noticed. She replied, that she had a distinct view of a part of the train of the Son of God, coming in the clouds of heaven to judge the world, agreeably to the description of that event in the word of God.

After being a little refreshed by taking some wine, she repeated, or rather adopted as her own, most of the Apostle's prayer in Ephesians iii, 16, &c. *Strengthen me with might, by thy Spirit, &c. &c.* then forcibly added, "Strengthen me, O Lord, by thy word,—thine own precious word,—that *blessed word*, which this people despise, but in which thou hast caused thy servant to hope." On her waking from sleep, I asked her whether she still kept her hold on Jesus? "O yes," said she, "I have a sweet frame. I think it will be continued to the end. It appears but a very little way across the river." In the afternoon she expressed some fears, lest the servants and the people around her, would not distinguish between her cries occasioned by bodily distress, and her singing, which was expressive of the joys of her mind. She requested me to call them and explain the subject, and to give them a word of exhortation, such as the occasion suggested. Soon after, eight or ten women, with whom she had been much acquainted, came to see her. She often expressed the gratification she felt on being able to converse with the natives who visited her, in their own language. They expressed much surprise, that we were so quiet and cheerful. It is their practice on such occasions, to roll, beat themselves, and scream aloud. The reasons of our being peaceful and quiet in such trials were fully explained by

Mr. Chater, who preached in the church from 1 Thess. iv, 13. *But I would not have you to be ignorant, &c.*

As we hourly expected the coming of the Lord to take his handmaid home, we had special prayer several times in the day, that while present on such an occasion, he would scatter some spiritual blessings around, and thus leave abiding evidence, that he had been in a special manner with us. In the evening, Mr. Mooyart came into the room, and asked her if she still trusted in Christ. "I am resting," said she, "In his arms.—Some sinful thoughts;—much bodily distress." Several times, in the course of the day and evening, she observed faintly, "Why this lingering—why this lingering—hush—patience, patience."

Her corporal sufferings greatly increased. She seemed, however, to have remarkably clear and lively views of divine truth. About 12 o'clock at night, while lying in a state of extreme suffering, almost insensible to every thing around her, she broke out with a loud voice in a long prayer. She began by praying that the Lord would show her wherefore he contended with her. "Has not Jesus suffered enough? Why then should I thus suffer? O Lord, look down upon thy languishing, dying child. But if it be necessary for me to be conformed to my suffering Savior, O Lord, grant me patience to endure it. I fly to thee, O my beloved. 'Other refuge have I none.' I *seek* no other. I have sought no other. Thou art my beloved. O take me from this suffering state. Receive me to those mansions of peace, and joy, where the Father dwelleth; where the Son dwelleth; where the Holy Ghost dwelleth; where the four and twenty elders dwell; where with united heart and voice they sing, "*Unto him that loved us, and washed us in his own blood, &c.*" These were but a part of her expressions.

As this prayer, which was heard in every apartment of the house, was evidently occasioned by great bodily distress, and was the language of an overcoming faith and triumphant hope, it produced impressions upon our minds unusually solemn, that God was present both to afflict and to console. Soon after, she was almost entirely relieved from her distress, and slept quietly till morning.

Monday—She lay in a weak and languishing state, having a desire to depart. It appeared from her occasional remarks, and quotations from Scripture, that her thoughts were directed with interest to divine subjects, particularly to the doctrine of the resurrection. Several time, during her sickness, she repeated the verse,

> "Corruption, earth, and worms
> Shall but refine this flesh,
> Till my triumphant spirit comes
> To put it on afresh."

About one o'clock P. M. she roused from a slumbering state, and appeared to have an unusual degree of vigor, both of body and mind. She requested me to read to her from the Word of God. I told her, she doubtless recollected the rich provision for passing Jordan, which Mrs. Graham made, and that I would read those extracts from Scripture, which are contained in her life. She was pleased with the proposal; and as I read and paused at short intervals, she made many short but striking comments upon the passages read. Her remarks at this time, were indicative of a mind exquisitely alive to perceive the moral beauty, and to feel the supreme importance, of divine truth. Those passages which most clearly brought to view the atoning sacrifice for sin, by the blood of Christ, attracted her attention with the deepest interest. She regarded them as the foundation stones of that building, in which she had taken refuge and in which she could quietly rest, even in view of the great day of the wrath of the Lamb.

In the course of this reading and conversation, which continued some hours, "We all are, I think," said she, "deficient in our thanksgiving to God, in not particularly remembering those exhibitions of his character, which were made in his devising and commencing the wonderful plan of redemption. We appear to regard it as a thing of course, and to have our thoughts occupied mainly with *the consequences of the plan*." From her remarks on this subject, it would seem, that in her reflections she carried her mind back to that awfully interesting period, when God displayed his justice in the everlasting destruction of the fallen angels, and then started the question, What shall be done to the rebellious race of man? The proceedings of Jehovah at that time ought to be particularly remembered, she thought, in our seasons of praise and thanksgiving. She repeatedly requested us to sing.

After I had read nearly all the extracts from Scripture, which Mrs. Graham made, Mrs. Poor observed, "Brethren, do again examine me. For is it not possible that I may be under a mistake? I wish you to repeat what you consider real evidences of grace, or proper qualifications for heaven." As she and I had recently read Dr. Dwight's Sermons on the evidences of regeneration, I followed nearly his order, in bringing to her view the evidences she wished to hear stated. As they were proposed to her one by one, she with great discrimination, as in the light of eternity, and tremblingly alive to the danger of being deceived, applied them to herself, and drew the conclusion, often with confidence, in her own favor. The following is a specimen of the manner in which she treated this subject:—

"Love to the brethren," said I, "is another evidence much insisted on by the inspired writers." "Here," said she, "I must think. I cannot say, that I have loved *all* who are in reality the disciples of Christ. I can conceive that the image of Christ may often be obscured in a real Christian; or owing, it may be, to some fault in us, perhaps for the want of proper knowledge or intercourse, we may not clearly see the image which really exists. But examining myself on this point, I can with confidence say, that I have considered the saints to be *the excellent of the earth;* and that in them has been all my delight; and that those in whom I have seen the brightest evidences of piety, have been the friends dearest to my heart."

I then asked her, whether she could adopt the language of the Psalmist, *Whom have I in heaven but thee, &c.* "Here," said she, "I cannot doubt." She then repeated those words in the form of an address, or rather as an appeal to God. It may be considered some proof of her sincerity to observe, that several times during her sickness, when perfectly quiet, both in body and mind, she observed, "Much as I have loved, and do still love, my dear husband and children, I wish to remain with them no longer." As I was removing her from one bed to another, she gave me a kiss, and observed with an affectionate but solemn tone of voice, "I wish to be in your arms no more, but to rest in the arms of my Savior." Her mind often turned with much interest to the subject of our being reunited in the worship and service of God above.

After remaining quiet for a short time, she said, "I have a great degree of calmness and peace of mind, but no ecstacies. Did he promise to give ecstacies in this hour? I feel that I am near heaven." She many times observed, with expressions of gratitude, that God had abundantly answered the many prayers which had been offered on her account; that he had relieved her from her bodily distress; and had given her joy and peace in believing.

In the evening, George Kock, a young man from Jaffna, who had formerly resided in the family for some years, came to see Mrs. Poor. She gave him her hand, and expressed some pleasure on seeing him. He said, that he wished to improve the opportunity of expressing his obligations to her, for all she did for him while residing in the family; and said that he now indulged the hope, that he knew something of the preciousness of that Savior whom she so often and earnestly urged him to seek. She then exhorted him to beware of self-deception—to be watchful, humble, and persevering. When he expressed his many obligations to her, she replied, "If you think you owe me any thing, pay it to the heathen;" and then said, with more emphasis, "If any think they owe me any thing, let them pay it to the heathen."

Between nine and ten o'clock, both Mrs. P. and all present, thought she was about to depart. Her whole deportment was that of a person held between this and the heavenly state. "Last Sabbath," she observed, (meaning the Sabbath preceding the last, when the first fruits from the heathen in this place were received into the church,) "With desire I desired to eat the passover once more, and God permitted me to do it. I thought it would be the last time. I wish now to have a glass of wine with you, and to take my leave of you all." As she repeatedly made this request, we improved the first favorable opportunity. The brethren and sisters present, being seven in number, besides myself, stood around her bed, and brother Richards invoked a blessing. Being then raised up, by several persons, she took the glass, and said, "This wine, emblematical of that blood which was shed for the remission of sins, even my sins, I now share with you for the last time, till we meet in our Father's kingdom." After her, each of the brethren and sisters drank, and exchanged with her the parting kiss. As she embraced us, she invoked a blessing upon each, or made some pertinent remark by way of exhortation. Perceiving that she was failing, we were obliged to hasten. Her last words at this time, and which we thought would be the last she would utter, were "thanks for all,—thanks for all." She then lay for some time unable to speak. Soon after she revived a little, and it being between twelve and one o'clock, most of the company retired to rest. Mrs. Poor became more wakeful, and was much inclined to converse. Her conversation and whole deportment were unusually interesting. On seeing some one eating grapes, she asked, whether she might be permitted to taste one. A cluster was then brought, from which she took some. "Do you know," we inquired, "of what you should be reminded by these clusters?" "O yes," she replied, nodding her head and smiling. "Well of what?" said Mr. Richards. After a short pause, she said, "May the Lord give you the spirit of Caleb and Joshua. It is your business to search out the goodly land, to bring back the clusters, to hold them up to the view of the people, and allure them forward to Canaan." "And so give them a taste for the fruit?" "That you can't do," said she, "that is God's work."

This question concerning the grapes, was asked in reference to the habit of mind, which in a remarkable manner attended her during her sickness, of making use of the objects around her to bring to remembrance divine truths. The following are specimens of this.

On being raised up in the night to take medicine in front of a window which was open, "Surely, said she, with much solemnity, "there is outer darkness, but I think I shall not dwell there." On seeing the dry leaves fall from a tree near the house, "That tree, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, shall never wither." She was greatly delighted with the frequent small showers of rain that fell, as she felt confident that the Lord, ere long, would come in like manner, by his Spirit. On hearing a dog howl in the night, as she lay apparently asleep, "Without," said she, "are dogs, and sorcerers," &c. On bathing her feet in water, "Soon I shall bathe in the pure fountain." On drinking water, "Shortly, I shall not need this,—there will be in me a well of water springing up into everlasting life." At another time, "He giveth the water of life." Many times, on receiving wine, or other drink, "These are not the cordials that I shall soon have." "He will give me more refreshing cordials," &c. Allusions of this nature were numerous.

I had no desire for sleep, but sat with her during the night. She slept at short intervals. Her mind, when she was awake, was very active, both on temporal and spiritual subjects. She conversed with great particularity respecting persons and things, and gave many directions on various subjects. "I think," said she, "I ought to do every thing I possibly can do, that may, in any way, tend to promote friendship—the welfare of the mission,—or the future comfort of my dear husband." She whispered several things to me relative to the state of my affairs, after her departure. Several times during the night, after settling some small matters, she composed herself to rest, saying, "That is all. I have now done with this world; I have done with it. I have nothing more to say." But after laying a few moments, "I have one other thought. I have one or two things more which I must mention, then I have done." Thus she continued speaking on a variety of subjects, during the greater part of the night. Once, on waking, she repeated the verse,

"This life's a dream, an empty show," &c.

and then added, "I am now *dreaming*, but soon I shall see realities."

About four o'clock, (Tuesday,) her pulse nearly ceased to beat, and we were again alarmed. A few hours after, being a little revived, she expressed some surprise on finding herself here on earth, with a prospect of continuing even another day. She referred to the parting embrace she gave us the preceding evening, and observed, "I thought life would go out, before I could take leave of all."

At morning prayers, we sung the hymn founded on the words of Simeon, *Now lettest thou thy servant depart*, &c. She joined in singing a part of several verses. As I sat by her bed side, and was not careful to suppress the rising tear, she gave me a look of surprise, and said, "But will you faint now? Having witnessed how bountifully the Lord has dealt with me, and having yourself experienced such a special support!" She then observed to brother Richards, that as I had had no sleep during the night, my nerves were weak, and that I needed some refreshment, which she requested me to take. She appeared so deeply to feel that her services were no longer necessary, either for the station or for her family, and she had such confidence that God would supply every deficiency, that she thought the occasion called only for thanksgiving and praise. She continued better through the day, and we began to indulge hopes of her recovery. I think she observed to me, "The Lord continues my life a little, that I may arrange some affairs which will contribute to your comfort." At another time, referring to the same subject, "Hezekiah had fifteen years added to his life, that he might settle the affairs of his kingdom. Perhaps fifteen days will be added to my life, that I may settle my small affairs." She continued quiet through the night, and the physicians were active in the use of means, with increasing hopes of her restoration.

On Wednesday morning she requested us to read the 116th Psalm, as being expressive of her feelings in view of God's dealings with her. "I can say," said she, "that in reference to my sufferings on Sabbath eve, and at some other seasons, the pains of hell got hold upon me; but the Lord was very gracious to my soul." As she appeared to be better, most of the brethren and sisters left us. At one o'clock, it being our stated season for prayer, she requested us to read some of the predictions relative to the rising glory of the church; saying, that her thoughts had been much turned to that subject. We read the 60th chapter of Isaiah, in which she appeared to be deeply interested.

In the afternoon, she was very weak,—her mind a little disturbed. Some indications of delirium excited our fears. She, however, had a quiet night, and was in a happy state of mind, though she said but little.

On Thursday morning, her mind was again turned, with deep interest, to the promises relative to the church. We read, at her request, the 52nd chapter of Isaiah, and sung the 23d Psalm, L. M. But little alteration appeared in her case during the day. At night she was very restless, and most of the time exercised with acute pain.

Friday morning I was waked from sleep by her singing. Perceiving something peculiar in her voice and manner, I rose up hastily, and was deeply affected on learning that her singing was the effect of delirium. About nine o'clock she was relieved from her distress, and was in a most joyful state of mind. The very name of Jesus was truly transporting to her soul. He was indeed in her view *the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.* She requested me to read some hymns to her, and directed me to those beginning with the following lines, and some others.

God, my Redeemer lives, &c.
Father, I long, I faint to see, &c.
He lives, the great Redeemer lives, &c.
My God, my life, my love, &c.
My God, my portion, and my all, &c.

Afterward she fell into a drowsy state, and thus continued, through the day.

On Saturday morning she had some alarming symptoms. But as she was free from pain, and had a little strength, she set about settling some small affairs, agreeably to the directions she gave when she thought herself departing. During her sickness, a silver urn, designed for a sacramental vessel, was brought home in an unfinished state. She called for that, and gave particular directions how she would have it finished. She then told what had induced her to set apart money to purchase such an article. "I have often thought," said she, "that if we could furnish our own tables as we do, it is wrong that the table of the Lord should appear so mean. I wished to have it furnished in a manner suitable for the King. I hope he will not despise my offering." The price of the urn will be about twenty five dollars. She expressed a wish to attend to several other matters, particularly to explain some things relative to the accounts of the family and station, that her books might appear fair and intelligible; but her want of strength would not permit her to do more till Monday.

P. M. "To-morrow," said she, "will be the Sabbath; you must now leave me, and prepare to meet the people. See that you provide for them things new and old." During the night, she was in some respects more unwell. Toward morning she had some peculiarly elevated views of divine things. It was a source of uneasiness to her, that she could not keep herself fully awake, to enjoy these heavenly views, which, without any effort on her part, appeared to break in upon the soul. She spoke with much animation of its being a joyful Sabbath, that it very aptly represented that everlasting Sabbath of rest, which she expected to enjoy in the New Jerusalem. Her mind was much directed to the state of the mission, and to the peculiar duties of the brethren and sisters as missionaries. "Though I feel myself," said she, "to be a weak woman, I have strong desires to speak freely with the brethren on the importance of diligence and fidelity in the service of Christ among the heathen. I can now lay aside every feeling of restraint, and say all that is in my heart."

She spoke freely with those who were present, and expressed a wish to see others who were absent. The substance of her conversation was to point out in what manner she thought the different talents of individuals might be improved to the best advantage in the mission,—and in what respect she thought we were in danger of not doing all that might be done.

As our arrangements had been unexpectedly made for brother Spaulding to preach in the church, I thought to spend the day with Mrs. Poor. But after the conversation to which I have referred, "I think," said she, "that no one who has a heart and tongue to speak for Christ, should be idle on the Sabbath, and I cannot consent to your remaining at home with me." Perceiving how she felt on the subject, I went out and preached from house to house. On my return, between twelve and one o'clock, she inquired with much earnestness, "Have you preached the word in faith? You can have no success without faith." She made similar observations to brother Spaulding when he came from the church. She then told me how great her joys had been;—that she never had such a Sabbath before. "I can say with brother Warren, I have had as great joys as this weak frame could endure. I can now understand what Brainerd means by his strong expressions of devotion to God in all circumstances, whether in life or death." Soon after she said, "I wish you this afternoon to take a pen and ink, and I will dictate a few lines to my dear Harriet,* that she may know how bountifully the Lord hath dealt with me at the last, in this dark land." Some time before this she observed, "Draw near, ye that fear the Lord, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." She several times spoke of two bright views, which she had in the forenoon, and which she wished me to relate. At this time, i. e. on Sabbath noon, our hopes of her recovery were stronger than they had been for nine days previously. The tone of her stomach, the disordered state of which had been one principal cause of her sufferings, was so far restored to its natural state, that she ate with good relish a piece of roasted mutton.

I am here reminded of some observations she made after we began to indulge more favorable hopes concerning her. "I think," said she "I may have occasion to say *Benoni*, before I depart; and the Lord appears to be saying, "Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee." (See Gen. xxxv. 18, and 1 Kings xix. 4—8.)

As brother Richards was about to take leave of us, some unfavorable symptoms appeared in Mrs. P.'s case. It was soon evident that our fears were well founded. Such was the nature of her case, that we were obliged to consider her present symptoms a sure prelude to a speedy departure. On being told, that she could expect to continue but a few hours, it was evident the information afforded her much pleasure. She appeared to gird on anew the *armor of God*, and to put herself in a waiting posture for the coming of her Lord. At intervals she conversed with freedom. In her observations she manifested a great degree of tenderness and affection for those around her. When speaking with me of the many worldly cares in which I might be involved after her decease, she quieted herself by saying, "But I think you will not be called to leave the preaching of the Gospel to serve tables. The Lord will, I trust, raise up some *deacon* to relieve you." As she had made it one principal object of her life, to stand between me and those cares which did not immediately relate to giving instruction to the people, she well knew how great was the burden which would devolve upon me in consequence of her departure. The success of the Gospel among the heathen was a subject which continued to engage her attention with much interest. She several times observed, that as she had something further to say, which might affect our mission, she hoped to continue another day. She expressed a wish to see the brethren and sisters once more, especially some of those who had not been able to be with her during her sickness. Her whole appearance was very different from what it had been before on such occasions.

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* Mrs. Putnam, wife of Rev. J. W. Putnam of Portsmouth. This lady died in the triumph of Christian faith, in the summer of 1832.

About nine o'clock, the brethren, Scudder and Winslow, came. Between one and two o'clock on Monday morn, after Mrs. Poor had slept a short time, we made several unsuccessful attempts to arouse her. From her manner of breathing, we thought she must soon sleep the sleep of death. After we succeeded in awaking her, she appeared to have something of great importance to communicate to to us. She spoke, as nearly as can be recollected, in the following manner :—" Brother Richards, you have been very near the eternal world; but not so near as I have. I know things which none of you know. I *do* think I shall not depart till I have been permitted to relate what I have seen. Mr. Tennent was permitted to do this. The Apostle Paul also; whether in the body or out, I know not. Who are present to be the witnesses of what I relate?" She then requested us to call over the names of those present. She at the same time noticed how many there were, and wished to know who of our number were absent. It appeared from some of her remarks at this time, that her mind was in a wandering state. When however, she was by any means diverted from this subject, she would immediately return to it again with interest. She several times, requested, that we would bring a pen and ink; but we assured her we could well remember all she had to say. After speaking for sometime on the subject in an incoherent manner, respecting some things before mentioned, she observed with much emphasis,—" but I must go on to relate :—and first, there *is* an immortal state." She repeated this several times; but appearing to find it extremely difficult to confine her thoughts on any subject, she soon fell asleep.

A few hours after this she was more wakeful, more restless in body, and less in possession of her reason. She had, however, several short seasons of quietude, in which she expressed her confidence in Christ, and requested to join with us in prayer.

As we stood watching her symptoms,—" a steward, "said she, " should be just in small matters, as well in those of more importance." She then called for some cloth which had been recently purchased, and told what part she had charged to the boarding school, and what to the family. She also made a present of cloth to a native female servant, who had faithfully attended her in her sickness.

As she lay quietly upon her bed, she suddenly exclaimed, " The tempter is here! I feel that he is here!" I told her we would unite in prayer, and that he would flee at the name of Jesus. Many times during her sickness she spoke of the importance of praying against the intrusion of the tempter; not that she feared being overcome by him; but because he suggested sinful thoughts to her mind.

While we were engaged in prayer at this time, she broke out with a triumphant tone of voice, " Glory be to God the Father,—to God —the Father,—to God the Holy Ghost!" She then lay quiet for some minutes and said again, " the tempter is here!" We again united in prayer, but soon found, that she was unable to speak or to hear what we said to her. She breathed shorter and shorter, and in the course of fifteen minutes quietly fell asleep in Jesus. This event took place on the 7th of May, a few minutes before seven o'clock, A. M.

At six o'clock in the evening we interred her remains in a spot of ground near the church. The missionaries in the district, who had assembled at Batticotta to observe the monthly prayer meeting, were present at the funeral. On the following Monday evening, brother Chater preached an occasional sermon at Jaffna, in the Wesleyan Chapel, from Psalm cxvi, 15. *Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.*

From the Missionary Herald, Vol. 18.—1822.

MRS. ELIZABETH DOLSON.

Elizabeth Ridley, (this was her maiden name) was born of respectable parents in Detroit, 1st of January 1785. Her father was an English merchant, but dying when Elizabeth was young, the care of her education devolved on her mother, who being a member of the Roman Catholic Church, took much pains to have the mind of her daughter early imbued with the tenets of that church. At this period, and for a long time after, the inhabitants of the Detroit country (then principally French) had no means of religious instruction, except from the Romish clergy, who had taken very little pains to cultivate even the lower branches of literature among the people of their charge. The consequence was that great ignorance prevailed, so that very few of the common people knew any thing about reading. A happy exception it was Elizabeth's good fortune to enjoy, for she was taught to read, and the fluency which she acquired in reading the French marked her superior genius, and which with other circumstances of improvement, shewed her possessed of a capacity beyond the ordinary children of her age.

She remained in the belief and practice of all the tenets of the Roman Catholic religion till the age of fifteen, when she was married to John Dolson, Esq. and settled on the river Thames, where she spent the remainder of her life. After her marriage she was instructed by her husband to read the English, which gave her access to the Bible; and in which she took much delight. As she read the word of God she compared with it the articles of her faith, and was surprised to find that the bible seemed to condemn some of them.

As she took a deliberate and leisurely review of the articles of her faith, she became more and more convinced that some of them were inconsistent with the word of God, and with sound reason. The first of which she doubted was the practice of praying to saints and angels. These she thought are created beings as well as ourselves, and are principally employed around the throne of God. Their knowledge therefore must be principally of a heavenly nature. How then shall I know that any of them are acquainted with my wants. If, indeed, God please to send them to minister to his saints on earth, how shall I know which of them to pray to, unless I may know which of them is commissioned to minister unto me? but this is no where revealed! but if I knew this, is it not *God alone* " from whom cometh every good and perfect gift," " and there is but one God, and but one mediator between God and men." Thus she thought, and thus she reasoned in her inquiries after the great truths of her salvation.

In the bible she also read this awful prohibition, "thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image,"—"thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them, for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealout God." Exodus xx. 5, 6.

But notwithstanding the discovery of these errors in her church of praying to saints and angels, and bowing down to images, yet she had no idea of leaving the communion in which she had been raised, for she had strong prejudices against every system but the Roman Catholic. Such was the sanctity which she attached to the *name* that she thought every thing else in religion must be wrong; not considering that it was *truth*, and not the outward appearance or name that unfolds the kingdom of Christ to the believer. Indeed, when the *force* of education is considered, this is not to be wondered at.—Even the apostles of our Lord were so prepossessed in favor of the errors prevailing among the Jews, that Christ's kingdom was to be a temporal one, that it was not till after his resurrection, that they understood that his kingdom cometh not with observation (in outward appearance) but that it would be established in the power of the Spirit, producing "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Mrs. Dolson, however, as yet enjoyed no means by which her prejudices might be removed. For though the settlement on the river Thames was made soon after the American Revolution, and consisted principally of English inhabitants, yet it was more than twenty years before any religious society was formed, and but rarely that the people had the opportunity of hearing a protestant sermon.—The consequence was that a careless indifference about all religion was manifest throughout the settlement, and few if any in the acquaintance of Mrs. Dolson knew any thing of experimental religion. The deep depravity of the heart—and consequently the importance of the new birth—justification by faith in the atonement made by Jesus Christ—a sense of pardon by the witness of the Spirit—the consolations of the Holy Comforter, and victory over sin and the fear of death.—These precious truths and privileges of the gospel she had never heard properly stated and enforced. Doubting many things in the system of her own religion, and being dissatisfied with her own state, she was at times greatly troubled, and related the trials of her mind to her husband, adding, "if I am wrong, I hope God will by some providential event, shew me my errors and the way to amend."

I must here be indulged in a little digression, that the reader may perceive that God is not unmindful of those who sincerely desire to know him, and the way which the great shepherd takes to lead the sincere inquirer to his own fold.

The destitute state of Canada had twenty years before, excited the attention and Christian sympathy, of the New York Conference, and missionaries had been sent out by Bishop Asbury into almost all the settlements in the Upper Province; but from its remote and isulated situation (being nearly eight hundred miles from New York, and separated by a wilderness from any other settlement) this part of the country remained unsupplied, though for years several of our preachers had felt the spiritual interest of this people deeply impressed on their minds. At length, such was the concern felt by a Methodist preacher for the salvation of these people, that in the spring of 1809* he wrote Bishop Asbury on the state of the country, and offered his services at the ensuing conference. Accordingly, at the New York conference in May, he was appointed as a missionary to the Detroit country. He arrived on this river in July 1809. At first he had little hopes of success, for in traveling through the settlements he found that great ignorance of the nature of religion pervaded all ranks, and in some places the greatest immoralities were practised. A view of these things afforded but a gloomy prospect, and the heart of the missionary was greatly affected with the moral condition of the people. Prejudices too had been formed by various false reports unfavorable to the methodists, so that in the commencement he had no small difficulties to encounter. But by a patient perseverance in duty, and by a conciliatory address, prejudices gave way, and the friendship and affection of the people generally were gained. Mrs. Dolson, however, with some others, remained prejudiced against the methodists, and she supposed it wrong (from the reports she had heard) to shew them any countenance. At length she was prevailed upon to hear for herself. The doctrine of the preacher she could not but assent to: it was the language of scripture, and the advice was suited to her case. From this time her prejudices gave way, she became more and more alarmed at her sinfulness. Her awakened mind now felt the importance of this question, and the inquiry became her own, "what shall I do to be saved?" this question was soon solved, Jesus Christ was set forth as the only mediator, and as one altogether willing and able to save to the uttermost. Having given up the mediation of saints and angels, she now began earnestly to pray to God for his mercy through Jesus Christ who died for sinners. She did not long mourn for him who was waiting to be gracious. She was soon enabled to cast her burden on the Lord. In his all sufficiency to save from guilt and sin, she found that "peace which is like a river," and her joy in the Holy Ghost became unspeakable. Thus, notwithstanding the strong prejudices she had imbibed, the impressions which the first discourse made upon her mind were lasting and led to a happy conversion.

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* This writer is under a mistake in respect to the time when this settlement was first visited by a Methodist missionary. In 1805, four years previous to the time when the missionary above referred to went there, a Methodist preacher under the sanction of Bishop Asbury, volunteered his services, and actually visited that settlement; and he continued with them about four months, faithfully preaching in every town and neighborhood where the English language was spoken and with no little satisfaction to himself and profit to the people.—*Editor of Meth. Magazine.*

She now remembered her former desire and prayer that God would show her all her errors, and lead her into the way of truth. She believed her petitions were answered, and that her heavenly father would now guide her in a scriptural and consistent way of serving Him. After her conversion the bible became her closet companion, and she read the blessed truths of her salvation with tears of gratitude and joy.

The change which was wrought on the mind of Mrs. Dolson was remarkably manifest in her whole deportment. Her conscientious observance of all the duties of religion—the advances she made in christian experience, as well as the Christian benevolence she always shewed towards the poor and the suffering, were highly creditable to religion, and tended much to establish and confirm the truths of the gospel among her neighbors and friends. After her conversion she began to prove the truth of our Savior's words to his disciples, " in the world ye shall have tribulation," but she endured as seeing him who is invisible, and at last overcame with a triumphant victory.

Soon after her conversion, she wrote to her priest the reasons of her change, and requested a formal dismission from the church. This she never obtained; but it produced considerable excitement among some of her Roman Catholic friends, especially after she became a member of the Methodist church. The part she had taken in " changing her religion," as they termed it, roused their displeasure, and very considerably influenced their conduct towards her. This new and unexpected scene was the cause of much grief and trial to her mind. Being a person of amiable disposition and agreeable manners, she had been always greatly esteemed and caressed by her friends; but now their countenances and words were changed and the treatment she received was the occasion of many tears. The opposition which was shewn her, however, was not altogether from her Romish friends. Whether in Papist or in Protestant the *carnal mind is enmity*, as other endeavors were made not only to destroy her influence in religion generally, but they even endeavored to lessen her in the estimation of her affectionate husband. Happy indeed for the peace of the family, this artful device proved unsuccessful. He perceived the grounds of their wicked devices, and he repelled with suitable indignation their malicious insinuations. These painful circumstances, instead of discouraging, seemed to strengthen her resolution. She saw with deep concern the influence which bigotry has over the benighted mind, and she fled with horror from the spirit of violence to the religion of Jesus, whose kingdom is righteousness and peace. The more opposition raged against her, the more she was invigorated to pursue the blessed cause she had espoused; and she has often since remarked that some of the sweetest moments in her religious experience were in the midst of this opposition and abuse. Being persecuted for righteousness' sake, she could flee for support to the promises. " If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you: on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified." 1 Peter iv. 14. The society to which Mrs. Dolson had united herself, as yet, was but small and by some few who appeared to desire its downfall, it became an object of ridicule and even of prophecy. It was confidently predicted that the methodists there would, like a morning cloud, soon pass away. But acting from principle, she was not discouraged by such predictions; she took no anxious thought for the morrow, trusting that he who had begun this good work would not suffer his people to be confounded, but would carry it on to the day of Jesus Christ. The more positively it was asserted that the society would fall, the more ardently did they beseech God for its prosperity and extension. And she lived to witness the gospel spreading its delightful influence on the Thames and neighboring settlements. The spirit of prayer and supplication, and of awakening, was poured out on the people; many were added to the society, and walking in the fear of the Lord, and the comforts of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied.

In April, 1818, a pulmonary consumption, of which she died, began to produce its symptoms. It was soon found to be too deeply seated to be removed. But though feeble she still attended the sick and the place of worship. This she continued to do till July, when she was confined to her house. Having derived much spiritual comfort from the public ministry of the word, and being greatly united in affection to the society, it was not without a struggle in her mind, that she could deny herself the privilege of meeting with her brethren for the worship of God.—The last time she met with them, she seemed confident she should enjoy their society no more in that place, and the parting was with much weeping. Their union having been formed in Christ—the sacrifices which she had made for the sake of christian society, together with the crosses they had borne together for the sake of Christ, had very much endeared them to each other, so that the parting was both painful and afflicting. During her confinement she was placed in circumstances calculated further to prove the solidity of her christian experience. It was the divine pleasure that she should enter the kingdom through much tribulation. She suffered considerably from the nature of her complaint; and at times, in mind by powerful temptations. But as often as she was assaulted, she called on God in prayer, when he was pleased powerfully to deliver her mind, by which blessed manifestations of love her faith was strengthened, and her consolations increased in sweet and heavenly foretastes of everlasting joys to come.

In these hours of conflict, her knowledge of the holy scriptures was of unspeakable satisfaction to her mind. In this sacred volume she found inexhaustible sources of truth suited to her every circumstance of warfare and conquest—of affliction and comfort—of life, death and immortality. At one time while in much pain she was disappointed that some christian friends did not visit her as she was expecting, and being very weak, she was tempted to think that they neglected or had forgotten her, on which account she became uneasy and wept considerably. At length these words were applied with great sweetness to her, "cast all your care on him, for *he* careth for you." She called for the bible, and when the words were found and read, she was greatly comforted. Her mind was much employed in meditating on the truths of the gospel, and she would sometimes sweetly expatiate on the peculiar care which God in his providence had shewn towards her from her infancy. Various instances she mentioned as that of his protection in dangers—that of her happy marriage and other providences which led to, and were made the means of her conversion: sometimes while in much pain, she would exclaim, "what should I now do if it were not for the blessed promises of the gospel."

While Mrs. Dolson was in health, she was attentive to the ordinances of the gospel; she could not understand how professors could expect to advance in the knowledge of Christ without attending to his plain commands. So when she became too feeble to attend the usual meetings, by request of her husband, meetings were held in her room. The writer frequently attended, and at times administered to her the Lord's Supper. On these occasions she was much affected at the remembrance of her Savior's sufferings, and gratitude and love seemed frequently and fervently to flow from both heart and tongue.

After suffering in her complaint for near sixteen months, the symptoms of approaching death began to appear, and failing fast, her pious friends began to be apprehensive that she might not have strength in her last moments to bear a testimony to the power of religion. They therefore united in prayer to the God of all grace, beseeching that for the honor of his cause, he would grant to his dying handmaid, the use of her reason and strength to declare his loving kindness in death. Accordingly a little before she expired, she revived as from the shades of death, and spoke in such an impressive and melting manner as greatly affected all who were present. After a weighty charge to her friends, then to her family, she added, "I have not served God for nought. He is faithful to his promises; and now I do not repent any sacrifice I have made for him and his service." Having thus finished her last advice to her friends, she desired for the last time to commemorate, in the Holy communion, the sufferings of her Savior. Her minister attended on the occasion, but she was so much exhausted by her late exhortations, that some time passed before she recovered strength to receive the sacramental bread. After performing this service, her husband came near, and she very gratefully acknowledged the kind attention which he had always shewn her; as their union had been marked by extraordinary attachment, so the last parting was extremely affecting, being rendered more so by these expressions of grateful endearment in a dying partner. She enjoyed her reason for the few remaining minutes of her life, and she spent them in mingled expressions of prayer and praise, frequently repeating these words, "blessed Jesus! blessed Jesus!" Her last words were "come, Lord Jesus, come!" and ceased to breathe the 26th of August, 1819.

Thus lived, and thus died our beloved sister, Elizabeth Dolson, an ornament to the christian character. Her death was a loss to the church, especially in her neighborhood. But

"Hosanna to Jesus on high,
  Another has enter'd his rest;
Another has 'scap'd to the sky,
  And lodged in Immanuel's breast.
The soul of our sister is gone,
  To heighten the triumphs above;
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
  And clasp'd in the arms of his love."

Many were her excellencies, but those which are an example to her sex, should not be forgotten.

Her conversation, though familiar, was conducted with reserve. She considered it a crime to remain in company where slander was served up for the entertainment of the guest, and though pleasant, her words shewed that her sentiments were formed before they were expressed. In the economy of her house she was also a valuable pattern. As *contentment* and *peace* were her companions in her domestic circle, so she seldom left it without a call from duty. Employing her time in the care of her family, instances of industry and economy were seen in every department of her house. Thus happily avoiding that confusion, for "want of time" of which the indolent and frequent visitor is heard to complain. By diligence in business also she redeemed the more time for purposes of religion, as that of visiting and ministering to the sick of her neighborhood, as well as attending the common and special means of grace. In a word it might be said of her, "she layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Give her of the fruits of her hands; and let her own works praise her in her gates." Prov. xxxi.

From the Methodist Magazine, Vol. 4.—1820.

MRS. SALLY AGARD.

SALLY AGARD was the daughter of John and Lowly Stone, of Litchfield, Connecticut, and was born Sept. 25, 1785. She was blest with a religious education, and was much respected by her acquaintance. She gave, however, no evidence of religious impressions, which were lasting, until July 1, 1808, when she attended a camp-meeting in Sharon, Connecticut. Though led to this place merely from curiosity, it proved the means of her conversion. The morning after the meeting commenced, she was persuaded by her pious sister to join in a prayer-meeting. Here the Spirit of the Lord so operated upon her heart, that, under a sense of condemnation, she cried aloud to God for mercy, while others were engaged in ardent intercessions at the throne of grace on her behalf. In a few hours her soul was delivered from the burden of guilt, and she was enabled to rejoice in God her Savior. On her return home, she freely declared what God had done for her soul, thus, "with the mouth making confession unto salvation." Soon after she joined the Methodist Church, of which she proved a worthy member.

About this time her health began to decline. She continued steadfast in the faith, and diligent in the use of all the means of grace. At a camp-meeting in Rhinebeck, state of New York, the Lord deepened His work of grace in her heart, so that her joy appeared to be full. From this time she seemed ripening for glory.

In November following, according to a previous engagement, she was married to Mr. Samuel Agard, of Catharine, New York, to which place she was shortly removed. She was now called to exemplify the Christian principles and character, in a new relation of life; and, as her husband did not profess experimental godliness, she had to encounter trials of a new kind; but her trust was in God, to whom she cleaved with full purpose of heart, and was accordingly abundantly supported and comforted. It ought, however, to be observed, that notwithstanding Mr. Agard did not enjoy religion, he manifested a regard for it, and assisted his wife in attending upon the stated ordinances of God; but, in consequence of ill health, and other reasons, she was, in some measure, prevented from enjoying those privileges as often as she wished. She, nevertheles, was faithful in her private devotions, and in discharging the various duties of life. In this she enjoyed consolation.

Feeling much for the moral and eternal state of her unconverted husband, she was excited to pray often for his salvation. She frequently told him, that if any thing made her desire to live, it was to see him happy in the love of God. For this, therefore, she ardently prayed, and her prayers were finally answered.

The disease with which she was afflicted, the consumption, caused her to suffer much pain and distress; but in the midst of all, she evidently increased in faith and love, and was truly a pattern of piety and patience. Her zeal for God, and her activity, as far as her declining health would permit, in His service, made her very useful to society. Though her bodily strength was much exhausted, on Sept. 26, 1811, she, in company with her husband, attended a camp-meeting which was held in the town where they resided. Here she labored hard for the salvation of souls, and great was her faith in God. Some remarkable instances of answers to her prayers were witnessed at this memorable meeting. Among others, I will relate the two following.

A young man of her acquaintance was suddenly convicted of sin, and in anguish of soul, cried to God for help. While in this keen distress, many prayed for him, seemingly to no purpose. In the mean time our departed sister was earnestly engaged in his behalf. She at length arose from her knees, and said, "Brethren, God has given us the victory!" This she repeated three times. In a few moments, the young man himself arose, and declared that God had given him the remission of his sins. The other was her husband; who, on the last morning of the meeting, found him of whom Moses and the prophets did write. Although extremely weak in body, she had wrestled in prayer for him almost the whole night. The Lord answered her importunities, by putting a new song into his mouth, and giving her the participation of his joys. Several others, through her instrumentality, as they have since acknowledged, were powerfully awakened to a sense of their lost condition.

It was now evident that she was fast verging towards the eternal world; and she witnessed the silent approaches of death with the utmost fortitude and calmness, often speaking of her approaching dissolution with Christian composure, in the full hope of a blooming immortality. Death, indeed, had no terrors for her. Her conversation was chiefly concerning religion and heaven. A cheerful solemnity was visible upon her countenance, and sweetened her society to her friends and acquaintance. Holiness was her constant theme. It was her motto. She often said that her time on earth was short. The last love-feast she attended, she observed that she should never attend another. Though her spiritual conflicts were at times severe, and thereby tested the genuineness of her faith, yet she triumphed in God her Savior in the midst of them all.

When suffering great pain and distress, she would sing,

"The more my sufferings here increase,
The greater is my future bliss," &c.

"So be it then, if thou ordain;
Crown all my happy life with pain,
And let me daily die," &c.

For three weeks before her confinement, she declined fast, and on the morning of that day she assisted in preparing breakfast, and then observed it would be the last time she should assist in that work, which proved true; for the day following her friends were alarmed by witnessing the blood issuing from her lungs, which so weakened her as to confine her to the bed. On being asked if she were willing to die, she replied, "O yes!" Her husband asked, if deprived of her speech, what signal she would give to denote her happiness in God, and prospects of glory? She said, "I will raise my finger." Accordingly, a short time before her death, the neighbors being called in to witness her last struggle, being speechless, to their great joy she repeated the signal several times.

Contrary to all expectation, her speech returned; and being in an ecstacy of joy, she exclaimed in rapturous triumph, "O precious Jesus! O glorious Redeemer! O glory to God! I am going home! I am glad I have borne the cross, for now I see a crown of glory reserved for me. O glory! glory! I am going. O Jesus, why do thy chariot wheels delay? He is coming! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and receive me to thyself. After a few moments of pause, she broke forth again in lofty strains, giving glory to God. She spoke with an audible voice, frequently clapping her hands, saying, "my joys are inexpressible."

She then desired them to send for a family who denied the power of religion. When they came, she addressed herself to one of them as follows:—"O Susan—Susan—look at me, and prepare to die! I am happy—Glory! glory! glory! I am going to my Jesus!" Those Christian friends who were present, rejoiced from a feeling sense of the presence of God; while unbelievers wept, and acknowledged it must be the power and work of God.

From this time she advanced rapidly towards the termination of her mortal existence; and on Sabbath morning they thought her dead, and accordingly sung, "Happy soul, thy days are ended," &c. But she again revived, and exhorted them all to be faithful. Though they watched her departing breath, and waited to witness the flight of the immortal spirit from its expiring partner, yet she said to them, "I shall not die to-day; but on Thursday I shall finish my work." Accordingly on that evening she closed her eyes in death, and no doubt but her ransomed soul ascended to the regions of the blessed. The text which was used as the foundation of her funeral sermon, will apply to her, it is thought, with great truth—"Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord." She ended her days upon earth in her 29th year.

From the Methodist Magazine, Vol. IV.—1821.

MISS ELIZABETH PECK.

The following short account of the conversion of Miss Elizabeth Peck, was written by herself.

"I was born in the town of Danbury, Conn. July 22, 1792. When I was two years of age, my parents removed to the town of Middlefield, Otsego county, N. Y. where I spent about twenty years of my life. Here I wasted the morning of life, and experienced the decay of youthful vigor, through a lingering sickness. My parents were religious and brought up their children strictly moral, teaching them to attend public worship at least once a week, which was the means, under God, of so enlightening my understanding, that since my first remembrance I have been followed with serious impressions relative to a future state. Soon did I learn that my happiness hereafter depended on the right use of the means of grace put into my hands. I was therefore induced to form many resolutions to become pious, but would soon find my resolutions not sufficiently grounded, to withstand the allurements of the world and the vanity of my youthful mind. For being fond of gay company and amusements, my heart was often betrayed into sin, which in my moments of reflection caused me to lament the depravity of my heart, and the inconstancy of my zeal for the salvation of my soul. At the age of sixteen I joined a singing school. As I possessed a tolerable voice and a great taste for music, I made considerable proficiency. But though the diversion in itself was innocent and improving, the general spirit of the company which it introduced me into, was such as served to draw my mind from serious things. But blessed be God for his awakening mercy, which pursued me closely, and sometimes in dreams and visions of the night. One of which cannot be easily erased from my memory. I thought that one of my companions at school was taken sick with the typhus fever, and I with several others went to visit him. We found him just expiring in the most frightful appearance, and in all the horrors of a guilty conscience. This awful scene so alarmed me that I awoke. The sensation was so strongly impressed upon my mind, that I thought I had taken the fever from him, and so fancied myself sick. This, with conviction for my past disobedience rolling upon me, so depressed my spirits that I left school. And so it fell out, even as I dreamed. In a few days poor J. C. was violently seized with the typhus fever, which in about two weeks terminated in his death. A few days before which, I was called to go with some friends to see him, I started in haste not thinking of my dream until I opened the door. When in an instant all the affair was opened to my mind. I looked around and saw every circumstance exactly as I dreamed. The weeping friends with the departing son bereft of his reason, and without hope in Christ. My feelings were now harrowed up anew. I also took the fever, and soon became sick in reality. Means however were blessed so that the fever found a crisis before it run to its common height. But oh! how can I paint the anxiety of my mind. It far exceeded my bodily distress. The desperate case of the young man was constantly before me. I fancied I could see his dreadful situation and hear him upbraid me in language like this: 'You have Christian parents and every spiritual advantage, but alas! how striking the contrast between us! I have been early taught to make a jest of religion, and break the commands of God. Why did you not tell me better?' I was now brought into a strait. I strove to look to God for pardoning mercy; but such crowds of temptations pressed me on every hand, that I was almost prevented raising one desire to heaven. In this state of mind I continued for several months. A certain passage of scripture lay with much weight upon my mind. 'For which of you intending to build a tower sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost whether he be able to finish it.' These words were opened, and set home to my heart. I thought that a tower must cost much labor, and it would be necessary to collect a sufficient quantity of materials fit for the purpose, and then to choose a good situation on a firm foundation. The application was obvious. I found that my mind was carnal and sold under sin. A great work lay before me, and until it was accomplished, I should be exposed to destruction from the incursions of my enemies. In short, that I must have an interest in Christ, to the expense of all my pride and self-righteousness—That I must be careful to build on the sure foundation, or the winds and the floods would prove destruction, and all my labor be in vain. Thus did I try to count the cost. In retrospecting my life I found that it had been filled up with disappointment, and that my master whom I had served, had but ill paid me for all my toil and pain. At length I learned that a Camp-meeting was to be held in the town of Munden about ten miles distant. I had heard much of such meetings, though never witnessed any for myself. It appeared to me that I ought to attend—that if I did it was probable that I should see or hear something that would prove a consolation to my mind. Accordingly I attended; and found the order of the meeting good. The preaching and praying came like thunder to my soul; and instead of wearing away the disease, seemed to make it still more burdensome and afflictive, until I concluded that it was high time wholly to lay down the weapons of my rebellion, and venture upon Christ, the rock of my salvation. Although this seemed exceedingly difficult, yet as nothing short could possibly save me from the rage of a guilty conscience and the wrath of God—trembling, sick and wounded as I was, being slain by the law and every way cut off—resolving if I must perish to perish at the feet of a crucified Savior, I plead: Gracious Heaven! permit me, even me to approach thee. And in this critical period, when my heart labored under a load intolerable to be borne, between hope and fear, I raised my feeble heart if happily I might see Jesus with a token of peace. And Oh! who can tell the joy of my heart when suddenly I viewed him by faith swaying the golden sceptre within my reach. Instead of finding him at so great a distance as I imagined, I found him near at hand, speaking peace to my soul; saying, go in peace and sin no more. Glory to God for redeeming goodness. My soul exults in the recollection of that triumphant hour, when my sorrow was turned into joy.

"Thus I continued praying and praising, until it pleased the Lord to manifest his love to me in showing me the frailty of human nature, by visiting me with a lingering fever, the effects of which no doubt will follow me down to the shades of the silent tomb. This affliction, I humbly trust, has measurably answered the design of Providence. He who knows my proneness to wander, knows also what would terminate in my good. This state of debility has served to wean my affections from this fading world, and place them on things heavenly and sublime."

The affliction which she mentions was a nervous fever, which left her in a state of debility, and occasioned a weakness of the stomach of which she never found a radical cure. She spent one season at Ballston springs. The use of the water and the warm bath, afforded her much relief, but did not wholly restore her: yet she was generally able to attend to some useful employment, which did not require very great exertions. She did not fail to improve this affliction to the best advantage. Ever after its commencement she let go her hold on the world, and as she ceased to expect happiness from it, so she ceased to conform to its maxims and principles. She lived with a constant reference to the world of spirits. While she enjoyed intimate communion with God, she gave the fullest evidence for several years that she was a subject of sanctifying grace, though her deep humility prevented her making many professions of it. This grace supported her under all the troubles of life, and gave her a pleasing hope of immortality in the hour of death.

The earliest of her letters extant is dated Feb. 2, 1817. In this she observes: "You will please pardon me, my dear brother, if I go on a little farther and inform you, that while I have been reviewing my past reflections, I have not forgotten to apply a share of them to myself.

"I have found by experience that there is no better way for me to live than to be a sincere beggar at the feet of Jesus. To sit in the dust, and if possible, get lower still and learn of Christ, *to be meek and lowly in heart*. I often find my heart impressed with a sense of the danger of an *almost Christian*, and think what a pity it would be to well nigh reach heaven, and for want of a little more faith and good works, to be cast off. Oh! that God would revive his work in my heart, and enable me to be a Christian in the fullest sense of the word. I do thank the Lord for the measure of his Spirit which I have enjoyed of late. But I still feel the want of a more intimate union with God. I sigh in pain for living bread. I long for your prayers day and night, that I may be faithful to the grace already given, and happily meet you with all the Israel of God to praise him to all eternity."

"November, 1817.

"I shall now proceed to inform you of my exercises on the subject of professors of religion viewing the world. I think I never had such inferior views of what is called the riches of the world, as I have at present. I see nothing here worthy of my affections. Every thing I behold preaches loudly to me, saying, 'Be diligent in doing thy work, for ere long thou wilt be called to thy long home.' And considering the adversity through which I am at present and shall continue to be called to pass, I do feel that if it should please God, it would be far better for me to depart, believing that I should certainly rest with the people of God. Oh! for some guardian angel to convey my spirit to a happier clime, while the grave kindly opens to receive my mortal body, until the morning of the resurrection. How gladly would I resign myself to its bosom. But all the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.

"I am yours with much respect, ———"

"Hamilton, Nov. 11, 1818.

"How sweet the intercourse where hearts agree,
Thought meeting thought in perfect harmony;
Whilst here our hearts agree in truth and love,
We share in part the bliss of saints above."

"But I find my trembling hand too weak to paint our former friendship either in verse or prose. And may I not say with propriety that the same is still existing between us, although we are separated at present by many miles. And were it possible for me to exchange this opportunity for verbal intercourse, how quickly would I lay aside my pen and tell you all my heart.

"My mind is constantly employed in making observations as I pass from scene to scene, and I conclude from the whole that it is a matter of the greatest importance that I act up to the dignity of my character as a moral agent, filling up the rounds of duty during my short co-partnership with flesh and blood; and that I consider who hath placed me here, and for what end I am sent into this world of discipline and trial; and whether I have found my particular allotment on this stage, and am acting the rational part, where angels and men and the *Great God*, are my spectators. Ah! what shall I do to secure the favor of the King Eternal? Should we give our goods to feed the poor, or our bodies to be burned, without *charity* we are nothing. It is *love* that unites the soul to God, and induces unfeigned obedience to his law. Oh! for more love to God and man, that I may be enabled to accomplish the business of life, and finish my course in peace.

"We have just received your kind letter, and are all much pleased to hear of your health and the prosperity of Zion. Bless the Lord for what he has done for us as a family. When I reflect upon the goodness of God toward us, I am lost in astonishment, and am ready to fall prostrate at his feet and offer oblations of praise and thanksgiving to God for all his benefits. It is my prayer that God may prosper you—the secret closet, the grove, and the field, witness to my prayers in your behalf. But I forbear lest I should weary your patience with my long story.

Still yours, &c. ———"

Hamilton, October 31, 1819.

"*To Mrs. Mary Peck*,

"I am a soldier enlisted under the *King Eternal*, to fight against the powers of darkness. It is nine years since I have been intrusted with the spiritual weapons of the Christian warfare, in which time I have been enabled to gain many glorious victories to the confusion of the armies of the aliens. And bless the Lord, time is swiftly rolling. And this mudwall cottage being under the pressure of continual disorder, beaten with winds and storms will soon fall and return to the dust. Then I shall have no need of this spiritual armor, but shall rest from my labors. And in the morning of the resurection I humbly trust, that he who has led captivity captive will raise unworthy me to sound an eternal anthem of praise to God for redeeming goodness; where I shall meet my beloved Christian friends and relations with the Israel of God,

"Yours &c. ———"

"Hamilton, May 13, 1821.

"*My dear Brother and Sister*,

"After much anxiety of mind respecting you, we received your letter, which afforded us a degree of consolation, especially to learn from it that your health is improving. Truly health is the greatest earthly blessing heaven is pleased to bestow upon us. From experience I am prepared to condole with those who are deprived of good health. They are unable, without a great deal of grace, to relish the enjoyments of life, or to have correct views of their situation. The spirits becoming depressed, earth wears a gloomy aspect, and the miseries of human life are presented to the mind with their melancholy train of woes, and if not checked in the first stage, it soon terminates in a derangement of the believing faculties and causes us to entertain erroneous views of things. To have just views of myself and the objects around me appears important. I wish not to rate things too high or too low. Either of those errors is attended with embarrassments. I want to be able to say in prosperity and adversity, that "none of these things move me." I desire to be regulated by the gospel rule in all my conduct through life, so that my being on earth prove not in vain to myself, nor a prejudice to others.

"It is a dull time in religion among us, the people are careless about their souls or secure on an *old hope*. There has been a great deal of sickness, and several deaths in our town. But through divine goodness we have escaped with a few accidents, which, no doubt, are hints for us to prepare for *greater events*. Oh! my brother, I feel the need of being like an *evergreen* whose leaves wither not in time of drought or frost. I long to give glory to God for the movings of his Spirit on my heart while I write. I do expect ere long to meet my dear friends in a more delightful country, where our songs of praise will be eternally without interruption.

"I should say much more, but the bearer of this is waiting. I must just remind you that it has been a great while since we have seen you, and we are looking forward to the time of the Conference, hoping then to receive a visit from you. I hope you will not fail.

Yours, &c. ———"

"Hamilton, Nov. 14, 1822.

"*My very dear Brother and Sister,*

"With a trembling hand and heart, I attempt to give you information of the late afflictive Providence in our family, hoping you are prepared by grace to receive the tidings of *sorrow* and *grief*, and yet of *joy* and *gladness*. Death has entered our dwelling!!! Mary, our sister, has just taken her everlasting flight to the skies. We should be glad to have you come and mourn with us, and if possible, comfort us. But I forbear enlargement, and shut up my feelings within my own breast.

Yours, &c. ———"

She spent the forepart of last summer with her brother. During which time, her conduct and conversation afforded sufficient evidence, that she was fast ripening for heaven and immortal happiness. She returned home the first of August. After which it was observed by the family, that she conversed on the subjects of death and eternity, with unusual freedom and interest. The following lines she repeated and sung so frequently, even while about her daily employment, that it was remarked by several not belonging to the family.

"Let this vain world engage no more,
Behold the opening tomb;
Its bids us use the present hour,
To-morrow death may come."

On the death of her sister, (as may be observed in the last letter) her feelings were considerably excited. This letter was written but a few moments after the event happened, while her heart was bleeding with the wound occasioned by the departure of one of her dearest earthly friends. But she soon recollected herself, and became resigned to the will of Providence. When her sister was interred, she fell upon her knees by the side of the grave, and continued [in this posture for some minutes, lifting up her heart to God in silent adoration and praise. But the malignant fever which carried off Mary, continued its ravages in the family. Previous to her being attacked herself, several were brought down to the borders of the grave. She spared no attention or labor. She even seemed to go beyond herself, forgetting the weakness of her constitution. For one of her brothers she felt a peculiar degree of anxiety. When his life was almost wholly despaired of by all, she brought his case to the Lord. She besought God to give him to his parents a little longer, to comfort them in their declining years. Many were the petitions which she offered up to God upon her knees by his bedside. And here it was that she was first seized with the fits of ague, which warned her of an attack of the fever. At first she was almost unwilling to give up, and be seemed lost by this means, as others she thought more needy would be neglected. Though her symptoms were not very alarming till two days before her death, yet she calculated but little upon recovering. Her brother was with her in her sickness, and she informed him that she thought it not probable that she should ever recover. Though such was the state of the family by this time, every one sick (eight in all) the case of some very doubtful, if not quite desperate. Knowing that such intelligence would create great uneasiness in her afflicted friends, which would very much distract her own feelings, besides being an injury to them, she made no such professions openly, but seemed to labor hard to conceal the real state of her case. But this could not be done long. In about eight days after she was taken, her disorder took a very unfavorable turn, inflammation suddenly taking place it was soon dreaded that she must die. As she saw herself hastening to the place appointed for all living, her mind was in perfect peace. If she manifested any anxiety of mind at all, it was on account of the effect that her death would have on her surviving friends. "I have no doubt," said she, "but it will be well with me, and I have never seen a time since I experienced religion, but if I had been called to die, I believe I should have been happy. But I fear that my death with what has already befallen them, will be more than my aged parents will be able to bear." Being inquired of, whether she thought she was about to leave the world, she answered, "Yes; and glory heaves in view." As she continued to fail, and experienced a great difficulty in breathing, she requested one of her friends to "pray that she might have some relief before she died." She soon closed her eyes on all things below the sun, and raised her heart to heaven, her house—her home ; and when she could not articulate a word so as to be heard, she whispered her prayers and praises, and her lips were observed to move until her breath ceased. She died on the 30th Nov. 1822, after walking twelve years in the ways of obedience to her heavenly Master, with but ten days illness, in the 31st year of her age, in hopes of immortality. She fell to rise—she died to live forever.

In the character of our departed sister, we shall, I think, see something worthy of our imitation. She had a strong desire to be useful. And as her employment, some part of every year for several years, was teaching a school, she had an extensive opportunity of teaching the youth, the principles of morality and religion. This opportunity she did not fail to improve, always praying in her school once a day, and giving such advice to her scholars, and imposing such restrictions upon them, as would tend to form their minds to virtue and happiness. She possessed the principles of government in a greater degree than is common, and was very successful in managing the affairs of her school.

In her intercourse with her fellow creatures, she endeavored always to act consistently with the dignity of her profession. She was serious to a degree that commanded respect, and yet her sociability enabled her to make herself agreeable in conversation. Her *counsel* was generally safe, and her reproofs salutary. They were always so seasoned with the pious effusions of her heart, that they rarely failed of a favorable reception. Her pious examples, and her godly admonitions will long be remembered, especially by her family connections.

She prayed *without ceasing*. Nothing prevented her visiting her closet at her stated times. Often she visited it many times in a day. She *watched* over her *spirit*, *words and actions*. By grace she was enabled to *rule* her own *spirit*, and even to conquer herself, which "is better than to take a city." For several years she made it a rule to fast every Friday. This she found a great means of spiritual improvement. She possessed that deep *humility* whose language is,

"Make me little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone."

She labored to shun every appearance of *pride* in her manners and dress. Her *Christian patience* was remarkable. Though for several years she labored under the pressure of bodily infirmities, she never murmured ; but patiently suffered the will of God, in hopes of receiving the promises. Her zeal and Christian diligence, furnished an example to others who were in other respects her superiors. She diligently attended all the means of grace. The house of God was her home ; in it she took great delight. She frequently overcame great difficulties in attending places of worship, desiring never to be absent when it was possible for her to attend. She diligently read the Holy Scriptures, and labored to understand them. Though her reading was considerably extensive, yet the Bible was her principal book. She took it with her to her closet, and while employed with her needle, she often kept it by her side, and would frequently read small portions, as she said, to assist her meditations. But her *zeal* for the *salvation of souls*, induced her to use every proper means, both public and private, to save sinners. Her public prayers and exhortations have, in various instances, been made the means of conviction to the wicked. The broken hearted penitent particularly interested her attention ; she was ready to take such by the hand and lead them to Jesus Christ, who makes the wounded whole.

Finally—She cultivated with assiduous care the peculiar virtues and graces which adorn her sex, wearing as her chief ornament, that "meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

From the Methodist Magazine, Vol. 6.—1823.

MISS LYDIA B. LEAVITT.

Miss Lydia B. Leavitt was the daughter of Col. Gilman Leavitt, Portsmouth, N. H. She was born in the year 1798, and died July 16, 1821, in the twenty third year of her age.

She appeared to have possessed a very tender and delicate mind, naturally thoughtful, and much inclined to reading and reflection. From her infancy, it has been observed by her family relatives, she has manifested a scrupulous regard to truth; so that it is not recollected that she ever told an untruth. She seldom needed reproof or correction; and if at any time reproof was given with marks of parental disapprobation, it produced such excessive grief as to render it necessary to be extremely cautious as to her general treatment. She also possessed a mild, and peaceable disposition, and was not a little remarkable for her patience under circumstances of deprivation, trial, and affliction. But however she might have been endued with many mental excellencies, and acquired accomplishments, to render her estimable and beloved; it was early piety which sanctified, and gave an inestimable value to her character.

Her family attending the Episcopal Church, she was *confirmed*, and attended the Church services and the holy communion. She appears to have been very early and frequently under the operations of the Spirit of God, and was much in the habit of making serious reflections on the passing occurrences of providence, on hearing the Gospel, and on seeing its ordinances administered. These reflections, with her views and feelings on religious subjects, are to be met with in most of her letters written to her young female friends; a few extracts from which, we doubt not, will be read with interest, and will furnish the best views which can be given of her general character.

When about 15 years of age, she writes thus, after mentioning several cases of sickness and death: "When so many are sick and dying around us, should it not remind us of our own end? Perhaps we shall be called next,—are we prepared? If we are, it will be well with us, if not, why do we sit still? Let us arise, and delay no longer; for death may be near. Perhaps you will say 'Lydia has forgotten herself.' No, I have not. I am writing to one for whose spiritual, as well as temporal welfare, I am interested. I long to have you love God; who is so worthy of our love as our Maker? How hard must be our hearts not to love Christ, who, for the love he had for us, suffered and died an ignominious death. It was our sins that crucified the Lord of glory. O my friend, do taste and see how gracious the Lord is; he is infinitely gracious, he is willing to receive the greatest of sinners. Fly then, my dear friend, to Christ without delay, for he is standing with open arms to receive you. If you go to him you will never be sorry. O, what are the pleasures of this world, when compared with those of religion? They are nothing but vanity."

On another occasion she writes thus: "I do feel that life is short. In a moment I may be called to exchange worlds. Happy should I feel if I could say, I am prepared to meet my God, whenever he should be pleased to call for me. God has long been sparing us, long reaching out to us the hand of mercy. Shall we, can we be so ungrateful? Shall we dare disobey his commands, who is able to destroy the soul and body forever? Do we not daily feel that there is no peace, no happiness to be found in the world? Why then not seek it where it is to be found? We see those who are interested in Jesus are happy. They speak of the goodness of their God, and show by their happy countenances that they possess something that the world knows not of. O that it were in my power to say something to impress you more with eternal things. O the love of Christ, it is wonderous! And can our hearts remain unmoved by such love? O let us resolve to spend the rest of our days in his service."

The following serious reflections were made on hearing a sermon from Isaiah xxxviii. 1. "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." "It has been some time since my heart has been so much affected. O my dear friend, are we prepared to die? Are our hearts renewed by the Holy Spirit? Have we chosen the one thing needful? Are we the friends of God, or of the world? These are questions which ought to be asked by every one. Is it not strange we should spend so much of our time in frivolous pursuits? O let us devote much of our time to prepare to meet the king of terrors. He may come in an hour we look not for him—Let us flee the wrath to come."

From about this time she resolved to enter more fully, and undividedly into the service of God. She began to attend social, as well as public meetings among the Methodists, and found much encouragement from hearing others speak of the dealings of God with their souls; and it was not far from this time that she received a full and satisfactory evidence of her acceptance with God, and the witness of the blessed Spirit that her heart was renewed by grace. Whatever might have been her former state and enjoyment, this had been wanting to afford her permanent and constant satisfaction and enjoyment in the way of religious duty. In a letter dated June 18, 1819, she writes as follows:—"I derive much benefit from attending class-meetings. It is encouraging to hear others speak of God's dealings with their souls. O for more engagedness, for more zeal. If Christians remain in supineness they cannot expect to prosper. I have too much of a man-fearing spirit, am too unwilling to take up my cross. When I can take it up, I feel so happy I think I shall never shun it again. But I am prone to forget my blessed Savior, to look for help from creatures. Yet I do bless the Lord for his goodness to one so ungrateful. I must, I will devote myself more to his service, and give him my whole heart." That she experienced trials and temptations in common with other Christians, will also appear from her letters to the same female friend, "You have no idea how I feel—Can it be possible I have been deceived, that I have no religion? Can I rest in this situation? O no, I cannot, I will not rest without an evidence that my sins are pardoned," &c. Although grievously tempted, she did not give up her hope in the Savior, but appears to have obtained a full and satisfactory confidence in him. In her letters after this she generally expresses a deep sense of dependence on God, and a longing desire for a deeper work of grace in her own heart, and to see it revive among those around her. Her reflections on the lives and duties of professors, show a mind deeply impressed, and well informed with gospel truth.—The following extracts will give her views and feelings on these subjects. "I see more and more the need of constant prayer and watchfulness. If I for a moment trust to my own strength, I am gone. O, how dependent are we on God for every mercy. Hold thou me up, O God, and I shall be safe. Save, Lord, or I must perish. What great danger there is of building on false hopes, of trusting in something short of Christ the only true foundation. How close, how diligent should we be in self-examination, and in comparing ourselves daily with the word of God. How dreadful would be our condition were we to pass through life supposing ourselves safe, but at last find ourselves deceived. But I think it almost impossible for one who truly desires to know the truth, who dreads deception, who prays, and carefully examines his own heart, to remain long without knowing his true state."—"How strange, how lamentable is the conduct of many who profess to be interested in Christ. How little do most professors do for the glory of God. Can it be possible for such to be sincere, who remain inactive, or go in opposition to the commands of God, who indulge in trifling and vanity, and rarely ever speak of the goodness of God? May I not apply this to myself? O when will the time come when I shall be entirely devoted to religion? When feel the continual witness of the Spirit, and rejoice continually in the light of my Father's countenance?" Yet again—"O when shall we be more like our blessed Savior? When shall we live as we ought? Is it not high time to awake out of sleep? How soon we may be called to give up our accounts, we know not—perhaps ere the light of another day; let us then give all diligence to make our calling and election sure."

Towards the close of life, before her last sickness, she appears to have had a deep and almost constant sense of the dissolving nature of our earthly tabernacles, which connect time with eternity, the visible with the invisible world, and often expressed this to her Christian friends, and that the root of all her religion, all her hopes, was in Jesus Christ, the divine and glorious Savior. When sickness came it did not find her unprepared, but she viewed it as a prelude to the fall of the earthly tabernacle, and the entrance on the blessed scenes of her immortal existence. Patience had its perfect work. Faith was in constant exercise. Hope remained firm and unshaken. Love became more and more evidently perfected. It was indeed a very affecting sight to her friends, to see her patiently enduring her severe afflictions without murmuring or complaint, and expressing no other desire but that the will of God might be done. Her advices to her family relatives and her Christian friends, were deeply interesting and impressive, and we trust will long be recorded in their memories, and prove a comfort and benefit to them through life, and in their dying moments. When she was thought to be near her end, she desired a Christian friend and neighbor might be called in to sing that hymn which begins thus—"In hope of seeing Jesus, when all my conflicts cease," &c.

Her happy soul was transported with a view of that glory which unfolded itself to her ravished eyes, and she passed serenely the iron gates of death to the portals of everlasting bliss. As she possessed so many amiable qualities and accomplishments, some thought she could not need a change of heart to be a good Christian. But happily such were not her own views. Although the change might not appear as visible as in many, yet her happy soul felt, and humbly acknowledged the power of changing grace. From her intimate knowledge of the doctrines and precepts of religion, and her close walk with God, proceeded that uniform spirit and practice of piety which caused her to be beloved by the pious, to be revered by the irreligious, and to be esteemed by all; and which has caused many to exclaim, "Let my last end be like hers."

From the Methodist Magazine, Vol. 5.—1822.

MISS ELIZABETH HOUGH.

Miss Elizabeth Hough was born in Fayette county, Pennsylvania, on the 30th of May, 1797, of highly respectable parents, of the society of *Quakers*. Her father, the late Benjamin Hough, Esq. of Chilicothe, a gentleman of amiable character, and greatly respected by his extensive acquaintance, filled various important offices in in the State of Ohio; particularly as a member of the Legislature, and as Auditor of the State. On his appointment to the latter office, in the year 1808, Mr. Hough, with his family, removed from Steubenville to Chilicothe, at that time the seat of government of the State.

Of the early life of Miss Hough, nothing remarkable is recollected. She often suffered much from a peculiar affliction in the glands her mouth and neck, to which she was subject from her birth. She was thereby frequently prevented from partaking of the pleasures and amusements, in which her useful associates and acquaintances were engaged; and sometimes felt a disposition to repine at her lot, and murmur on account of it—particularly as she had not even the hope of obtaining relief from her affliction. She occasionally attended the public worship of God in the Presbyterian Church; but the truths of the gospel do not appear to have made any lasting impression on her mind. It is not known that she felt any unusual concern for the salvation of her soul, until she was in the twenty first year of her age.

It was in the summer of the year 1818, a short time before the commencement of the memorable revival of religion in Chilicothe, that the spirit of God wrought in the mind of Miss Hough, a conviction of her lost and dangerous state by nature, and she was brought to feel her need of a Savior. The manner of her conviction may afford additional encouragement to Christians, to recommend religion by *precept* as well as by *example*. There lived at this time, in the family of Mr. Hough, as a boarder, a young gentleman who had recently been made a subject of divine grace, and obtained a knowledge of Christ through the remission of sins. Feeling an earnest desire for the salvation of others, particularly his intimate acquaintances, he sought opportunities to converse with them about religion. With a countenance and voice which bespoke his anxious concern for Miss Hough's spiritual welfare, he remarked to her, one day, as she passed him in the entry of her father's house, "*What a pity it would be*, if, after suffering so much affliction in this life, you should *be miserable to all eternity!*" These few words were the most effectual sermon she had ever before heard. She heard them with apparent indifference; but after retiring to her room, the Spirit of God applied them with force to her heart and conscience. She endeavored to banish the thought; yet still the words seemed to be sounding in her ears—"*What a pity!* if, after suffering so much affliction in this life, you should be *miserable to all eternity!*" She tried to divert her mind, and shake off those serious reflections; but her efforts were unavailing. The Spirit of God had fastened conviction on her mind; and the rays of Divine light which shone into her soul, gave her a clear discovery of her lost and undone condition, without a Savior. She saw and felt that she was a sinner, and that, as such, the wrath of God was hanging over her; and now she was brought to cry, in the bitterness of her soul, "God be merciful unto me a sinner!" Tears of penitence and sighs of distress evinced the anguish of her soul.

Feeling now her need of spiritual instruction, and of religious society, she attended the public worship of God in the Methodist Episcopal Church, where she heard the doctrines of free grace—repentance, and salvation by faith, illustrated and enforced greatly to her encouragement and comfort. About three weeks after her conviction, being satisfied with the doctrines and discipline of the church, she united herself to it. A few days after this, while prostrate before God in her room, praying and crying to Him in the deepest anguish of mind, for deliverance from the guilt and burthen of sin, she was enabled by faith to venture her all upon Christ for salvation, and instantly experienced the pardoning mercy of God. Her distress and anguish were in a moment removed, and her soul truly filled with that joy which is "unspeakable and full of glory." In the fulness of her soul, she immediately proclaimed to her friends and acquaintances, what great things God had done for her—the change which she experienced—the happiness she felt. She rejoiced greatly in God her Savior, and

"Jesus all the day long,
Was her joy and her song."

From the time of her conversion, she entered with delight upon the practice of the duties of religion; and from thenceforth, to the day of her death, continued to adorn her profession by a "Godly walk and chaste conversation;" attending on all the ordinances of God's house; and recommending, by precept and example, that religion which was now

"The joy and delight of her heart."

Her faith was strong, and in continual exercise: whereby she was enabled to walk in the light of God's countenance, and to "ask and receive that her *joy might be full.*" Ofttimes has she been so overwhelmed with a sense of the presence and love of God, as to sink nerveless to the floor. In the ardor and fervency of her soul, she experienced how inadequate language is to describe the fulness of joy, the "peace which passeth all understanding," which she felt. As "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" so it was her delight to converse about the things of God and of eternity. She regularly attended her class-meetings, whenever practicable. She greatly loved this excellent means of grace; and the rational account which she gave, from time to time, of her experience in the things of God, was rendered a blessing to her classmates. Thus it appeared that God in His wisdom was preparing our afflicted young sister, gradually for that "rest which remaineth for the people of God," and into which she was shortly to enter.

In the early part of the year 1819, Mr. Hough, with his family, removed from Chilicothe to his seat in the country, about two miles distant; where, in the month of September following, he died leaving a large family of children, most of them young.—This was a very painful dispensation of Divine Providence to the whole family, but peculiarly so to Elizabeth, who from her affliction, seemed more dependent on the protection and support of her father than any of the family. But her religion taught her submission to the will of Heaven.

In the month of August, 1821, she was attacked with a bilious intermitting fever, which in a few days brought her down to the gates of death. The violence of the disease then somewhat abating, and some favorable symptoms taking place, hopes were entertained by her friends for her recovery. But the vital functions were too far impaired; her constitution, which had always been delicate, received a shock from which it could not recover. She lingered until the fifth of October, when life, as it were, gradually ebbed out, and she expired without any apparent pain, in the twenty fifth year of her age.

In the beginning of her affliction, she passed through some painful exercises of mind, concerning her spiritual state. The adversary of souls thrust sore at her, and for some days her mental conflicts were severe. But He who "knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation," *delivered her*. About four weeks before her death, while struggling in the strength of faith and prayer, the "snare of the fowler" was in a moment broken; her captive soul was liberated, and filled with that "love which casteth out fear,"—with "*all the fulness of God*." She instantly raised her feeble hands and voice in shouts of praise to God. She seemed truly overwhelmed with a sense of the presence and love of God; and ceased not, when her strength would permit, to talk in rapturous strains of the wonders of redeeming love, and the glories of a future state of blessedness. Many of her friends and acquaintances in Chilicothe went out daily to see her, to all of whom she spoke with such earnestness and sweetness concerning their souls, and of the love of God, as failed not to touch their hearts.

She continued in this happy frame of mind till the day of her death; although for the last few days, her strength was so far exhausted that she talked but little. During her illness she was visited occasionally by the Rev. *James Quinn,* stationed preacher in the Chilicothe station. Of those interviews the following account will conclude this memoir.

"I made two or three visits to our dear sister, Elizabeth Hough, during the time of her last affliction, and always found her mind calmly stayed on God, 'knowing in whom she had believed.' On my first visit, when I entered her room, with a heavenly smile on her countenance, she said,—'Oh brother Quinn, how I longed to see you, to tell you how good the Lord is to my poor soul. I have suffered great pain, but have had glorious times. My mind has been stayed on God, and he has kept my soul in perfect peace.' I said, 'do you feel, my sister, that the sting of death is drawn?' She replied, '*O yes!* and thanks be to God, *I have the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.*' Whilst we sung a hymn and joined in prayer, it seemed as if her happy soul was filled with divine raptures, and lost in the vision of God. Stephen like, she seemed to be looking up steadfastly into heaven. Never shall I forget the expressive, yet inexpressible lustre which shone in her countenance, while she expressed herself to this effect:—'Oh! it is better to depart and be with Christ—I have a better and an enduring substance—I love my blessed Lord, and He loves me—He is mine and I am His—Oh glory! glory!—praise the Lord, O my soul.'

"On my second and third visits, I found her still in the same tranquil, happy frame of mind. She observed, on my last visit, that she had not such soul ravishing views at all times; but that her soul rested in peace, resigned; and that her confidence in God her Redeemer, remained firm and unshaken!' I was not with her when she took her exit; but learn from her mother, that she contiuued in the same serene and happy frame, until, without a struggle or groan, she slept in Jesus."

From the Methodist Magazine, Vol. V.—1822.

MRS. SALLY RUNDAL.

MRS. SALLY RUNDAL was born Dec. 27th, 1798. Her parents were among the first who embraced the religion of Jesus, in that part of the country, under the great revival of religion which has been progressing under the Methodist ministry for upwards of fifty years in America. Notwithstanding the opposition they then encountered from almost all sorts of people, the obloquy thrown upon them by the thoughtless and designing, the parents of Mrs. Rundal, being convinced of the truth as it is in Jesus, broke through every opposing barrier, and steadfastly persevered bearing the cross of Jesus Christ. They endeavored to educate their children in the same principles by which they regulated their own conduct; and they have had the happiness of seeing most of them, who have arrived to a mature age, become the followers of Christ.

She embraced religion in her youth, and evinced the sincerity of her profession by walking blamelessly in the ordinances of Christ. In her twenty-first year she commenced a Diary, noting in a very particular manner the secret exercises of her heart, and the dealings of God, in his Providence and grace, towards her. A few extracts follow:—

"*May* 2, 1819.—I have this day been privileged with hearing the word of God preached from these words—'So run that ye may obtain.' But the stupidity of my heart, how great! Lord help me from this evening to arise, and *so to run* that I may obtain the blessed crown which is prepared for the righteous. If I ever felt a desire to be holy I do now. O Lord, grant me the answer of my prayer, and conform me in all things to thy will.

"*May* 7.—I feel this evening that Jesus is mine and I am his. O that I may enjoy His smiles continually, and ever look to Him for strength to withstand the temptations of the adversary, and the besetments of this vain world."

"*May* 23.—I have again had the privilege of meeting with the followers of Jesus, and glory be to His name, He condescended to be one in our midst; and I felt that it was *none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven.*"

"*July* 8.—I have an unshaken confidence in God this morning, and his Spirit bearing witness with my spirit, that I am His. But I do not feel satisfied without the witness of *perfect love.*

'I want thy life, thy purity,
  Thy righteousness brought in!
I ask, desire, and long to be,
  Redeemed from all sin.'"

This appears to have been the continual language of her heart until her marriage, which took place Dec. 6, 1820, after which she kept no regular record of her experiences. She gave her hand in marriage to Mr. Jacob Rundal, and she became, in consequence, the step-mother of three children, which he had by a former wife. This sudden transition from a *single* state, in which she enjoyed all the comforts of life without any forethought of her own, to a *married* state, and to the duties of a mother, gave her an opportunity to display the virtues of her character to still greater advantage; and such were her qualifications for this new station, which involved such delicate and nice responsibilities, and such her conscientious diligence, that her Christian graces shone out with increased lustre, and fully confirmed the hopes of her friends, and satisfied the expectations of her husband. Neither did she enter into this state heedlessly, but "deliberately and in the fear of God." Previous to her marriage with Mr. Rundal, but while the match was pending, she observes in her Diary as follows:—

"I have had some trials of late respecting my situation in life. Twenty-two years of my short life, have been spent in peace with my dear parents; and I am now called to change it for one in which, if I do my duty, I can be more useful; but I feel that I need more of every grace to help me. O Lord! I come to thee for direction. Make my duty plain before me, and guide my steps aright. It has been my prayer for some time that I might be more useful, and I feel it of importance to walk circumspectly before the world, that I may not bring a reproach upon the cause of God; and if it is His will that I should take one who is worthy of my affections for my companion, I hope to resign myself entirely to His will in all things."

Though she believed her marriage to be signally marked by divine Providence, she much regretted having to leave the neighborhood where she had enjoyed so many religious privileges, especially that of prayer-meetings, which she highly prized, because they had been the means of great good to her soul. But though in consequence of her removal from the scene of her youthful days, doubly endeared to her on account of her religious enjoyments, she continued in the faith of the Gospel and the fellowship of the saints. The domestic circle in which she moved was adorned by her propriety of demeanor, the sweetness of her temper and the urbanity of her manners; and her value was enhanced by the assiduity with which she attended to the conjugal and maternal duties. She marked, with scrupulous exactness, any spiritual declension, which she at any time suffered, and immediately "flew back to Christ the way:" and whenever her circumstances did not forbid it, she attended the worship of God with the same ardor of devotion by which she was before distinguished. Here, in the sanctuary of the Lord, she found great delight.

She lived three years after her marriage, and became the mother of two children; the last of which was ushered into this world but a few days before its mother, by an inscrutable, but just and merciful Providence, was summoned out of it. The morning after her confinement she seemed unusually comfortable, and continued so until Tuesday, the third day of her illness, when symptoms of an approaching fever became evident; and on Thursday morning they became somewhat alarming, the fever increasing with great violence. Although suffering most exquisitely from bodily pain, her mind was kept, by the grace of God, in great tranquillity. On being asked by one of her sisters, if she felt resigned to the will of God, her reply, with much emphasis, was, " O yes, Come life or death." In this enviable state of mind she continued through the day, frequently expressing her gratitude to God for His condescension to her, saying, " I find it good to suffer the will of my Heavenly Father."

On Friday morning she said to her physician, " You have no idea that I shall live long, have you, Doctor !" He answered, *Very little.* " Well," said she, " Let the Lord do with me as it seemeth to Him best." Observing one of her sisters weeping, she said, " Why do you weep for me? I never expect to shed another tear—for sorrow and sighing have fled away." On Saturday morning her countenance assumed a death-like appearance, and it was evident it could not be far off. At her request the members of the family were called together, and she spoke to them individually, exhorting them with great fervor, pressing upon the children especially the necessity of seeking an interest in Christ in the days of their youth.

About twelve o'clock of this day Satan was permitted for a season to interrupt her tranquillity, it being suggested " you are deceiving yourself." She seemed for a few moments in a mental agony, exclaiming, " O my unfaithfulness! surely the Lord would be just, in banishing me from his presence. Perhaps I am deceiving myself in a dying hour." She entreated her father and others present, to unite their prayers in her behalf, that the Lord might restore her peace. It seemed, indeed, as if the powers of darkness were now permitted to exert all their diabolical influence against this child of grace, this heir of glory. But their malice was vain. The Lord who sitteth in the heavens laughed to scorn their cruel power. In answer to prayer, the clouds in a few moments were dispersed from her mind, and she joyfully exclaimed, " Jesus is mine, and I am his! O! how I want strength to shout the praises of my God. This is the last conflict I am to have with the adversary. Oh! could I tell you but one half of what I feel, how you would rejoice!"

One of her sisters with her husband being arrived, he said, " I am glad to see you, but sorry to see you so distressed in body." She seemed somewhat surprised, and said, " I never was so happy in my life. I am just going to take possession of my inheritance." This was about one hour previous to her death. Being informed that she could live but a short time, she observed, smilingly," "Tell all my friends, when they see the breath leave the body, to shout glory! for I shall then be in glory." She remained perfectly sensible to the last moment of her existence. To her father she said about fifteen minutes before her spirit departed, "Soon papa you will have another child in heaven." With a countenance beaming with joy, she raised her hands, and clasping them together, exclaimed—and these were the last words she was heard to articulate—"O! blessed Jesus," and so fell asleep in the arms of her Beloved, Nov. 1, 1822.

From the Methodist Magazine, Vol. 7—1824.

MISS CATHARINE BROWN,

A CHEROKEE FEMALE.

Catharine Brown was born about the year 1800. The place of her nativity was a beautiful plain, covered with tall forest trees, in a part of the Cherokee country now called Wills-Valley, within the chartered limits of Alabama. Her father's Cherokee name was *Yau-nu-gung-yah-ski*, which signifies *the drowned by a bear;* but he was known among the whites by the name of *John Brown.* Her mother's Indian name was *Tsa-luh:* the whites called her *Sarah.* Neither of her parents understood the English language, and of course could neither read nor write; when the missionaries first saw them they had few ideas on the subject of religion.

It is natural to suppose that Catharine possessed no more religious knowlege than her parents. She was, indeed, until her removal to Brainerd, deplorably ignorant.

Her ideas of God extended little further than the contemplation of him as a great Being, existing somewhere in the sky; and her conceptions of a future state were quite undefined. Of the Savior of the world, she had no knowledge. She supposed that the Cherokees were a different race from the whites, and therefore had no concern in the white people's religion: and it was some time before she could be convinced, that Jesus Christ came into the world to die for the Cherokees. She has been known, also to remark, subsequently to her conversion, that she was much afraid, when she first heard of religion; for she thought Christians could have no pleasure in this world, and that, if she became religious, she too should be rendered unhappy.

Her morals, however, were always irreproachable; which is remarkable, considering the looseness of the manners then prevalent among the females of her nation, and the temptations to which she was exposed, when, during the war with the Creek Indians, the army of the United States was stationed near her father's residence.

Were it proper to narrate some well authenticated facts, with reference to this part of her history, the mind of the reader would be filled with admiration of her heroic virtue, and especially of the protecting care of Providence. Once she even forsook her home, and fled into the wild forest, to preserve her character unsullied.

These occurrences took place before the establishment of a school at Brainerd, while Catharine was young, ignorant of the world, without any clear views of morality, and destitute of the knowledge and love of God: Strange that so great a sense of character should then have influenced her resolutions! But she was a chosen vessel of mercy, and a hand, which she then knew not was doubtless extended for her preservation.

In the autumn of 1816, the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury made his appearance before a general council of the Cherokees, and offered, in behalf of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to establish schools among them. This offer was favorably received, and early in the following spring, a school was opened at Chickamaugah, since called Brainerd. Tidings of this came to the ears of Catharine, then a hundred miles distant, and excited in her a desire to attend the school. She besought her parents to send her, and they granted her request. Accordingly, on the 9th of July 1817, being about 17 or 18 years of age she became a member of the establishment.

Thus was she brought, for the first time, within the sphere of Christian instruction. Even then she was an interesting girl; her complexion blooming; her features comely; her person erect, and of the middle stature; her manners easy; her demeanor modest and prepossessing.

"It was however, manifest," says Mr. Kingsbury, "that with all her gentleness and apparent modesty, she had a high opinion of herself, and was fond of displaying the clothing and ornaments, in which she was arrayed. At our first interview, I was impressed with the idea that her feelings would not easily yield to the discipline of our schools, especially to that part of it, which requires manual labor of the scholars. This objection I freely stated to her, and requested that, if she felt any difficulty on the subject, she would seek admission to some other school. She replied, that she had no objection to our regulations. I advised her to take the subject into consideration, and to obtain what information she could, relative to the treatment of the scholars, and if she then felt a desire to become a member of the school, we would receive her. She joined the school, and the event has shewn, that it was of the Lord, to the end that his name might be glorified."

Some time before going to Brainerd, it is not known precisely how long, while residing at the house of a Cherokee friend, she had learned to converse in the English language, on common subjects and to read words of one syllable.

These acquisitions, which were of no particular service at that time they were made, are to be noticed with gratitude to God, as the probable means of leading her to Brainerd. They excited desires which she could gratify no where else.

Her teachers declare, that from her first admission to the school, she was attentive to her learning, industrious in her habits, and remarkably correct, in her deportment. From reading in words of one syllable, she was able, in sixty days, to read intelligibly in the Bible, and, in ninety days, could read as well as most persons of common education. After writing over four sheets of paper, she could use her pen with accuracy and neatness, even without a copy.

Catharine had not been long in the school, before divine truth began to exert an influence on her mind. This was manifested by a tenderness of spirit, and an increased desire to become acquainted with the Christian religion. The same effects were also observed in two or three other Cherokees. She did not seem to be greatly influenced by a fear of the punishment threatened against sin. She rather seemed to be anxious to know the will of God and to do it. The reading of the Scriptures, singing and prayer, occupied much of her time, and often was she affected to tears; while her whole deportment, as a member of the family, was unexceptionable. In December 1817, she indulged a hope, that she had been pardoned and accepted, through the Lord Jesus Christ. Of her own accord, she began very soon to pray with her associates, and to assist in teaching the Lord's Prayer and the catechism to the younger girls in the school. Greatly did she desire the salvation of her people. For them she wept and prayed, in secret places, and in the company of her female friends at their weekly prayer-meetings.

Among the rest, the case of her brother David, then on the Arkansas river, was specially interesting. One morning, having retired to the neighboring woods for devotion, she became so deeply engaged in prayer for this dear brother, that the time passed insensibly, and she remained in her sacred retreat till the sun was near setting. She had been favored with unusual nearness of access to her heavenly Father, and returned home with an humble confidence, that He would fully answer her prayers. After David had gone to New England to complete his education, having previously given satisfactory evidence of piety, she related these facts to a confidential friend, and said she wished to remember them with gratitude.

At the commencement of the year 1818, an event occured, which shewed how much Catharine was attached to the society and the privileges enjoyed at Brainerd. Her father, designing to remove with his family beyond the Mississippi, came to take her from the school. The prospect of a separation was equally painful to Catharine and to the misssionaries. They regarded her as the first fruit of their missionary labor, and loved her not only on that account, but also on account of her pious and amiable conduct. On her part, the affection was not less strong; and besides, she felt herself too weak to leave the society of God's people, and go into the howling wilderness alone.

She desired to receive, before her departure, the seal of the covenant of grace, in the holy ordinance of baptism. This request was cheerfully granted; and, on the 25th of January 1818, in the presence of a large and solemn assembly, she consecrated herself to the service of Christ. She then accompanied her father to his distant abode.

But circumstances prevented the immediate removal of her parents, and she was permitted to revisit Brainerd for the purpose of spending a few months more on that hallowed ground. Her return furnished an opportunity to admit her to full communion in the visible church, which was done on the 19th of March, and the solemn covenant with the Most High was ratified at the communion table.

In this abstract, many facts worthy of insertion must be omitted. We have space only for the more prominent events in her interesting career.

The time subsequent to her return fled rapidly away, in pious employments and Christian intercourse, and brought the expected, dreaded separation. It shall be described in the words of those, who, next to the lovely sufferer, felt it most.

"*November* 4.—The parents of Catharine Brown called on us. They are on their way to the Agency. The old grey-headed man, with tears in his eyes, said he must go over the Mississippi. The white people would not suffer him to live here. They had stolen his cattle, horses, and hogs, until he had very little left. He expected to return from the Agency, in about ten days, and should then want Catharine to go home, and prepare to go with him to the Arkansas. We requested him to leave his daughter with us yet a little while, and go to the Arkansas without her; and we would soon send her to him, with much more knowledge than she now has. To this he would not consent; but signified a desire, that some of us would go along with him. It is a great trial to think of sending this dear sister away with only one year's tuition; but we fear she must go. The Lord can and will order otherwise, if, on the whole, it is for the best."

While her parents were gone to the Agency, she made a farewell visit to Springplace, the seat of the Moravian mission, thirty-five miles distant. She returned to Brainerd on the 9th; and, on the 20th the missionaries thus describe her removal.

"We had a very affectionate scene, in the departure of our sister Catharine. Her father and mother, returning from the Agency to go to the Arkansas, stopped yesterday for the purpose of taking her with them. She knew that she needed more information to be prepared to go alone into the wilderness, and intreated them to leave her with us a little longer. She is their only daughter,* and they would not consent on any terms. The struggle was very severe. She wept and prayed, and promised to come to them, as soon as she had finished her literary education, and acquired some further knowledge of the Christian religion. We engaged that she should be provided for while here, and assisted in going to them. Her mother said, she could not live, if Catharine would not now go with them. Catharine replied, that to her it would be more bitter than death to leave us, and go where there were no missionaries. Her father became impatient, and told her, if she would not mind him, and go with them now, he would disown her for ever, but if she would now go, as soon as missionaries came to the Arkansas, (and he expected they would be there soon,) she might go and live with them as long as she pleased. He wished her to have more learning.

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* Catharine had half-sisters, but was the only daughter of Mr. Brown by this marriage.

"Never before had this precious convert so severe a trial; and never, perhaps, did her grace shine so bright. She sought for nothing but to know her duty, and asked for a few minutes to be by herself undisturbed. She returned, and said she would go. After she had collected and put up her clothing, the family were assembled, a parting hymn was sung, and a prayer offered. With mingled emotions of joy and grief, we commended her to the grace of God, and they departed.

"Precious babe in Christ! a few months ago brought out of the dark wilderness; here illuminated by the word and Spirit of God; and now to be sent back into the dark and chilling shades of the forest, without one fellow traveler, with whom she can say, 'Our Father!' O ye, who with delight sit under the droppings of the sanctuary, and enjoy the communion of saints, remember Catharine in your prayers."

She departed, expecting to return no more. How like a Christian she felt in view of this event, will further appear in extracts from her letters.

To Mrs. Williams, who had removed from Brainerd to Elliot, she says:

"I feel grieved when I think of leaving my Christian friends, and of going far from all religious people, into a wild howling wilderness, where no star shines to guide my wandering feet to the babe of Bethlehem; where no warning voice is heard to keep me in the straight path that leads to heaven. When I look to that dark region, I start back; but when I think of my two brothers there, and my dear parents, who are soon to go, I feel reluctant to stay behind, and leave them to perish alone."

To Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, at Brainerd, she writes, in a letter dated Fort Deposit, Dec. 12, 1818:

"I just sit down to address you with my pen. But is this all? Am I so soon called to bid you adieu, and see your faces no more in this world? O my beloved friends, you know not the love I bear to that blessed spot, where I have spent so many happy hours with you; but it is past never to return.

"Dear friends, I weep; my heart is full; tears flow from my eyes while I write; and why is it so? Do I murmur? God forbid. Ought I not to praise the Lord for what I have received, and trust Him for every thing? O yes, his ways are best, and he has graciously promised, that 'all things shall work together for good to them that love him.' But do I love him? Have I that love to him, which will enable me to keep all his commandments? Do I love him with all my heart? O that the Lord would search me, and lead me in the way of eternal life.

"Since I left you I have led a very lonesome life, and not heard the gospel preached but once; that is when father Hoyt was here, and Milo. They came here on Tuesday evening. I was sitting in my room, and heard a knocking at the door. I bade them come in; and who but Milo appeared. I inquired if any body was with him. He said his father was at the door. That rejoiced me very much, and I enjoyed very much while they were here. Blessed be God for sending them here to instruct us.

"I am here amongst a wicked set of people, and never hear prayers, nor any godly conversation. O my dear friends, pray for me. I hope you do. There is not a day passes but I think of you, and the kindness I received during the time I staid with you. It is not my wish to go to the Arkansas; but God only knows what is best for me. I shall not attempt to tell you what I have felt since I left you, and the tears I have shed when I called to mind the happy moments we passed in singing the praises of God. However, I bear it as well as I possibly can, trusting in our dear Savior, who will never leave nor forsake them, that put their trust in him.

"It may be possible, that I may see you once more; it would be a great happiness to me if I don't go to the Arkansas; perhaps I may; but if I should go, it is not likely we shall meet in this world again:—but you will excuse me, for my heart feels what I cannot express with my pen."

The precise influence of this trial upon herself, cannot be perhaps be determined, though doubtless it increased her faith and patience. But it was a great blessing to others, as it led the way to the formation of schools, and to the stated preaching of the gospel, at Creek Path, the place of her father's residence, and to the hopeful conversion of nearly all her family; thus illustrating the maxim, that our greatest blessings may spring from our severest afflictions.

Her return was scarcely expected by the missionaries, when, on the 23d of May, 1819, her father brought her again to Brainerd, and committed her to their care until her education should be completed, intending to remove immediately, with the remainder of his family, beyond the Mississippi. This purpose, as has been previously intimated, was not executed. Mr. Brown did not proceed to the Arkansas country until more than four years after this time, and not till the beloved daughter, for whose society he was so desirous, had been laid in the dust. The causes of this delay are unknown to the author of this memoir.

In 1819 Cathraine was joined by her brother David, who soon became seriously inclined, and before many months cordially assisted her in the work of doing good. In March 1820, a school having been requested by the chiefs at Creek Path, the Rev. Daniel S. Butrick repaired to that place. In May his school had so increased that there was no more room for other applicants; and the people desired another school.

They said, if a female would come to instruct their daughters, they would build a school house for her. At the same time it was evident that a spirit of deep seriousness and anxious inquiry was beginning to prevail among them.

These facts being known at Brainerd, the missionaries thought it their duty to advise Catharine to go and take charge of the contemplated school. In this advice she acquiesced, though not without a painful diffidence of her qualifications for such a service. When it was known at Creek Path, that she was to take charge of the school, the most enthusiastic joy was occasioned among the people. They seemed to feel, that the preparations could not be made too soon. Not less than fifty Cherokee men, besides negroes and boys, assembled immediately to build a house which in two days, was nearly completed according to their stipulation.

Every thing being in readiness, Mr. Brown came for his daughter, and on the last day in May, a little less than two years and eleven months from her first entering the school, as an untaught heathen girl, she bade an affectionate adieu to Brainerd, to take charge of the school for females near her paternal home. In her diary she thus briefly describes her journey.

"*May* 31.—This morning I set out for Brainerd, with my dear father. Traveled about twenty miles. Thought much of my beloved christian friends. Whether I shall ever see them again is uncertain. The Lord only knows.

"*June* 2.—Have been very sick to day; but, blessed be God, am now a little better. Hope I shall be able to travel to morrow. The Lord is very kind and merciful to all those, who put their trust in him. Last night I slept on the floor without any bed. Felt quite happy in my situation. Though very sick in body, yet I trust my heart was well.

"5.—Have arrived at my father's but am yet very unwell. Have a bad cold. Am sometimes afraid I shall not be able to teach school at Creek Path. We slept two nights on the ground with our wet blankets, before we reached our home."

Catharine's school commenced with about twenty of the daughters of the forest, and the number was speedily augmented.

Not only the daughters but the mothers also manifested a strong desire to receive instruction. Several of her pupils, in consequence of previous tuition, could read in the New Testament, when they came under her care. These it was her delight to lead to a more perfect acquaintance, with that sacred volume. But most of the children began with the rudiments of learning. This school she continued three quarters of a year, much to the satisfaction of her scholars, their parents and the missionaries. She finally relinquished it only because the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Potter gave her an opportunity to surrender her charge into other hands, and at the same time opened the way for her prosecuting higher studies, with a view to greater usefulness to her people.

The spirit of serious inquiry at Creek Path, to which there was an allusion at the close of the last chapter, increased after the arrival of Catharine, especially among her own kindred. Doubtless she was not backward, with the meekness of humility and with the earnestness of affection, to warn and exhort. And she had the joy of beholding her father, mother, a brother and two or three sisters, unitedly seeking the pardon of their sins, and that peace which the world giveth not. After a suitable trial, and due instruction, all these her relatives, with others of their countrymen, publicly professed faith in Christ, and were united to his visible church.

In the spring of 1821, Mr. and Mrs. Potter spent two months in the family of Mr. Brown. Speaking of Catherine, Mrs. Potter says:

"For sweetness of temper, meekness, gentleness and forbearance, I never saw one who surpassed her. To her parents she was uncommonly dutiful and affectionate. Nothing which could contribute to their happiness, was considered a burden: and her plans were readily yielded to theirs, however great the sacrifice to her feelings. The spiritual interests of the family lay near her heart and she sometimes spent whole evenings in conversation with them on religious subjects.

"Before our arrival, she had established a weekly prayer meeting with the female members of the family, which was also improved as an opportunity for reading the word of God, and conversing upon its important truths. Such was her extreme modesty, that she did not make this known to me, until more than a week after my arrival; and the usual period had passed without a meeting. She at length overcame her diffidence, and informed me what their practice had been, in a manner expressive of the most unfeigned humility. These meetings were continued while we remained in the family, and I believe they were highly useful. A monthly prayer meeting among the sisters of the church was soon after established, in which Catharine took a lively interest; nor did she ever refuse when requested to take an active part in the devotional exercises.

"Soon after we removed to our station, Catharine became a member of our family, and of the school. All her energies were now bent towards the improvement of her mind, with a view to future usefulness among her people. Both in school, and in the family, her deportment was such as greatly to endear her to our hearts, and she was most tenderly loved by all the children."

On the 2d of February 1822, her brother John died in the faith and hope of the Gospel. She had watched over him with great affection, on his journey to the grave, and has inserted in her diary, a simple but beautiful narrative of his sickness and death.

In the fall of this year she left the family of Mr. Potter, to reside with her parents. Here she was seen by the Rev. Mr. Bascom, while on his journey through the Cherokee country, who thus speaks of his visit to her family.

"We arrived after the family had dined, and she received us and spread a table for our refreshment, with the unaffected kindness of a sister. The gracefulness of her figure, and the sweetness of her expression, have often been the subject of remark; and I was the more delighted with her humility, as I greatly feared I should discover an unhappy influence from the misjudged praise, which had been heaped upon her. The fact was, she gave me evidence, by her habitual behavior, of being a sanctified child of God."

Soon after this, the disease of which she died, began to assume an aspect, which excited some alarm.

In consequence of this, she took a journey to Brainerd, in February 1823, with the view of consulting Dr. Butler, a medical gentleman residing at that station. She hoped also, to derive benefit from the journey. These hopes were disappointed. A cold, tempestuous storm arose, soon after she left home, to the whole of which she was unavoidably exposed; and the slight cough to which she had for some time been subject, was very much increased. She spent three weeks at Brainerd, and then returned to Creek Path, intending to obtain permission from her parents to place herself again under the care of Dr. Butler. But her increased illness rendered her unable to encounter the fatigues of another journey.

We now come to the closing scenes in the life of Catharine, where her faith in her Savior was signally triumphant over the terror of the grave.

After her return from Brainerd, she spent much time in reflecting on death and its consequences, and these subjects she not unfrequently made the topics of conversation. One instance of this kind is described by Mrs. Potter.

"Entering her room one evening at an early hour, I found she had retired with unusual debility. She requested me to read from some medical author the symptoms of consumption. I complied, and after comparing them with her own, she expressed a belief that she had that disease. I inquired what were her feelings in view of this conclusion. She replied with tears, 'I am not prepared to die.' You have a hope, I said, of happiness beyond the grave? 'yes, I have a hope resting on the promises of the Savior; but I have been unfaithful!'

"We were both too much affected to say more, and remained for some time silent. At length Catharine sweetly raised her voice and said, 'Sister Potter, how beautiful is this hymn:' and then she repeated

'Why should we start and fear to die!
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

'The pains, and groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

'Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

'Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.'

"I inquired if she could adopt this as the language of her heart, and she answered with great meekness, that she hoped she could."

It does not appear that after this, her mind was again seriously disturbed by apprehensions respecting *her own* future well being.

But when she saw her aged parents in an infirm state of health, and needing all the attention of an affectionate daughter, and when, moreover, she reflected how many of her dear people remained ignorant of the only Savior of sinners, she clung to life, and her earnest prayer was that she might recover. We are informed that her trials, from these sources were at one time very severe.

She said to a beloved friend, 'I know that it is my duty to submit entirely to the will of God. He can carry on his work without me. He can take care of my parents. Yet I am anxious to recover. I wish to labor more for my people.'

On the 15th of May she was reduced very low by a hemorrhage from the lungs, and for a few days was viewed as being on the borders of the grave. Remedies, however, were administered, which gave a temporary relief. The Rev. Mr. Bascom, who saw her again at this critical period, thus describes her appearance:

"I have rarely, if ever, seen a more lovely object for the pencil, than she appeared to me on her dying bed. The natural mildness of her features seemed lighted with a beam of heavenly hope, and her whole aspect was that of a mature Christian, waiting, with filial patience, the welcome summons to the presence of her Lord."

A request was immediately sent to Dr. Campbell, a kind friend of her family, that he would visit her immediately. He could not come till the 21st, by which time she was so enfeebled as to be unable to raise herself without assistance. He gave it as his opinion, that she could live but a few days, unless she were removed to Limestone, it being impossible for him to attend on her at so great a distance.

Catharine could not endure the motion of a carriage. She was therefore carried in a litter six miles to the Tennessee river; thence she was taken in a boat, forty miles, to a village called Trianna; and from thence, on a litter again, five miles to Limestone. Her people gave strong manifestations of affection for her, when she was about leaving Creek-Path.

"Numbers," says Mrs. Potter, "assembled to take, as they feared, and as it proved, a last look of their beloved friend. After a prayer, in which she was commended to the divine protection, the canoe was announced to be in readiness, and we followed the litter, borne by her affectionate people, to the river. Old and young were bathed in tears, and some were obliged to use their influence to prevent a general and loud lamentation. Catharine alone was calm, while she bade farewell to those she tenderly loved."

Mr. Leech says, that small groups of her acquaintance were frequently seen on the road, waiting her approach. When she arrived where they were, they would hasten to the side of the litter, take her by the hand, and often walk away without speaking a word, the tears all the while rolling down their cheeks.

Under the skilful care of Dr. Campbell, she soon began to amend, and hopes were entertained that she would even partially recover. She herself seemed desirous only that God might be glorified. Her friend Mrs. Potter, who visited her in this closing scene of her sufferings, thus speaks concerning her.

While at Dr. Campbell's, I wrote a letter to her brother David, informing him of her illness. When about to close the letter, I went to her bed-side and said, 'Catharine, what shall I say to your brother for you?'

After a short pause, she replied, 'If you will write, I will dictate a short letter.'

Then raising herself in the bed, and wiping away a tear, that was falling from her eye, she, with a sweet smile, began to relate what God had done for her soul while upon that sick bed.

To my partial eye, she was, at that moment, an interesting spectacle, and I have often wished, that her portrait could then have been taken. Her countenance was softened with the affectionate remembrance of an endeared brother, her cheek was a little flushed with the exertion of speaking; her eye beamed with spiritual joy, and a heavenly smile animated the whole scene. I shall never forget it, nor the words she then whispered in my ear.

The reader will naturally desire to see the letter, which was dictated and penned under circumstances so interesting. It was written in exact accordance with Catharine's dictation, and was as follows:

"Limestone, June 13, 1823.

"*My dear Brother*,—Mrs. Potter has told you the particulars of my illness. I will only tell you what I have experienced on my sick bed.

"I have found, that it is good for me to be afflicted. The Savior is very precious to me. I often enjoy his presence, and I long to be where I can enjoy it without sin. I have indeed been brought very low, and did not expect to live until this time. But I have had joy, such as I never experienced before. I longed to be gone; was ready to die at any moment.

"I love you very much, and it would be a great happiness to me to see you again in this world. Yet I don't know that I shall. God only knows. We must submit to his will. We know, that if we never meet again in this world, the Lord has prepared a place in his heavenly kingdom, where I trust we shall meet, never to part. We ought to be thankful for what he has done for us. If he had not sent us the Gospel, we should have died without any knowledge of the Savior.

"You must not be grieved, when you hear of my illness. You must remember, that this world is not our home, that we must all die soon.

"I am here under the care of Dr. Campbell, and his very kind family. My mother and sister Susan are with me. Since I came here, I have been a great deal better, and the doctor sometimes gives encouragement of my getting well. But we cannot tell. I am willing to submit myself to the will of God. I am willing to die, or live, as he sees best.

"I know I am his. He has bought me with his blood, and I do not wish to have any will but his. He is good, and can do nothing wrong. I trust, if he spares my life, he will enable me to be faithful to his cause. I have no desire to live in this world, but to be engaged in his service.

"It was my intention to instruct the people more than I had done, when I returned from Brainerd; but when I got home, I was not able to do it.

"It was a great trial to me not to be able to visit our neighbors, and instruct them. But I feel that it is all right. It is my prayer that you may be useful, and I hope the Lord *will* make you useful to our poor people.

"From your affectionate sister
CATHARINE."

The hopes of her recovery were of brief duration.

Though every attention, which an unwearied kindness could bestow, was given her, and prayer was offered continually on her behalf, her Lord and Master was pleased to hasten her departure. She had entered the last six weeks of her life, and thenceforward her descent towards the grave was regular and unremitted.

Dr. Campbell now thought it his duty to inform her parents and herself, that his hopes, even of her partial recovery, were gone.

Upon communicating this intelligence to her father, who a little before had come to Limestone, the good old man, after a solemn silence of several minutes, observed, "The Lord has been good to give me such a child, and he has a right to take her when he thinks best. But though it is my duty to give her up, it is hard to part with her."

Catharine received the notice without manifesting the least alarm, only requesting the doctor to inform her, how long she might probably live.

On the morning of July 17th, she was supposed to have commenced her last agonies, and Dr. Campbell was immediately called to her bed-side.

I found, says he, some appearance of anxiety on her countenance, which was the result of new sensations of bodily distress, and not of any agitation of mind. As soon as she could speak, (for she was sometimes speechless,) extending her hand to me, she calmly observed, "I am gone."

Some hours after this, when her distress returned, and her respiration became very difficult and painful, she said, in reference to her sufferings, "What shall I do?" I enquired, if, in this trying hour, she could not confidently rely on her Savior? She answered, "Yes."

Through the day her mind was perfectly tranquil, and though several times, when her mother and friends were weeping about her, the tears would start into her eyes, she would quickly suppress them. She seemed to spend most of the time in prayer.

The night was one of considerable distress, owing to her difficulty of breathing. In the morning she looked toward the window, and asked me if it was not day. I replied, that it was. She then turned her eyes towards heaven, and an indescribable placidness spread over her countenance.

Perhaps she thought, that the next morning she should behold, would be the morning of the resurrection.

As death advanced, and the powers of nature gave way, she frequently offered her hand to the friends around her bed. Her mother and sister weeping over her, she looked steadily at the former, for a short time, filial love beaming from her eyes; and then,—— she closed them in the sleep of death.

She expired without a groan, or a struggle. Even those around the bed scarcely knew, that the last breath had left her, until I informed them she was gone.

Thus fell asleep this lovely saint, in the arms of her Savior, a little past six o'clock, on the morning of July 18th, 1823.

Her afflicted relatives conveyed her remains to Creek Path, where they were, on the 20th, deposited near the residence of her parents, and by the side of her brother John, who had died about a year and a half before, in the triumphs of the same faith.

Her age was about twenty-three; and six years had elapsed from her first entering the school at Brainerd. She was then a heathen. But she became enlightened and sanctified, through the instrumentality of the Gospel of Jesus, preached to her by the missionaries of the cross; and her end was glorious.

A neat monument of wood, erected by her bereaved relatives, covers the grave where she was laid. And though, a few years hence, this monument may no longer exist to mark the spot where she slumbers, yet shall her dust be precious in the eyes of the Lord, and her virtues shall be told for a memorial of her.

Such was Catharine Brown, the converted Cherokee. Such, too were the changes wrought in her, through the blessing of Almighty God on the labors of missionaries. They, and only they, as the instruments of divine grace, had the formation of her Christian character; and that character, excellent and lovely as it was, resulted from the nature of their instructions. Her expansion of mind, her enlargement of views, her elevated affections, her untiring benevolence, are all to be traced, under God, to her intercourse with them. The glory belongs to God; but the instrumental agency, the effective labor, the subordinate success, were theirs.

In her history, we see how much can be made of the Indian character. Catharine was an Indian. She might have said, as her brother did to thousands, while passing through these States. "Aboriginal blood flows through my veins." True, it was not unmixed; but the same may be affirmed of many others of her people. Her parentage, her early circumstances and education, with a few unimportant exceptions, were like those of the Cherokees generally. She dwelt in the same wilderness, was conversant with the same society, was actuated by the same fears, and hopes, and expectations, and naturally possessed the same traits of character. Yet what did she become! How agreeable as an associate, how affectionate as a friend, how exemplary as a member of the the domestic and social circle and of the Christian church, how blameless and lovely in all the walks of life! Her Christian character was esteemed by all who knew her, while she lived, and will bear the strictest scrutiny, now she is dead. To such an excellence may the Indian character attain; for, to such an excellence did it actually attain in her.

And why may it not arrive at the same excellence in other Indians? Are there no other minds among them as susceptible of discipline and culture? no other spirits, that, in the plastic hands of the Divine Agent, can receive as beautiful a conformation? Are there not dispositions as gentle, hearts as full of feeling, minds as lively and strong? And cannot such minds be so fashioned and adorned, that heavenly grace shall beam as charmingly from them, as it did from hers?

The supposition, that she possessed mental and moral capabilities, which are rare among her people, while it adds nothing to our respect for her, does injustice to her nation. In personal attraction and in universal propriety of manner, she was, undoubtedly, much distinguished. But, in amiableness of disposition, in quickness of apprehension, in intellectual vigor, it is believed there are hundreds of Cherokee youth, who are scarcely less favored.

Catharine was not the only convert from her people. There have been others, both among the old and young, in whom similar transformations have been wrought. Her brother John was an instance. Her aged and venerable parents, who are much and justly respected by all who knew them, are instances. Others still might be named, were it not probable that these pages will fall under their notice. More than fifty Cherokees were added to the church, the first year after the decease of Catharine, the great proportion of whom adorn their profession in a manner resembling what we admire in her.

It is hardly possible, indeed, that any of these converts should become so well known to our community as she was. Circumstances have changed. The novelty of Indian missions is gone. The multiplication of converts diminishes our curiosity respecting individuals. But excellence and worth of character are none the less real for being unnoticed and unknown.

Here, then, we find encouragement. The success of past efforts has been rich in its nature, and animating in its amount; and the same kind of instruments, increased in number, are still employed, and employed, too, upon similar materials. The course of divine grace, moreover, is, in some sense, uniform, like the course of nature; so that what Almighty God has done, in past time, is an earnest and a pledge (circumstances being the same,) of what he will do, in time to come. Upon these accounts, among others, we may cherish raised expectations. Should the enterprise which has been commenced so auspiciously, be prosecuted with prudence, zeal, and in the fear of God, we shall not be extravagant if we look for the general prevalence of pure religion among a people, in the midst of whom, at the breaking up of their long night of paganism, this interesting female shone as a morning star.

The present is emphatically the time for vigorous Christian effort. Probably it is the only time when great success is possible. Various unpropitious causes press heavily upon the poor Indians; and it is believed, that nothing will save them from extinction, as a people, but the general prevalence of true religion. All things else will be vain without this.

The position, that civilization must precede Christianity, is so unsupported by facts, is so opposed to all experience, that one would hardly be advanced by enlightened philosophers, or be received by rational Christians. What is civilization? In Pagan and Mohammedan countries, it is, it ever has been, a state of society, where moral excellence is little known, and domestic and social happiness little enjoyed; where man is a lordly tyrant, and woman is a slave. True civilization is found only in Christian countries; and no where, but as the *result* of Christianity; of Christianity, too, planted, in the first instance, by missionary enterprise.

Bring this religion to act strongly upon the Indians. Give them the full enjoyment of Christian ordinances. Then their 'winter will be past, the rain will be over and gone.' Agriculture, art, science, legislation, and literature, the germs of which already appear, will grow in rich luxuriance, and the Indian character will be respected by the nations of the earth.

Let the life of Catharine Brown operate as an appeal to the benevolence of the Christian community. Though dead, she speaks: and oh, let her voice fall with persuasive and irresistible eloquence upon every ear.

Shall her people, of whom, by the purifying and ennobling influences of the Gospel, so much can be made, be abandoned to ignorance and wo? Shall beings who are capable of knowing God, of understanding the grand economy of his grace, of enjoying the imperishable blessings of his salvation, be shut out eternally from such wisdom, and debarred forever from such enjoyment?

Are they not susceptible of whatever is useful, and beautiful, and even sublime, in character? Can they not appreciate, and will they not use, the means of Christian civilization, if placed within their reach?

And may we not expect an abundant reward? Nay, have we not already been amply rewarded? To say nothing of the impulse given to the intellect, the industry, and the enterprise, of the nation, to which the subject of this memoir belonged; or of their accelerated progress in legislation and government; or of the amelioration in the habits and manners of their domestic and social life; or of the rudiments of learning imparted to a multitude of children and youth; or of the amount of sacred truth, the only means of conversion and sanctification, instilled into their minds; or of an inheritance in the heavens secured to many souls:—to say nothing of all this, Were not the holy life and triumphant death of Catharine Brown, an ample remuneration for all the labors and expenditures of the mission to her tribe?

Say, ye missionaries of the cross, should ye repent of your self-denying toils, if this had proved your only reward? Say, ye churches of the Redeemer, would you recall her sainted spirit from the skies, if what ye have expended for her nation could be refunded? A thousand worlds would not be worth what you have, through the grace of God, secured to her, as is humbly believed, in the regions of the blessed. And when ye, also, stand on the heights of the Zion above, and behold her ransomed spirit "filled with all the fulness of God," and exulting amid the host of heaven, will ye have any regrets for the sacrifices it cost you to send the Gospel to her people?

O let sloth be driven away; let the grasp of avarice be loosed; let benevolence assume the dominion; let a spirit of enterprise be kindled; let the messengers of salvation be quickly sent to every tribe that roams the western wilds.

Then "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blosson as the rose."

From the Missionary Herald, Vol. XXI.—1825.

TAHNEH,

A CHEROKEE FEMALE.

Perhaps nothing places more clearly before the mind of the public the character of missionary labors among the heathen, and the success which attends them, than biographical sketches of those who become hopefully pious, and exemplify their piety in their life, and at the hour of death. The change of feeling and conduct, in all the relations of life, under sufferings and reproaches, and the new hopes which spring up and sustain them in sickness and death, become manifest. The reader, by knowing the moral character of unevangelized nations, may estimate, almost as by a measure, what Christianity is adapted to do, and does in many cases do for them. The subjoined account of Tahneh, who at her baptism was called Naomi, was drawn up by one of the missionaries at Dwight; some slight alterations only having been made in the arrangement and shape of a few paragraphs.

Tahneh was a full-blooded Cherokee, the daughter of a considerable chief and warrior of Wills-Valley, in the old nation. She came to this country in the year 1818. At that time she was, as nearly as we could ascertain, fifty eight years old. Previous to our acquaintance with her, we know very little of her history, or of any events concerning her. By her former neighbors, who are now in this country, she was reputed an honest, industrious, persevering, and kind woman; generally respected and ever beloved. The marked defect in her character, however, was great irritability and peevishness. Much of this, doubtless, was attributable to ill health.

In the winter of 1822–3, she removed to the lower settlement on Point Remove, where she was placed under the sound of the Gospel, which, till that time, she had never heard. Her first attendance on public worship, was at the request of one of her near neighbors and early acquaintances. According to her desire, an abstract was given of the life, miracles, sufferings and death of the Savior. This was followed by a personal application to herself. With the whole she was deeply interested, and expressed a desire that the same gracious words might be spoken to her whenever opportunity offered. From that moment it was manifest that divine truth had reached her heart, and was exerting its influence there. She became deeply distressed; and as it appears from our journal of November, 1823, her mind was greatly perplexed with some of the doctrines of the Gospel. In vain did she try to reconcile the sinner's entire helplessness and dependence with his moral freedom and his duty to use the means of grace. Her heart was evidently hostile to these truths. When told that a condemned heathen would be punished with less severity in the world of retribution, than a rejecter of the Gospel, she very fervently expressed the wish that she had never heard it; as she was sure she should be among the condemned, and must suffer for having abused her privileges, and rejected the offered salvation.

She continued for several weeks after this very much distressed, and opposing her only deliverer, until she felt herself wholly lost, her strength entirely spent, and that she must have a Savior, or perish. Then she turned to the Lord Jesus Christ, and found him a precious, a willing, a sufficient Savior. We trust that like Mary, she sat down at his feet and bathed them with tears of deep and real penitence; that she cast herself upon him as her only hope. In July, 1824, while on a visit at Dwight, she expressed a desire to receive Christian baptism. We embraced an opportunity to converse with her respecting her knowledge and experience of the truths of religion, and found her deeply serious, and, we hope, truly humble. Her appearance and conversation exhibited good evidence of a renewal unto spiritual life, especially when we took into consideration the previous circumstances of her life. At a church meeting during the same month, she was examined relative to her fitness to be received as a candidate for baptism, and the privileges of the church. The examination was very particular, and every answer gave entire satisfaction to all the members of the church. The graces of meekness, penitence, and humble trust in God our Savior, were prominently manifested, and gave us reason to hope that she would be enabled to exhibit the best of all proofs of a new heart,—a holy life.

In September following, Tahneh presented herself before the congregation, and solemly entered into covenant with God and his people. At her baptism, she was called Naomi. She afterwards presented for baptism an orphan boy, of whom she had the care.

Not long after this, some grievous charges were brought against Naomi by those who opposed Christians and Christianity: but so far as could be ascertained, they were utterly groundless; and it appeared that she had adorned her Christian profession, and borne the cruel persecutions with which she had been honored, with the gentleness and patient forbearance of primitive Christianity. She was also, at that time visited with other severe affliction, in the sickness of her only son, whose disease, a pulmonary consumption, seemed rapidly drawing to a fatal termination. The young man was afterwards brought by her to the station, as he wished to spend the short remnant of his life with us, that he might receive Christian instruction and consolation while he lived, and Christian burial after his decease. In March, 1825, he died, not without giving us ground to hope that he was enabled, though with a weak and trembling faith, to trust his soul in the hands of the Redeemer. We rejoiced greatly to see, at that time of sorrow, the triumph of Christian principle, and the consolations of Christian hope, in the case of Naomi. Had her son been taken from her two years before, she would have been inconsolable, and her heart and her tongue would have risen in rebellion against the appointments of heaven. "When," said she, "about nine months ago, I was permitted to embrace my only and long absent son, I thought I was a poor, feeble, helpless old woman, and that my Savior had sent my son to be a stay and a comfort to me, as I walked down the decline of life to the grave. I certainly rejoiced, and I hope I was thankful. And now when I think how soon my son was laid aside by sickness, how he suffered and languished away, and now is gone, to come back to his mother no more, I sometimes feel my heart say, it is hard, it ought not to be so. But then I remember my sins, what I deserve, how many comforts are yet left to me, and that my Savior has done this, my heart says it is well. We shall not long be parted. I feel I shall soon follow him, and that my Savior will take me to himself forever.

About the middle of the same month, Naomi became ill herself. Her disease appeared to be a violent inflammation of the liver, and soon became very alarming. She continued to decline, and on the 27th became deranged, and on the 31st breathed out her soul into the hands of her Savior. She died in the Lord, and as we have every reason to believe, went to rest in the blessedness of heaven. During the whole of her sickness, until she lost her senses, she bore her pains, which were very severe, without a murmur, saying, "It is my Savior's hand; I am resigned and happy." Even after her delirium commenced, many of her expressions indicated that her soul was stayed on God.

Her life on earth was a life of sorrow. Almost every dispensation of providence towards her, since we have known her, has seemed to say, "This is not your rest." But we doubt not that she is now in a world where all tears are wiped from her eyes, and where she has found by experience that they who humble themselves shall be exalted. This was the first breach made in our little church. We can add, that the memory of Naomi is affectionately cherished by all the mission family, and especially by the native brothers and sisters. Even her enemies are now at peace with her, and often speak most respectfully of her, and of the evidence which she gave of true piety. One of her daughters is now a member of our church; and it is believed that the example and affectionate instructions, exhortations, and prayers of her mother, had an important influence in leading her to embrace the hope of the Gospel.

Such was the life, the character, and the death of this christianized Cherokee. The change was wrought in her by hearing the truths of the Gospel. The case of this woman is not a solitary one. Many are now living who show in their conduct the same power of conscience, the parental solicitude for their children, and the same kind social affection. Many have died with the same hope. At the death of the members of his church, the missionary can estimate the value of the work which he has been the happy instrument of doing. Instead of seeing those, whom he has labored to instruct in the way of salvation, dying in utter darkness and apathy as to the future, he is animated with the hope, that, in the instance before him, the end of his labors has been attained: one individual has begun a holy life, has gone through the dangerous temptations of this world, has continued steadfast to the end: and he now delivers over the soul which he has been watching for, into the hands of the Redeemer, saying to himself, as he thinks on the dying scene, there is one soul rescued from eternal death—one gone into joy unspeakable and full of glory—surely my labors have not been in vain to the Lord.

From the Missionary Herald, Vol. 24.—1828.

MRS. JANE CLARK.

Mrs. Jane Clark, the subject of the following pages, was the daughter of Reuben and Ruth Mitchell of Dorchester county, eastern shore of Maryland. She was born December the 14th, 1787; her parents were among the first in that county who received the gospel of Christ, as taught in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to whose souls it became the happy power of God to salvation: from that time forward, and for many years, their house was occupied as a place of public preaching, and as an asylum for the messengers of Christ in the hour of trial and danger; and to which many fled to hear the words of life and salvation in the name of Christ. Their constant care and attention at all times were, to bring up their children in the fear and favor of heaven, and in this their efforts were crowned with the most distinguished blessings of God; several of their children have long since died in the triumphs of the Christian's faith, while they themselves are left to toil on the shore of time. Their other children, four sons and two daughters, are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the happy partakers of the grace and favor of heaven.

About the age of fourteen, the subject of these lines, (as she has often declared,) became acquainted in some measure with the depravity and corruption of her nature, while attending the closing scene of one of her most intimate and affectionate female companions, whose soul was happy in her God. From this time forward she became much interested with the nature and tendency of the Christian religion; while her tears, her groans, her sighs, and her prayers, conducted her broken and desponding heart to the cross of Christ. In this state she continued for some time, gazing on the bleeding, crucified Son of God by faith; and as she thus gazed, light broke into her soul, the darkness which before had surrounded her mind gave way. While she, in the transport of joy, and the assurance of love, was enabled to say, "I have found him, I have found him." From this time forward, even to the closing scene of her life, she retained her confidence in her God: and although cast upon a rough and boisterous sea of affliction for years, she could still adopt the language of the poet and say,

"Yet will I in my Savior trust,
And glory that he died for me."

In the month of April, 1817, she was arrested with a severe attack of the inflammatory rheumatism, which for nearly twelve months deprived her of the use of all her limbs. After continuing in this state for some time, she was attacked with a severe coughing, accompanied with a discharge of blood from the lungs, which continued, at times, to the day of her death. So that for the last nine years of her life, she never enjoyed one month's health at a time, so that life, in some measure with regard to her, had lost all its charms, if any it possessed. In the month of October 1826, in returning from an evening's visit to a friend, she was arrested with a chill which was shortly after succeeded by a fever, so as to confine her to her bed and room, at which time she stated to me that she should not recover the attack, but that in a short time she should return to her Father and her God.

From this time she became more than ever engaged in abstracting her mind from her family and the cares of the world, and fixing it on the interests of the soul, and so continued until the day in which God signed her release from earth to heaven, so that when the messenger came she was ready to go. As a wife, she was at all times affectionate, and cautiously studied the interests of her family. As a mother, she was tender and much interested for the welfare of her children: as a neighbor she studied the peace and harmony of society, and as a Christian, she was warmly attached to the doctrines and discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she was a member from early life. Her piety was of that character, that she would often " weep with those that wept, and rejoice with those that rejoiced." For several of the last years of her life, her closet and her God could witness the sincerity of her tears, shed for the cause of her Savior and the salvation of men. At times, all hours of the night, as well as those of the day, could find her retiring to her closet with her God, until she was compelled to yield to the severity of her increasing affliction. She was always much pained, whenever I was prevented from attending any of my regular appointments, (which was often the case during the last six months of her life,) in consequence of her indisposition; and although my attention was wanting, she would endeavor to press me into the work of calling sinners to repentance.

The last six months of her life she was altogether confined to her bed and room; during which time her affliction, of a complicated character, was extremely severe: but in the midst of all, her soul was kept in peace, although the enemy at times would thrust hard at her. So that at one time she called her husband, and said, " My dear, it seems as if the Lord deals hard with me, that I should be thus afflicted and cannot die, although I wish to go." He endeavored to encourage her, by telling her it was the enemy of souls that was striving to destroy her comfort, and to look to the Lord for deliverance: after pausing for some time, she said to him, " I now know why I am thus afflicted, it is for my unfaithfulness." From this time, her confidence seemed to increase, and so continued, mixed with a patience and resignation such as few have never been called to witness.

A few weeks before the closing scene arrived, she said to an old saint of God, that called to visit her, "My dear sister O***s, I shall get to glory before you. Oh how good the Lord is to me." On the Sunday week before she was called to take her departure, she supposing her end drawing near, called her husband, and said, "I wish you to send for sister B****r, I fear she has something against me, and I wish to know if she has." At night she appeared much worse, but her confidence growing stronger and stronger in her God, so that her soul became truly happy. She then turning her head, and looking her husband in the face, as he sat by her bed, said, "My dear, will you meet me in glory, will you meet me in glory?" After giving her an assurance that he would endeavor so to do, she then raised her voice to such an extraordinary degree, as to be heard in every part of the house, and said to her weeping friends who came to see her, one by one, "Oh sister S*****d, will you meet me in glory?" "Sister H*****y, will you meet me in glory?" and then said to her sister, "Oh Harriet, will you meet me in glory?" After resting awhile, she turned to a young lady who came to stay the night with her, and said, "Oh Maria, do get religion, get your soul converted, and meet me in glory. Oh how good is the Lord to me!" She then said to me, "My dear, you have not sent as yet for sister B****r." I then told her I would: at which time two of the sisters present went to bring her. She then said I "fear I I shall not have strength to speak to her when she comes. About 10 o'clock she came into the room, when I said, my dear, sister B****r, is come, when she raised her feeble and trembling arms, and caught her round the neck and said, "Sister B****r, have you any thing against me?" when she, bathed in tears, replied, "No, my dear sister Clark, I never had, but I have always loved you." "Now," said she, "I can die in peace, but not before. Oh sister B****r will you meet me in glory?" She continued in this happy state of mind from that time until within a few days of her death, when her mind for a short time appeared to be oppressed by the tempter of souls. At this time, brother Guest, the preacher in charge of the station, called in to see her; after which her mind became composed and happy in God. On my coming into the room, she said to me, "Oh how I wish to die and to be with Christ." And although tenderly attached to her children, she gave them up into the hands of her God, and appeared to have lost sight of them altogether; knowing that he, into whose hands she had committed them, "was able to do abundantly above all that she could ask or think," for them. The evening before she died, she said to me, "Unless I get better I shall not survive till morning; do you think I shall?" to which I made no reply, owing to the feelings of my heart upon the solemn event about to transpire. Her coughing with a severe vomiting, continued from this time, with scarcely any intermission, until within a few minutes before she died; when her yielding spirit could say—

"Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love my Lord, my God,
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod.
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee will I love in endless day."

About half past one o'clock in the morning, she complained of the dimness of her sight. A few minutes before she died, she said to me, "My dear, how weak I feel, I am almost gone;" she then desired to be raised a little in the bed, which was done: when she said, with her soul transported with the prospect of immortality and eternal life, "I am going:" and as she uttered these words, and while the balm was applied to her lips, her head reclined in the arms of sister L******b, and her anxious spirit took its flight to her God and Savior, a quarter before two o'clock, on Wednesday morning, April the 19th, 1826, in the 39th year of her age. We may now adopt the language of the poet and say—

"This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching is o'er;
This quiet immoveable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more."

From the Methodist Magazine, Vol. 10—1827, for which it was written by her husband.

MRS. ELIZABETH BISHOP.

Mrs. Bishop was a native of Marlborough, Mass., and was born in June, 1798. Her family name was Edwards. She was early deprived of both her parents; her father having died before she was two years old, and her mother when she was about fourteen. Left an orphan at this early age, she became dependent for support, upon her own exertions. At this trying period she found faithful friends who counselled and protected her. Of their kindness she was deeply sensible, and repaid it with gratitude and warm affection. While attending school at Bradford, she became decidedly pious, and was ever after very exemplary, in the performance of all religious duties. She was deeply interested in the cause of missions; and though she felt her incompetency to engage personally in a work of such magnitude as missionary labors among the heathen, yet when that seemed to become her duty, she would cheerfully yield up herself to the service. Her marriage with Mr. Bishop, and embarkation at New Haven, Conn., for the Sandwich Islands, took place in November, 1822, and she arrived at the latter place in April 1823. From 1824 till her decease she resided at Kairua.

Mrs. B. was possessed of a very cheerful and amiable disposition and strong powers of mind. She also possessed a great desire for intellectual improvement, and carefully availed herself of every opportunity of acquiring knowledge. She was uncommonly persevering in surmounting difficulties which stood in her path. She seems to have been eminently qualified for her labors among the heathen, and secured the confidence and affection of all her brethren and sisters in the same field. That she was much beloved by the people of the Islands, appears from their assiduous attentions during her sickness. She was peculiarly successful in teaching the females and gaining their affections.

Mrs. Bishop was taken ill in August, 1827; and immediately became unable to perform the ordinary labors in her family. She seemed at first to suffer from no particular disease, but from a general debility, with occasional slight pains in different parts of her system. As her illness increased, various remedies were resorted to, without giving any permanent relief. She removed into the mountains to enjoy the cooler and purer air; but the desired effect not being produced, she accompanied Mr. Bishop to Honoruru, on the island of Oahu, to try the effect of a voyage, and with the hope also of finding at that island, some foreign physician, whose advice she might avail herself of. For a time she was somewhat benefited by the voyage; and Dr. Ford, of the English whale ship, Elizabeth, and the surgeon of a Russia discovery ship, which were then in port, paid the kindest attention to her case, until they perceived that their prescriptions produced little or no good effect. They pronounced her disease to be an obstinate dyspepsy. After spending about three months at Honoruru, she returned to Kairua. In the mean time her debility had greatly increased, and her pains had become exceedingly severe. The irritation of her nervous system, had become such, that the slightest noise would agitate and distress her. The voyage to Kairua exhausted her still more; and after her arrival there, she wasted away rapidly. While at Honoruru, besides the medical aid of the two physicians mentioned above, she shared in the sympathy and care of the mission families at that place; and while at Kairua she received from Mrs. Thurston the kindest attention. The native females of both places, and especially the latter, where she finished her course, were constantly solicitious to testify their esteem and affection. Mr. B. remarks on this point.—

"The christian females in this place were not backward in their attentions at this hour of trial. With the tenderest sympathy for the sufferings of their beloved teacher, they vied with each other, who should be foremost in waiting upon her and administering to her comfort. Two in rotation, came each morning, and sat by her bedside through the day, fanned her, bathed her aching head in water, and chafed her cold limbs with their hands: thus affording the clearest evidence, that her labors with them had not been in vain. After I had become nearly exhausted with watchings and anxiety, they continued their visits during the night, alternately administering to her wants."

All hope of Mrs. B.'s recovery died away. Her strength was exhausted but her pains were not mitigated. She bore them, however, through all her decline, with exemplary patience and resignation to the divine will. She continued to grow feeble, until the 21st of February, 1828, when she ceased from her labors and sufferings on earth, to enter into that rest which remains for the people of God. A communication from her husband contains a statement of her feelings in view of approaching death, and affords ample evidence of her humility, the high standard by which she estimated the Christian character, and her confidence in the salvation of the gospel.

From the first of her sickness, Mrs. Bishop became impressed with the belief, that she had not long to live, and often expressed to me, the necessity of setting her house in order for the event of death. At that time I considered it as the effect of melancholy, brought on by anxiety and a declining state of health. While residing at Kuahewa, with the family of Mr. Bingham, she one day walked out to a solitary spot, where she supposed no human footsteps would often tread, and selected the place as one where she could wish to repose after her decease.

She was constantly impressed with a sense of her unfaithfulness, and the little good she had accomplished during the few years of her missionary life, and often prayed that she might be spared in order to make amends for past neglect. As I may have occasion frequently to advert to the low estimation in which she held her services in the cause, and the opinion, which she entertained at times, that her neglect of the heathen had even been a reproach, I would take this occasion to bear my testimony, in accordance with my brethren, that her active mind when not occupied in necessary domestic concerns was ever employed in doing something for the spiritual or temporal good of the people around her. She was daily in the habit of receiving the females into her house, to instruct them in reading, writing and domestic arts. And the reason why she could not fully appreciate this, during her last illness, was doubtless owing to the melancholy state of her mind, springing out of her disorder. She was never, when in health, prone to think highly of her religious attainments; but possessing the highest charity for others, she would often propose them to herself, as models for imitation. She never could feel, when she had done for the heathen what was in her power, that she had so done her duty, as to merit the approbation of her Master. In health, her spirits were usually buoyant and cheerful; but in regard to her religious duties, she was ever humble, and seldom appealed to them, as an evidence of her piety. She often used to lament that she could find no secluded spot in or about the house where she could retire at stated seasons for secret devotion; and gave that as a reason why she had no more religious enjoyment. But in her late sickness, the thought that she had not always been punctual in the secret duties of the closet, gave her the deepest sorrow. Often she would in the most solemn manner charge me, as I valued my peace of conscience, and desired to avoid the pangs of remorse on a dying bed, to be ever punctual in secret devotions. She desired me also to tell it to others, when she was gone, that they too might learn from her to avoid what she then suffered. It may be proper to remark here, that in the duties of the closet, her conscience was ever tender; and in my opinion, she did always endeavor to be punctual in this respect: but it is probable that the duty was sometimes omitted by her, owing to the interruptions to which she was subjected every hour in the day, by the intrusion of natives into a house, where there is no upper chamber, or inner door, unless a curtain may be so called.

Mrs. B. was one who ever felt the most lively concern for the welfare of her children, situated in this land of strangers, and witnessing the corrupt manners that surrounded them. It was one great burden of her daily prayers, that they might be preserved from the influence of pernicious examples. It can well be imagined, therefore, what must have been her feelings, in the prospect of leaving them in their infantile state. Many indeed were the tears which she shed, and the prayers which she offered up on their behalf, that if possible her life might be spared for their sakes. But God was gracious to her in this also, and gave her strength to resign them into his hands, and assurance that he would raise up kind friends to provide for them, when she was no more. I was both much surprised and comforted to find her, who had scarcely been absent from them one hour, so willing to commit them to the future care of others whom she knew not, assured that God would be their protector and better portion.

It was a source of great grief to her mind, that she could find no one of all that visited her in her sickness, who seemed to think with her, that she would not recover. The subject of death was one upon which she desired to converse often; but those with whom she spoke on the subject, felt that such an event was improbable; and instead of sympathising in her feelings, would usually request her for the sake of her health, not to indulge in those reflections, for there was no probability that she would die under this complaint. "It is trying," she would reply, "that none can be found who feel with me that death is nigh: but," she would add, "it is all right: I must pass the Jordan of death alone: there none can bear me company, and why not learn the way alone, since it is the will of my heavenly Father." Indeed it was our ignorance of the full extent of her disorder, supposing it was dyspepsy merely, that induced us all to think that her sickness though severe, would eventuate in her restoration to health. But no assurances from physicians or friends could alter her views of this subject: she would lay her hand upon her heart and say "here it is; I feel that death is near and has already begun his work. The sensations of my own breast tell me that I shall not recover."

She would often express the liveliest gratitude to those who attended upon her to administer to her comfort. "May the Lord bless you," she would say, "I am not worthy of your kindness, nor can I ever repay you; but I pray God to bless you, and reward you. Should I recover, I am sure I should be willing to wash the feet of you all." At other times she would say, "O you know not how it humbles me to see your concern for one so unworthy: if you knew but half of my sins, you would not, I am sure you could not, waste your precious time upon me so undeserving." But the greatest grief of all, and that which caused her deep humiliation of heart, was, that I should be called from my appropriate work to attend upon her. "When souls are perishing for lack of knowledge," she would say to me, "is it right that you should forsake your work of preaching and translating the Word of God, to attend upon me, who have merited nothing but displeasure from the hands of my heavenly father? I fear I am answerable for all this." When I assured her it was not so; that she was not more answerable for my attendance upon her, than she was accountable for her illness, she replied,, "I fear that it is my own imprudence that has brought me here; and if so, am I not accountable for the consequences?"

In all her religious views, even in the darkest hours, I observed that her faith in the word and Providence of God, in the fulness and all-sufficiency of the Savior, remained unshaken. She felt no doubts concerning the truth of what God had revealed: there all was clear, and the only difficulty that remained was, the inability to appropriate the promises to her own case. During the hours of her spiritual darkness, it was truly edifying to see with what earnestness she sought after the evidences of a true faith, and with what jealousy she watched over her heart and conscience, lest she might mistake the shadow, and lose sight of the reality. "This," she would say, "is not an hour for me to sit down and be satisfied with past attainments, and past experience: I must go back again to the first principles of faith: I must feel something more than the hope arising from what I have done: I must have stronger evidence of acceptance than that arising from love to the brethren. My love to them may have been only natural affection, common to all towards those with whom they associate, and with whom they are in the interchange of kind offices. I must feel the spirit of Christ within me, subduing my sinful heart and implanting holy affections, and an overcoming faith."

These seasons of doubts and fears, and expressions of great concern lest her religion had been hypocritical, used regularly to return with the paroxysms of her disorder: but as these passed away, her mind would again become tranquil, and hope would again revive. Still there was no ecstasy, no assurance that her foundation stood strong: it was the trembling hope of one who felt that pardon was wholly unmerited, and granted solely for the sake of Christ.

After her return from Oahu to Kairua, and while sinking fast towards the grave, her mind was more at rest. The fears and doubts that had so distracted her mind, passed away, and cheerful hope succeeded in their stead. She would often say, "I feel that Jesus is mine; that he has accepted me, and will take me to himself, when I go hence." She spent much time, during the intervals of pain, in prayer for herself, her husband and children, her brethren and sisters of this mission, and for the whole church of God. It was at this time, that the pains, which heretofore had been confined to her body and limbs, attacked her head, and at times almost deprived her of reason. She had often expressed her thankfulness, that in all the pain she endured, her head had been quite free; but now the trial of her patience was come. Agonies to which she had before been a stranger, racked her brain. We bathed her head in cold water night and day, and some one constantly held it with both hands, "to keep it," as she expressed it "from falling to pieces." She had often expressed to me a desire to remove into the country, where she thought the cold air and bathing her temples in the mountain water would give her some relief. We felt the difficulty of making the attempt: for at this time she was exceedingly reduced, and could not even turn herself in bed. She was accustomed to be laid upon a litter every morning and evening, and carried out by two men to take an airing. One morning, during her usual airing, she ordered her bearers to ascend with her toward the mountain. They did so, bore her nearly half the way thither, and then returned. On her arrival she expressed herself refreshed by the excursion. The next morning, therefore, we undertook to remove her on her litter; and much to our satisfaction, she endured the excursion with little fatigue. She remained in the country six days, but she suffered almost incredibly from the effect of the cold nights upon her emaciated frame; so that the object after which we sought, was defeated.

It was while in the country, separated from the society of every brother and sister, and in the near prospect of eternity, that she seemed to gird on anew her armor for the coming foe. I had until this time indulged hopes, that by the blessing of God, she might eventually recover, but these hopes had for sometime been diminishing, and now they were quite gone. The pallid, sunken cheek, the hollow eye, the diminished pulse, and wandering reason, evinced clearly to my mind, that death was near. When I informed her of my apprehensions, she seemed relieved in her mind, and replied, "It is well: death has no terrors: it is what I have long looked and waited for, as a release from the pains that assail my frame. I have long given up all thoughts of recovery, and death only appears desirable. And you, my dear husband," she added, "the Lord will comfort and bless you under your bereavement, and give you many souls for your hire. Remember the promise, "they that go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall return again rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them." Take care to continue faithful, steadfast, and abounding in the work of the Lord, and this promise is yours." A little after, having lain some time with her eyes closed, she opened them and said to me, "I have been praying for an overcoming faith, that I may come off a conqueror in the hour of conflict. Pray for me, O pray for me, that the everlasting arms may be my support, when heart and flesh shall fail." She then desired me to sing to her the words of the dying Christian, "Vital spark of heavenly flame," &c.

I had scarcely commenced, when she interrupted me by saying that her nerves could not bear singing, and requested me only to repeat it. After I had finished, and asked her how she felt, I found that her reason was again wandering, and I said no more.

At another time, during an interval of pain, she spoke to me of her children now about to be left orphans. She said she had resigned them into the hands of God; charged me to be kind to them, and to leave no suitable means untried to procure for them a good home in America. "I, also," she added, "was once an orphan, and know too well the ills of orphanage not to be solicitous for my dear children." It was about this time, as near as I remember, that I asked her whether she had any message to leave in my charge to her friends, either here, or in America. "Yes," she replied, "tell my brethren and sisters of the mission, that I love them unto the end; that I have nothing to bestow in return for their kindness to me, but my thanks and my prayers for their prosperity in their labor of love. Tell my dear American friends, that they will neither see, nor hear from me again in this life, but that I hope hereafter to meet them again, to part no more forever. And tell my dear pupils at Kairua, that after a few days, they will see me no more; but that it was my hope to live long, and have met with them for many days to come. Tell them to forgive whatever they have seen in me, that they thought amiss: to listen to the words of their teachers, and above all, to seek earnestly after the word of life and the way of salvation: to hold fast to the right way unto the end. Charge them to remember my dying words that we may all meet again in heaven."

About one week before her death, when revived a little, after a season of great exhaustion and fatigue, she called for her children. When they were brought, she laid her emaciated hands upon the head of each and said, "The Lord shield this defenceless head underneath the shadow of his wings." She then kissed them and wept.

Each day now presented some new symptom of approaching dissolution. Three days before her departure, she became entirely bereft of her reason, and ceased to know her friends and attendants. About the middle of the night when the afflictive event took place, I seated myself by her. The pulse by this time was scarcely perceptible. I held her cold hand in mine for some time, when I heard her say, in a broken, inarticulate voice, "Let me depart in peace." Thinking she might wish me to leave her a little to quietude, I removed my chair to the door, and thought upon the glories that would open on her soul, when released from its crumbling tenement. In a little time, I inquired of the female attendants how she appeared; and they motioned to me that she was asleep. I immediately caught a lamp and hastened to her; but she was gone. Without a struggle or a groan, she gently breathed forth her spirit into the arms of her Savior.

The funeral services were attended on the Saturday morning following, when a numerous procession of females all dressed in mourning followed her to the grave. She rests in peace, in the church-yard, there to await the joyful summons of the last trumpet, to rise and ascend to the bosom of the Savior, whom she served and owned on earth.

From the Missionary Herald, Vol. 25—1829.

MRS. ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON.

Mrs. Judson was the daughter of Mr. John and Mrs. Rebecca Hasseltine, and was born December 22, 1789, at Bradford, Massachusetts.

In her earliest years, she was distinguished by activity of mind, extreme gayety, a strong relish for social amusements, and unusually ardent feelings. She possessed that spirit of enterprise, that fertility in devising plans for the attainment of her wishes, and that indefatigable perseverance in the pursuit of her purposes, of which her subsequent life furnished so many examples, and created so frequent occasions. Her restless spirit, while a child, was often restrained by her mother; and the salutary prohibitions which this excellent parent was sometimes forced to impose, occasioned so much grief, that Mrs. Hasseltine once said to her, "I hope, my daughter, you will one day be satisfied with rambling."

An eager thirst for knowledge is commonly the attendant, and often the parent of a restless, enterprising disposition. It was so in the case of Mrs. Judson. She loved learning, and a book could allure her from her favorite walks, and from the gayest social circle. The desire for knowledge is often found in connexion with moderate intellectual faculties; and in such cases, with favorable opportunities, the individual may make a respectable proficiency in learning. But this desire is almost invariably an attribute of eminent mental powers: and the person thus happily endowed, needs nothing but industry and adequate means, to ensure the attainment of the highest degree of literary excellence.

Mrs. Judson's mind was of a superior order. It was distinguished by strength, activity, and clearness. She has, indeed, left no memorials, which can be produced, as fair specimens of her talents and literary acquirements. She wrote much, but her writings have perished, except letters and accounts of missionary proceedings, written without any design to exhibit her abilities, or display her learning. But no one can review her life, and read what she has written and published, without feeling that her mind possessed unusual vigor and cultivation.

She was educated at the Academy in Bradford, a seminary which has become hallowed by her memory, and by that of Mrs. Newell, the proto-martyr of the American Missions. Here she pursued her studies with much success. Her perceptions were rapid, her memory retentive, and her perseverance indefatigable. Here she laid the foundations of her knowledge, and here her intellect was stimulated, disciplined and directed. Her preceptors and associates ever regarded her with respect and esteem: and considered her ardent temperament, her decision and perseverance, and her strength of mind, as ominous of some uncommon destiny.

At this seminary, hallowed as the place where others of the eminent of her sex have caught the first rays of light which they afterwards scattered so far, she too first sought and found a Savior. In the revival at Bradford in 1806, already noticed in the life of Mrs. Newell, she was roused to a sense of her danger, and after many days of deep distress under a strong conviction of sin, she finally obtained a good hope, through grace, of that salvation which is by Jesus Christ alone. In the account of her religious experience, recorded in her private journals, she thus expresses her feelings after her conversion.

"I now began to hope, that I had passed from death unto life. When I examined myself, I was constrained to own, that I had feelings and dispositions, to which I was formerly an utter stranger. I had sweet communion with the blessed God, from day to day; my heart was drawn out in love to Christians of whatever denomination; the sacred Scriptures were sweet to my taste; and such was my thirst for religious knowledge, that I frequently spent a great part of the night in reading religious books.

"Sin, in myself and others, appeared as that abominable thing, which a holy God hates—and I earnestly strove to avoid sinning, not merely because I was afraid of hell, but because I feared to displease God, and grieve his Holy Spirit. I attended my studies in school, with far different feelings and different motives, from what I had ever done before. I felt my obligation to improve all I had to the glory of God; and since he in his providence had favored me with advantages for improving my mind, I felt that I should be like the slothful servant, if I neglected them. I therefore diligently employed all my hours in school, in acquiring useful knowledge, and spent my evenings, and part of the night in spiritual enjoyments.

"While thus recounting the mercies of God to my soul, I am particularly affected by two considerations; the richness of that grace, which called and stopped me in my dangerous course, and the ungrateful returns I make for so distinguished a blessing. I am prone to forget the voice which called me out of darkness into light, and the hand which drew me from the horrible pit and miry clay. When I first discerned my Deliverer, my grateful heart offered him the services of a whole life, and resolved to acknowledge no other master. But such is the force of my native depravity, that I find myself prone to forsake him, grieve away his influence from my heart, and walk in the dark and dreary path of the backslider. I despair of making great attainments in the divine life, and look forward to death only, to free me from my sins and corruptions. Till that blessed period, that hour of my emancipation, I am resolved, through the grace and strength of my Redeemer, to maintain a constant warfare with my inbred sins, and endeavor to perform the duties incumbent on me, in whatever situation I may be placed.

'Safely guide my wandering feet,
Travelling in this vale of tears;
Dearest Savior, to thy seat
Lead, and dissipate my fears.'"

The change in her feelings and views, which she has thus described, was a thorough and permanent one. She immediately entered on the duties, and sought for the pleasures, of religion, with all the ardor of her natural character.

Mrs. Judson, early in her religious life, showed her desire to be useful to her fellow men. Her active mind was not satisfied without some effort to benefit those around her. She accordingly engaged, soon after this period, in the occupation of instructing a school, impelled mainly by the desire to be useful. There are few situations, which furnish better opportunities of imparting permanent benefit, than that of the instructor of a school. In New England, this office is regarded with a good degree of the honorable estimation to which it is entitled; and it is to be wished, that a larger number of educated young ladies would employ themselves in a service so beneficial to their own minds, and so vitally important to the rising generation.

The following extract from Mrs. Judson's journal, dated May 12, 1807, shows the conscientious principles which actuated her; and proves that her mind was thus early swayed by the resolution to *live not unto herself, but to Him who died for her, and rose again.* Her zeal for the spiritual welfare of others, and her decision of character, are here seen, in a very striking light.

"Have taken charge of a few scholars. Ever since I have had a comfortable hope in Christ, I have desired to devote myself to him, in such a way, as to be useful to my fellow creatures. As Providence has placed me in a situation of life, where I have an opportunity of getting as good an education as I desire, I feel it would be highly criminal in me not to improve it. I feel, also, that it would be equally criminal to desire to be well educated and accomplished, from selfish motives, with a view merely to gratify my taste and relish for improvement, or my pride in being qualified to shine. I therefore resolved last winter, to attend the Academy, from no other motive, than to improve the talents bestowed by God, so as to be more extensively devoted to his glory, and the benefit of my fellow creatures. On being lately requested to take a small school, for a few months, I felt very unqualified to have the charge of little immortal souls; but the hope of doing them good, by endeavoring to impress their young and tender minds with divine truth, and the obligation I feel, *to try to be useful*, have induced me to comply. I was enabled to open the school with prayer. Though the cross was very great, I felt constrained, by a sense of duty, to take it up. The little creatures seemed astonished at such a beginning. Probably some of them had never heard a prayer before. O may I have grace to be faithful in instructing these little immortals, in such a way as shall be pleasing to my heavenly Father."

She was engaged, at intervals, for several years, in teaching schools in different towns. She was always diligent and faithful in her endeavors to enlighten the minds and to form the manners of her pupils; but she regarded the *fear of the Lord as the beginning of wisdom;* and she strove to guide her dear pupils to the Savior. She felt herself to be intrusted, in some measure, with the charge of their souls; and she watched for them as one that must give an account.

In June, 1810, Miss Hasseltine became acquainted with Mr. Adoniram Judson, who was then a candidate for a mission to the heathen. The result of this acquaintance in a short time, was an offer of marriage on his part, including of course a proposition to her, to accompany him on his missionary enterprise.

She was thus placed in a situation of peculiar difficulty and delicacy. The influence which her affections ought to have, in deciding a question of this kind, it would not, in ordinary cases, have been difficult to determine. But in this case, her embarrassment was increased, by the conflict which might arise between affection and duty. A person so conscientious as she was, would wish to form a decision on the important question of her duty, respecting missionary labors, uninfluenced by any personal considerations. Hesitation to assume an office so responsible, and so arduous, would spring up in any mind; but Miss Hasseltine was required to decide on the point, in connection with another, itself of the utmost consequence to her individual happiness. It was impossible to divest herself of her personal feelings; and she might have some painful suspicions, lest her affections might bias her decision to become a Missionary; while female delicacy and honor would forbid her to bestow her hand, merely as a preliminary and necessary arrangement.

There was another circumstance which greatly increased the difficulty of a decision. No female had ever left America as a Missionary to the heathen. The general opinion was decidedly opposed to the measure. It was deemed wild and romantic in the extreme, and altogether inconsistent with prudence and delicacy. Miss H. had no example to guide and allure her. She met with no encouragement from a greater part of those persons, to whom she applied for counsel. Some expressed strong disapprobation of the project. Others would give no opinion. Two or three individuals, whom it might not be proper to name, were steady, affectionate advisers, and encouraged her to go. With these exceptions, she was forced to decide from her own convictions of duty, and her own sense of fitness and expediency.*

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* The remark of one lady respecting Mrs. J. would express the feelings of many others. "I hear," said she, "that Miss H. is going to India. Why does she go?"

It was well for the cause of Missions, that God assigned to Miss Hasseltine the honorable, yet difficult office of leading the way in this great enterprise. Her adventurous spirit and decision of character eminently fitted her to resolve, where others would hesitate, and to advance, where others might retreat. She did decide to go, and her determination, without doubt, has had some effect on the minds of other females, who have since followed her example.

The resolution of Mr. and Mrs. Judson, to devote themselves to the service of their Savior as Missionaries, was not formed in the ardor of youthful enthusiasm. It was not the impulse of an adventurous spirit, panting for scenes of difficulty and danger. They had cherished no romantic views of the missionary enterprise. They had calmly estimated its hazards and its toils. They foresaw what it would cost them, and the issue to which it would probably lead them both. They knew well what they must do and suffer; and they yielded themselves as willing sacrifices, for the sake of the far distant heathen.

They were married on the fifth of February, 1812, and on the next day he was ordained to the work of evangelizing the heathen, with his brethren in the mission. Soon after, Mr. and Mrs. Judson sailed in the same vessel with Mr. and Mrs. Newell, to Calcutta. On their arrival at Calcutta, the difficulties already alluded to in the life of Mrs. Newell, prevented a permanent missionary establishment in that part of India. After the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Newell for the Isle of France, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, resided in Calcutta two months, during which time, from a serious consideration of the subject, they were led to renounce some of their former religious tenets and to adopt the opinions of the Baptists. In consequence of this change, their connection with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, was necessarily dissolved, and they, with Mr. Rice, another missionary, who had altered his sentiments, were compelled to look to some other quarter for support. Mr. Rice returned to the United States, and by his efforts, and earnest appeals, a large portion of the Baptist denomination were roused to action in the cause of Missions, so that a Baptist General Convention was soon organized, and a Board of Missions appointed, under whose patronage Messrs. Rice and Judson were called to labor, with liberty to choose the field. Mr. and Mrs. Judson had removed to the Isle of France with Mr. Rice, before his departure to the United States, and there they remained till May, 1813, when they sailed for Madras, hoping there to find a passage to the island of Penang, on the coast of Malacca, where they intended to labor among the heathen natives. On their arrival at Madras however, they were unable to

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"Why, she thinks it her duty; would not you go, if you thought it your duty!" "But," replied the good lady, with emphasis, "*I would not think it my duty.*" Many questions of duty, it may be suspected, are decided in this summary manner.

obtain a passage to Penang, and at length sailed to Rangoon in Burmah, which thenceforth, became the scene of their missionary labors. Here unfriended and alone, they commenced their noble work in July, 1813; and as their prospects opened before them, they felt a momentary gloom and dejection at the darkness of the future. But they were not left despairing. Their helper God, in whom they had trusted, was present still, upholding them by the consolations of his grace in that dark hour of trial, and by the sure promise of his aid through all their labors yet to come. There the missionaries labored through dangers and trials for six years, before their hearts were gladdened by the conversion of a single Burman. And at length when their labors were rewarded by success, the converts were few and feeble; but still they neither despaired nor desisted while life or strength lasted.

The health of Mrs. Judson was considerably enfeebled by the climate of Burmah and her labors, so that it was found necessary for her in the latter part of the year 1821, to revisit her native country. Before coming to the United States, she passed some time in England, where she was received with the kindest attention by many of the friends of Missions. After a stay of some months she went over to America, where she spent more than half a year, surrounded by Christian friends. Her health being in a great measure restored by repose in her natural climate, in the summer of 1823, she sailed for India, and in December rejoined her husband at Rangoon.

During the war between the Burmans and the British, which was commenced in 1824, and carried on for two years, the situation of the missionaries was dangerous in the extreme, and many times their lives were threatened. The sufferings to which the cruelty of the heathen subjected them, were almost beyond human endurance, and the shocks which Mrs. Judson received, so weakened her constitution, from sickness and anguish of body and mind, that she did not long survive the termination of the war. On the 24th of October, 1826, while her husband was at Rangoon, she died at the British colony of Amherst, where she now rests in a missionary's grave, from a missionary's labors.

This brief sketch of the life of Mrs. Judson is abstracted from her memoirs by the Rev. J. D. Knowles, a book so well known, and extensively circulated, that a notice of her life here was unnecessary, except that the list of eminently pious American women would be incomplete without her.

MRS. ESTHER BUTLER.

Mrs. Butler was a native of Connecticut, and was born Sept. 1798. She was married to Doct. Elizur Butler in Oct. 1820, and with him proceeded immediately to the Cherokee nation, to join the mission there under the direction of the Board. They commenced their labors first at Brainerd, and afterwards resided for a season at Creekpath. In the spring of 1826, they took the charge of the station at Haweis, where the last three years and a half of Mrs. Butler's life were spent. Her constitution seemed to have been seriously impaired by a severe cold taken on her way to her field of labor, and she never after enjoyed good heath; though she was generally able to manage the concerns of her family and teach a small school. In April last, Doct. Butler having been called away more than thirty miles to attend Mr. David Brown, who had been attacked with bleeding of the lungs, was unexpectly summoned to return to the case of his own wife, who had experienced a similar attack. Spasms of the stomach followed, and became extremely severe and obstinate. By this attack she was reduced to a very feeble state although hope was long indulged that it would not prove fatal. The disease, however, was making progress, and the the attacks becomming more severe.

The following passages are from a letter of Doct. Butler.

"On the morning of the 21st of Oct. I told her I hardly expected she would live through the day. But she obtained considerable relief from medicine, and was more comfortable until evening, when her symptoms became quite alarming. That evening a kind Providence very unexpectedly brought Messrs. Worcester and Proctor to comfort and assist us. About eleven o'clock P. M. sunken eyes, a cadaverous countenence, with unfavorable symptoms, indicated her speedy departure. The family were called together. She gave each individual, whilst grasping her hands, a short address and a farewell. She then seemed ready to fall asleep in Jesus. Her speech was reduced to a whisper and her eyes became dim. Her pulse died away and revived repeatedly. She ceased to breathe; then gasped and revived, and about light said, "Is it possible that I have come back again to this world to fill up my cup? I thought I had gone to heaven. But if it is the Lord's will, I will acquiesce."

The following remarks from Mr. Worcester, who, as just stated, witnessed the solemn and interesting scene, will afford a further exhibition, of the feelings of Mrs. Butler in the near view of death.

"During the night, she was supposed by herself and by all present, to have arrived at her last struggle. At first, for a short time, she appeared somewhat solicitious respecting her final state. "O," said she "to appear before the bar of God, after a life so unfaithful in his service!" In a few minutes after, however, she said, "Yes, I know that my Redeemer liveth, though Satan did try to persuade me that there was no mercy for me." The remainder of that night was passed in excruciating pain of body, but with peace of mind. The family and others who were in the house were called to her bedside, and she bade each one an affectionate farewell; recommending them all to the mercy of God in Christ, and expressing the hope of meeting them once again in heaven; and repeating to her children and to some Cherokee girls who had been under her instruction, the exhortations which she had formerly given them, to believe in the Savior of sinners. During the night she repeatedly said, "I long to depart and be with my blessed Savior." If any thing wrong appeared in the state of her mind, I should think it was a small degree of impatience to be gone. Respecting her missionary labors she said, "It appears to me that I have done little, very little for the good of this people: but I leave it as my dying testimony, that I have never repented of coming and doing what little I have."

The night was one of much interest. Mrs. B. said many things which it would be gratifying and worth while to relate; but I do not recollect them with sufficient accuracy. In the morning her distress was relieved and the prospect of immediate dissolution removed. I then left her and afterwards was with her only a part of the nights of Oct. 28—29 when she was still in a very tranquil state of mind, but indulging the hope of recovery."

Her husband has given a brief sketch of the state of her mind during the interval which elapsed between the time of her obtaining relief from the almost fatal attack just noticed, and the time when her spirit was released from the body.

"She seemed so near heaven, that she doubted the propriety of using any more means for her recovery. She still continued and we had her happy society thirty days longer. She looked on me and her children as no longer hers. She had parted with us and given us into the hands of her covenant God. She viewed us in a different light from what she ever had before done. She still loved us, and rejoiced and mourned with us; but *we* were in the world, and *she* was on the threshold of heaven. During the last thirty days of her life, her mind was in a very happy frame. She gave various directions respecting her children and spoke of her burial, and her departure for heaven, with the utmost composure. She said she never regretted engaging in the mission and comming to labor for the good of the Cherokees: she only regretted she had been no more faithful, and done the Cherokees no more good."

The remaining statements respecting the closing period of Mrs. Butler's life are from Mr. Chamberlin, who was much with her.

"At the time, Mr. Worcester left Haweis, and for several days afterwards, Mrs. Butler was anxious to die. She did not wish her Christian friends to pray for her continuance in this world, and she was doubtful whether it was right for her to take medicine. Her symptoms, however, became much more favorable, and some faint hopes were entertained of her recovery. As she found herself reviving, she turned her eyes again to the world, and became much too anxious to live. This anxiety was greatly increased, if not caused by a letter which was received from her sister, informing her that she was about to set out for this country. She considered this anxiety as a temptation of the adversary, and prayed against it, and desired her Christian friends to pray that this temptation might be removed. After a few days, this anxiety was succeeded by remarkaple resignation to the will of God, which continued to the last. Of her sister she said, "I have been very anxious to see her, but can now freely give her up: I have not one anxious thought respecting her. The Lord knows best about all these things: as for me, I am willing to lie on this bed of sickness, suffer pain, die, or get well, just as he pleases." Upon her husband and children she cast an affectionate look and said, "You are no longer mine: I *feel* that I have given you up." To her husband when speaking of the children, she said, "I leave you with a great charge; but the Lord will be with you." To us who knew her strong attachment to her family, the triumph of grace, which enabled her to give them up so unreservedly, appeared very remarkable, and indeed it was a source of astonishment to herself. It was what she had never expected; nor could she attribute it to any thing short of rich and sovereign grace.

She expressed great confidence in the Savior, and joyfully resigned herself into his hands. When, conversing with Mrs. E. one of the female members of the mission, on the preciousness of the Christian's hope, especially in such a time as this, Mrs. E. repeated the words of the poet;

"These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love."

With a remarkable glow of animation on her countenance she replied "O yes, yes, dear sister, say on." She expressed much feeling for the poor Cherokees in their present affliction; but said, "they are in the hands of God, and he will order all things right." Speaking of her missionary brethren and sisters, she said, "I love them all truly, and trust I shall meet them in heaven." She expressed warm affection and gratitude towards those who were with her in her sickness. She said, "surely there never was a poor soul that had so much reason to be grateful for kind friends as I have."

When she was dying she was asked if she could then say with the Psalmist, "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." With great animation she replied, "Yes altogether." When she was again asked if her faith still held out, she said, "yes, I view my Savior on the cross and am supported." After her speech was gone she whispered "come Lord Jesus, come quickly, come, come." And soon fell asleep.

By her death her husband has lost a prudent and affectionate wife. Her children have also lost much. As a mother she was eminently qualified to bring them up in a respectable and religious manner. Her missionary associates have lost an active and judicious assistant, and the Cherokees a warm hearted and valuable friend. It is true our departed sister never enjoyed good health while on mission ground, yet she had a remarkable faculty of accomplishing much with little strength."

The closing scene and the circumstances of the funeral are thus described by Dr. B.

"On the morning of Nov. 21st she fell asleep in the arms of the Savior. On the next day her funeral was attended by a very solemn and orderly, but weeping concourse. The funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Chamberlin, from Rev. xiv. 13. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth." Great kindness and sympathy were manifested by the members of the mission families from other stations, during her sickness and at the time of the death of Mrs. B. Many of them spent much time at Haweis. I feel this to be a heavy and sore affliction, but God has only taken away a blessing which was lent. Though the loss is great to me, she has gained everlasting bliss."

From the Missionary Herald, Vol. 26—1830.

ELIZA,

AN INDIAN FEMALE.

The Indian name of Eliza was O-dah-be-tuh-ghe-zhe-go-quai, signifying in English the Mid-way-sky woman, or the place of the sun at noon. She was born near the Annee, about 300 miles up the south shore of Lake Superior; and is by blood of the Ojibeway tribe. She did not know her age, but was probably born not far from the year 1783.

Being of influential connections, (her uncle a principal chief,) she was selected to become an interpreter of dreams. This took place when she was probably about 16 or 17 years old. Her merits for this rank or honor must, according to their superstition, be decided by her living ten days in a separate lodge, without any other nourishment than a little water each night. She faithfully observed the prescribed abstinence, although it nearly cost her her life. Her bodily strength was almost exhausted; and on being brought out of the lodge, and probably being too plentifully fed, she fell sick and did not recover for several moons. And yet, of her own accord, soon after she got well she fasted nine days more. From this time she was considered an extraordinary being. The clan would not permit her to work, but provided with a wigwam of distinction, she constantly received from them the best of their every thing, both food and clothing.

She was also furnished with a large *otter skin*, or *medicine sack*, stored with every necessary article, either for magical cure of the sick, or for interpreting dreams. This sack, which she carefully preserved, was her badge of honor; and in all their medicine dances she was greatest among the great. One proof of which was taking the lead in drinking whiskey. In this way she became so excessively intemperate, that in one of these scenes she lost her sack. This was during the last war, at the commencement of which she came from Lake Superior and resided on the main land west of Mackinaw. Another sack was provided her; this she kept only about two years. Near this time she lost one of her children, which, together with the loss of her second sack and the neglect of the Indians, so dispirited her that she abandoned herself to every vice. About nine years ago she lost another child, the third of four. Then for awhile she listened to advice and stopped drinking. But it was not long before she was allured away into the woods by an Indian man and woman, where whiskey had been previously carried, and there those two persuaded her to drink with them. In this drunken frolic, through jealousy, as she supposes, but without any just provocation, the other woman fell upon her and cut off her nose. This was the greatest disgrace, in her estimation, that she could possibly suffer. And for a long time her friends had to watch her to prevent her from destroying her life. Once she tried to hang herself. At another time, returning from Mackinaw, where she with other Indians had been for whiskey, she threw herself into the lake, but the Indian in the stern caught her by the hair and drew her again into the canoe. After this she began to think that the unknown Indian, who as she supposed, had the care of her life, was unwilling that she should kill herself, and she gave up all further attempts to effect it. Having but one child left, she now stayed sometimes on the island of Mackinaw, and sometimes on the main land, with no fixed object but to get whiskey by every possible means.

Five years ago this fall, was the first knowledge I had of her. Soon after our family was open to receive children, I one day met her boy, and on ascertaining who he was, I went with an interpreter to the lodge of the mother. A wretchedly destitute and miserable scene we witnessed. At that time no persuasion could induce her to let me have her son. But going the second time, and the boy himself being willing, she at length reluctantly gave her consent. However, in a few days he ran away, and though I obtained him again, yet through the winter the mother watched for opportunities to get him. The following spring, more out of pity than for our convenience, I employed her, first in the kitchen, and afterward at the sugar camp, on Bois Bleau, on condition that she would drink no whiskey and conduct herself properly. By much counsel and care she did so much better than my fears, that I finally told her, that provided she would be steady and do such work as she was able, she might have a home with us. From that time, I believe, she never had but three or four seasons of intoxication.

It is now about three years since her serious attention to religion commenced, the amount of which for some length of time was very fluctuating. While under the sound of instruction she would be more or less affected, sometimes to tears. For several years, during the hours of Sabbath school we have had a separate school for Indian women and others, mostly under the care of Mrs. F., for the purpose of reading and explaining the Scriptures, tracts, &c. It was at these meetings that E. was often affected; though afterwards, as she says, she would throw the subject off and become in a measure indifferent. Again, perhaps, impressed with the idea that there could be no mercy for such a creature as she was, and the thought of her religious state making her unhappy, she would avoid being present at these meetings. Under this same impression she could not think it right for her to come with us to family worship, or to the evening meetings of the females. Yet she says she often felt so strong a desire to hear the sound of prayer and singing, that she has gone to the door and remained there as long as she thought she could, without being discovered—sometimes till nearly frozen. Most of that winter passed with such uneasiness of mind, that, when not daring to look to God herself for mercy, because she was such a sinner, she would feel it a kind of relief to overhear the worship of others, as if God might possibly hear their prayers, though she was unworthy to be present.

During the spring, while at the sugar camp, she says she was greatly distressed during the whole time. When gathering sap, she often had feelings like these—Here I am going the same round daily from tree to tree, and can find no relief—I must always carry this wicked heart, and when I die, be miserable forever.—The pious Indian woman who had charge of the sugar camp, used to talk some with her; and after seasons of prayer, would perhaps ask her if she did not feel the importance of joining in heart with her. She said she did. And though there was to her mind no prospect of ever being better, yet she would, as she says, forget herself, and feel strong desires for mercy. After her return, she thought, as she says, that every one must look upon her condition as a hopeless one; and as before, she often stayed away from meetings because she thought it unfit for her to be there. Most of the following summer she spent at the farm, where at times she seemed to awake to an affecting view of her dreadful state, and with such feelings that she would go off from the house and pray and weep much alone: but for the most part she indulged in despair without relief.

The next fall we had unusual sickness in the family, and E. and her son were left at the farm alone for two or three weeks. They also were both taken sick; and probably suffered somewhat for the want of nursing, before we were aware of it and could bring them home. In reference to this time she says, that after she was taken sick, she thought with herself, that she had found no relief to her mind in *our way*, meaning that of Christians, and that she would again try her *old way* of medicine songs; and that she spent the greater part of several nights in songs and her former Indian mummery. After she was brought home, she discontinued this; but she thinks she lost nearly all anxiety about her soul, and seemed to have no feeling further than to take care of her son as he failed. He talked with her for sometime, but she said she did not feel it much, that she was like one who had lost her senses, and nothing seemed to move her feelings. A few days before Joseph's death, he had a long conversation with her; told her that he should die soon, and that he wanted her to promise him never to drink any more whiskey, to remain with the mission family, listen to their instructions, and pray every day to God: then, when she died she would go to God with him. At first she told him that if he died she would die too. But Joseph said that was wrong; that it would not be as she said when to die; but that God only had a right to have her die when he wished. At length she promised him that she would remember and do as he had requested.

During the whole scene attending Joseph's death and funeral, her behavior was singularly calm and solemn: so much so, that it was noticed by all. Many a professing Christian mother might have received from E. in that afflictive scene, a silent, though awful reproof, for immoderate grief. When she perceived that his spirit was really gone, the tears rolled and she exclaimed, "My son! my son!" in Indian: but farther than this, not a complaint nor groan was heard to escape her lips.

After the funeral I sat down with her and had a long conversation. Among other things I asked her why it was that she appeared as she had done: whether it had been so at the death of her other children? To this last she said no: and gave some account of her feelings and conduct—how she had, as is common among the Indians, wailed and mangled her own body in self-affliction. In answer to the former part, she said, "I have no such feelings now—God is good, and I feel that what he has done must be right." Although she expressed no consciousness of the love of God in her soul; yet she furnished comfortable evidence to my mind, that her feelings were under the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit. On the following night, as she now relates, while fixing her bed, all which had passed between her and Joseph a few days before his death rushed upon her mind like a torrent, awakening at the same time an impression, that there was no hope for her soul: but in a moment she involuntarily resolved to pray once more that God would have mercy. For the purpose of greater retirement she started to go to the cellar; and while descending the stairs, as if she could go no further, she settled down and began to pour out her desires. This is the last distinct recollection she has of any thing that took place then. How or when she got back she has no knowledge. Between 11 and 12 o'clock, I heard a distressed noise, and lighting a candle, immediately I went to her and found her apparently asleep; and upon awaking her, I asked her if she was sick, she said No; and I went back. The first that she remembered was seeing me with a candle in my hand. She afterwards, as she says, engaged in prayer again, and was then, for the first time conscious of enjoyment in the love of Christ. The next morning, her soul was so filled with love to all the members of the family, that as she saw one and another, she says, she felt that her own children had never been so near her heart as they. Now she felt so entirely reconciled to the death of Joseph, that she had no inclination to grieve. At times, she says, her mind would recur to the scene of his death; but to use her own expressions literally interpreted, "I felt as if I was in a narrow happy way, and if a thought came to me about Joseph, it seemed like being drawn out of this way, and I longed to get back again immediately." With these happy feelings towards God and Christians, she now for the first time thought a great deal of her own people. "Oh if they could only see as I do, how happy they would be!"

When asked about the state of her mind afterward, she said, "I have always been happy in God since then. The more I have had a view of the love of God in Christ since, and the longer I have lived, the more I have desired to love him, and to love him more and more, and to be more and more like him in my soul. I do not know that I have since ever had any sorrow of soul so great as I have had for those who are ignorant of God. Much sorrow I have often had for them. Sometimes when going into church, or while there, it has made me weep to think of those who do not love God. There has never been one day since I found peace to my soul, when I did not feel that God was with me." The reason which she assigns for this mercy is, that God will soon take her out of the world, and that he is pleased thus to be preparing her for his presence. "Every Sabbath," she says, "I have felt that this leaves me one Sabbath less to be in this world, and brings me one Sabbath nearer the time when I shall be with Christ."

Here, on being particularly questioned, she related three instances when for a time her mind was troubled. A year ago she was reduced quite low, and one evening word was brought that E. was dying. On going to her room she was found to be very languid, but after some time revived, so as to be able to converse. She was questioned relative to her views and feelings, to which she gave answers expressive of joy in prospect of being soon with God. She answered one of the sisters to this effect, "I long to be gone: I want to have the time come." Afterwards she felt that she had expressed impatience, and it grieved her exceedingly; so that she had several seasons of weeping between that and the following Sabbath morning.

Another time to which she referred, she had gone to bed and as she supposes, had not slept long when she awoke and felt a desire to pray. She rose and knelt down, but had been engaged but a few moments before she drowsed. This occurred again; but awaking the second time, she was alarmed at herself, and feared that her love to God was all dying; and so great was her distress, that it banished every sleepy feeling. With fears and a burdened heart she set about prayer in earnest; nor did she leave until her tears of sorrow were turned into tears of joy. Then was her soul so full that she could not sleep, and the remainder of the night was spent in prayer, and joy that God was with her.

The other instance was on an occasion, when the girls had made some remarks to her, from which she thought, as she was always sick they and the rest of the family considered her as burdensome, and wished her away. This made her fell unhappy for a few hours, but before night she obtained that relief in prayer, which restored peace to her soul.

I afterwards put several questions to her which follow, together with her answers.

You have said that before you found peace in Christ, you did for a long time—for many months—feel yourself miserably wretched, and that you often prayed; was it for the sake of these prayers that God gave you peace? or was there any good in them? "No, it was because of Christ's pity to my soul; because he died for poor sinners; and it was of God's mercy that missionaries were sent to teach me."—Do you mean to have me understand from all you have said, that you never had any fears that you were deceived: no time in which you have doubted whether you had a part in the Savior or not? "I have always felt sure that God has had mercy on my soul; and the more I have thought of my old wicked life, it has been like one pushing me nearer to God: it has made me feel more humble in myself, and a strong desire to live only for him."—But should God take away his Spirit from your heart and leave you to yourself, what do you think would become of you? "I should be good for nothing." Have you any fears that God will ever take away his Spirit from your soul? "No."—Why? "from what I have heard of his word, he has promised to keep those that trust in him; and I believe he is faithful to his word."

There have been several times when in your sickness you have been very low, and have had reason to think you would live but a few hours or days; have you at none of these times been unwilling or afraid to die? "No."—Have you always felt, if it were God's will, that it would be a privilege to die, and you would be glad to have the hour come? "Yes; I have. This fall, when I was very sick for two days and nights, and felt that God only could make me better or take me away, I thought, if it were his will, how glad I should be to be sure that I was dying, that I might be with God."—A year ago last spring you was baptized and received into the church; can you tell me any thing of your feelings at that time about the ordinances? "after I understood their design, that Christ had commanded them and why he had done it, I had a very strong desire to be baptized and to receive the sacrament; nor is there any thing in this world that I have felt to be so great a privilege. When at the table I was baptized and promised solemnly to be for God, I really felt in my heart every word, and that I was now all the Lord's, and no more for myself or for any other. I was happier than I can express, in the privilege of being there with the love of God in my heart; and when receiving the bread and wine, I felt that I could not be thankful enough to God for bringing me to the table once. I thought I should come there no more; but that the next time I should be at God's table in heaven."—You see that it has not been as you thought. You have communed several times: have those always been precious seasons to your soul? "Yes, every one of them."—Have they been as precious as the first one? "Yes: as I have heard more of the Savior, and have learned more of his love from the bible, I have felt each time, if possible, more and more near and happy in him." What good do you think that baptism or the sacrament could do you without a heart to love the Savior? "None. There would be no joy to my soul in them."—Could you have this joy and peace of which you have told me, if you did not as far as you know strive to obey God in all things? "no; I could not. Though unable to do any thing with my hands to help the family and to labor for God, it is my sincere desire daily to have my heart much in prayer for them and for the salvation of their souls; and because God lets me live, I believe he wishes me to be devoted in spirit to this.—Do you think you love God and souls as much as you ought? "no: I try to love, but do not feel so much as I ought.—When do you expect to have perfect love to God and souls? at first she answered, "never;" thinking that I meant while in the body. Afterwards she said, "when I get to heaven."

Respecting the foregoing narrative, Mr. Ferry, the missionary remarks,—

I have written it as taken from the woman through an interpreter, and as having in part fallen under my own observation. I have scrupulously avoided any thing like a more favorable coloring than facts would justify. The statements have been read by those who have had most knowledge of the subject of them, and of her exercises, and they believe that the impression which will naturally be left on the mind of the reader will be less striking than the reality. In respect to uninterrupted peace and spirituality of mind, the case of this woman is unlike any other which I ever knew. Aware that some will at once set it down as untrue or a delusion, I have faithfully tried but in vain, to draw from her something which would warrant me in truth to cloud some part of her christian life with doubt, but you might as well attempt to make her disbelieve her existence, as to convince her that she has been left to go mourning the hidings of God's countenance from her soul. She is indeed a favored child, ripening fast for glory: sick or well, in pain or at ease, she always meets us with a placid, and most commonly with a smiling countenance. She is afflicted with consumptive complaints, and for many months has raised blood freely: we have expected that before this she would have been at rest.

She died at the mission station, Nov. 23, 1830. By the blessing of God on the religious instruction given her, she had been raised from uncommon debasement to a degree of Christian knowledge and piety, seldom attained by persons in her circumstances. At the time of her decease, "she exhibited," says Mr. Ferry, "the character of the believer triumphing in death. For many months she had been almost daily looking for her departure. Though suffering much in body, yet she was uniformly patient and happy. She repeatedly said on the day of her death, 'I think I shall go to day.' At night she shook hands with some of the members of the mission family, and with a smile spoke of it as the last time. But a few minutes before her death, in allusion to David's words, she said she feared no evil. Surely no unbeliever, observing her course down the dark valley, could any longer doubt the reality of religion, or deny the importance of carrying the tidings of the gospel to the unlettered savage."

From the Missionary Herald, Vol. 25—1829; and Vol. 27—1831.

MRS. MYRA W. ALLEN.

Mrs. Allen was born in Westminster, Massachusetts, on the 7th of December, 1800; and was the youngest daughter of colonel Abel Wood. She enjoyed the unspeakable advantage of a religious education; and her parents had the satisfaction of seeing all their children, nine in number, members of that church with which they were walking in the fear of the Lord. She was also favored, both at home and in a neighboring town to which she was sent for the purpose at the age of about seventeen years, with facilities for cultivating her mind and storing it with useful knowledge. She obviously availed herself of these advantages with much diligence. The following paragraphs taken from a paper written by herself, give an account of the beginnings of spiritual life in her soul. The paper is without date, but must refer to the period between her eighteenth and twenty-second year.

"As long as I have any recollection, I have been the subject of serious religious impressions. I was early instructed in the truths of religion—the government of a holy, sovereign God, who had an infinite hatred of sin, requiring perfect obedience of his creatures, and punishing every transgression of his holy law with eternal death—the duty of repentance—the necessity of a change of heart, and the way of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. I was convinced of the truth and importance of these things, but they were wholly uncongenial with my carnal affections. I intended some time to attend to them, but could not think them calculated to afford happiness to the youthful mind. Thus I practically said 'Go thy way,' &c. In this manner I quieted my conscience, not, however, without being frequently roused by a solemn providence or a searching impressive sermon—sometimes to be almost persuaded to become a Christian. About the age of thirteen, I was much interested in reading the life of Mrs. Newell. I admired her amiable and engaging disposition, and was much affected with her early piety. This I was persuaded was the source of those lovely virtues which so highly adorned her character. I believed she was happy, and almost wished myself possessed of that which could render her so cheerful amidst so many trying scenes. But I could not endure the idea of renouncing my worldly pleasures and companions, and of bearing the reproach which I thought I should meet from the gay and thoughtless. I remained in a state similar to this till the 17th year of my age, when I think my attention was a little more excited.

"About this time a number of my companions became seriously impressed with a sense of their dangerous situation as sinners, and began to inquire with solicitude, what they must do to be saved. I had often thought that if my young friends would seek religion, I would join in the pursuit. Now I had the trial of my sincerity. It occasioned at first some severe struggle in my mind to become willing to renounce the world and its vain pleasures, 'to meet the world's dread laugh' and endure the sneers of some whom I loved; but I soon resolved that notwithstanding all these, *I would make religion my business*, and that, through divine assistance, I would persevere in this resolution, though all my days should be spent in the search.

"I desire to bless the Lord that he did not suffer me to be again ensnared by the vanities of youth, and lured from the path I was resolved to tread. I was led to hope, that, though long left to wander in darkness, without any light, even 'darkness that might be felt,' there might still be mercy for me; but if I never obtain comfort, I choose to spend my life thus, rather than engage in worldly amusements and pleasures. Nearly four years passed without bringing me any lasting relief."

After spending a few months in a neighboring town where there was a revival of religion, she remarks—

"Shortly after my return, however, I began to view things in a different light. I began to feel there might be hope, even for me. The promise, 'Him that cometh to me, I will in *no wise* cast out,' I found included *all;* and the passage, 'He is faithful that promised,' &c. increased my confidence. I clearly saw that my heart was exceedingly polluted; but those scriptures, 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world,' and 'The blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin,' appeared to meet my case, and they were to me sweetly refreshing. The character of the Savior appeared lovely, and no longer as 'a root out of a dry ground:' yet my apprehensions of divine things were quite obscure. I often thought of the blind man who, after once washing his eyes, could discern 'men as trees walking.' I remained thus, sometimes hoping, sometimes not daring to hope, through the winter."

She continued in this state of darkness and doubting during three or four months; but at length, having obtained clearer views of the great truths of the gospel, and acquiescing more fully in them, she was enabled to add—

"A tranquil serenity now took possession of my breast, such as had long been a stranger there. The plan of salvation opened to my view in a lovely engaging light, and I felt that there was safety in committing myself wholly to sovereign mercy. If left to perish, *no injustice* would be done, yet I fully believed that none who *did trust in the Savior unreservedly* would be cast off.

"I had long regarded it as a privilege of which I was utterly unworthy, to be admitted to the Lord's table. I now saw, that unworthy as I was, it was a duty I ought not to neglect. After serious deliberation, therefore, I gave my name to be proposed to the church for admission, and on the 8th December, 1822, entered into solemn covenant engagements to be the Lord's. It was a day of solemnity and joy to my soul, and one which I felt called for the most lively gratitude, not only for the mercy I experience myself, but that others received the same with me—a dear brother and niece being received to church-fellowship at the same time. For a considerable time I was scarcely troubled with a serious doubt. I had no ecstasies of joy, but a peace and tranquillity such as I never before experienced."

In a journal which Mrs. Allen kept, and in which she made entries with more or less regularity, she records her feelings on the day when she offered herself a candidate for admission to the church, and on that when she first sat down at the table of Christ.

"*Nov.* 24, 1822.—After repeated self-examination and earnest supplication for the aid of the Holy Spirit to direct in the path of duty, I have at length come to a decision—and this day offered myself in a public manner for admission into the church. What lively gratitude ought I to exercise for the distinguishing goodness of God to so stubborn a rebel. To the praise of sovereign grace I would record it. I humbly hope and trust that I have tasted of the love of Christ, and, though long left to wander in darkness, that I have at length enjoyed the cheering beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and been led to consecrate myself to the service of my Creator. If, however, I am deceived—how dreadful? O Lord, discover to me my true state. Grant me the light of thy countenace, whatever else thou deniest, for Jesus' sake.

"*Dec.* 8.—The solemn scene is past. I have publicly avouched the Lord to be my God and portion—my teacher and sanctifier—my prophet, priest, and king; and am 'witness against myself that I have chosen the Lord to serve him.' Now, if I should go astray and wound this precious cause, I must be without excuse. O Lord, look graciously upon me, and grant that my resolutions of new obedience, made I trust in reliance on thy divine aid, may not prove transient as the morning dew; but may I have grace to be faithful. Suffer me not to break the solemn covenant engagements into which I have entered; but make me useful in the spiritual vineyard. Look in compassion on my dear companions. O revive thy work in this place; especially among the youth. The spiritual interest of a number lies near my heart in a special manner. And may I never, by a careless walk or an unchristian temper, prove a 'stumbling block' to them; but may I recommend the religion of Jesus by exemplifying its pure, peaceable, humble, compassionate, self-denying spirit. I am weak in myself—may thy grace be made perfect in my weakness.

A few additional extracts will be taken from this journal, illustrative of some conspicuous traits in her character.

Mrs. Allen was tenderly attached to her young companions and friends, and most earnestly longed for their welfare, and especially their conversion to God. On returning home from the school where she had spent some months, she thus gives vent to her pious solicitude for those with whom she had been associated.

"*Sept.* 4, 1822.—I have now taken my leave of those companions with whom I have spent so many pleasant hours in literary pursuits, and returned to my native place. To many of them I have probably bid the last adieu, no more to meet them on the shores of time. It is a solemn and affecting consideration. It is painful to the heart possessed of any degree of sensibility to separate from those whom we love; to sever the tender ties of friendship. But separation is needful in this imperfect state.

"Friends must part and friendship sigh,
Although it knows not how to die."

"How much would the pangs of parting be mitigated, could we indulge the pleasing hope that we should *all* meet at last on Canaan's happy shore, no more to endure a separation. But how dreadful is the idea of a final separation! How heart-rending the thought, that any of us should be finally cast off and be banished from all good, to dwell with everlasting burnings! Merciful Savior, prepare us by thy grace to appear before thy throne, clad in the robes of thy righteousness, and to spend an eternity in thy presence! Follow each member of that seminary with thy special blessing, and may both teachers and pupils become ornaments to society, and useful members of the church of Christ."

On another occasion she writes—

"*May* 29, 1823.—A tribute of gratitude and praise is due to the Almighty Redeemer for his abundant grace displayed in the recent conversion of two dear friends, and I embrace this early opportunity to record it. Situated so favorably as they were for embracing religion, I have felt much anxiety for their spiritual welfare; and often have attempted to commend their cases to him whose sovereign grace alone can change the flinty heart, and bestow that peace which springs from believing in Jesus, and a hope full of immortality.

"My most sanguine hopes are now realized. I have abundant testimony in proof of the happy change, and though deprived of the privilege of being a personal witness, yet I do rejoice, yea and will rejoice in the glorious event. Shall the angels of God rejoice over the conversion of sinners, and shall not his professing children mingle their more feeble notes with the general songs of praise? Oh yes; the sacrifice of thanksgiving, rising from a truly contrite and pious soul, we have encouragement to believe, will find acceptance with our gracious Sovereign. I do indulge the hope that if our lives are prolonged, I shall yet behold with my eyes and hear for myself, what I have heard from others; that I shall mingle Christian congratulations with them, and offerings of grateful praise to him who has caused us to hope in his mercy."

This solicitude for her friends whom she could not regard as the followers of Christ was especially conspicuous when the period arrived that was to separate her from them forever in this world. With many of them she conversed with much affection and solemnity; to others she wrote during her passage to India; and for all she cherished the most tender attachment, and often remembered them in her prayers. After arriving at Bombay, she made the following entry in her journal.

"*June* 27, 1828.—I have just received letters from America, and have been rejoiced in recognizing the hand writing of dear friends with whom I have often, in years past, enjoyed Christian communion. But far greater has been my joy in hearing that many, who are endeared by the ties of nature and friendship, have embraced the Savior by a living faith, and are devoting themselves to his service. The description of such a season of refreshing from the Lord, in my native place, brings vividly to mind similar scenes which I once witnessed, and in which I so much rejoiced. Such scenes will yet be witnessed in this dark part of the world. Blessed be the Lord, his power is not restrained, and he is able to save as well in heathen as in Christian countries."

The journal of Mrs. Allen shows that she humbly and diligently examined herself; that she made it her business to grow in holiness; that she carried on the warfare with sin vigorously; and that she had such a familiar acquaintance with her own heart, and with the difficulties and comforts of a Christian life, as constitutes a distinct, palpable Christian *experience*, On the 8th of December, 1823, she writes—

"'Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.' This is a positive command of the inspired volume: I select it as suitable for meditation to-day, as it completes a year since I publicly took the covenant of God upon me. I desire to put the question to my heart and conscience, what advances in the divine life have I made during this year? The Lord has been pleased to plant me in a well cultivated vineyard, and has watched with a scrutinizing eye to behold what fruit I would bring forth. But I have not surely made that improvement I ought, and might have made. I have not sought out and improved opportunities for doing good according to the ability I possessed. Let this be for my constant humiliation. And if I have been enabled to do *any thing* for the glory of God; his shall be all the praise. I would now form some new resolutions for my future conduct, and strive to give a strict adherence to them. Should my life and health be spared, I intend to select a chapter each morning for a subject of meditation, committing to memory one or more important verses to employ the vacant moments through the day. I would also be more strict in the government of my thoughts, and watchful over my general conduct; particularly when likely to be exposed to temptation. I would also be more strict and constant in self-examination, and strive to be more fervent in secret devotion.

"*March* 27, 1825.—I would now review my exercises during the past winter. The Lord has been in this place, reviving, I trust, the languishing graces of his children, pouring out a spirit of prayer, and, by the still, small voice of his Spirit, convincing unbelievers of their danger and guilt, and giving them a hope in his pardoning grace. My heart, if it does not deceive me, has been deeply interested in this work. At times I have felt a joy inexpressible—and still I have ardent desires for its continuance and spread—till all shall unite in praising and loving and serving the dear Redeemer. I have felt that he is indeed a 'Refuge in the time of trouble.' The promises have afforded me sweet consolation; and though at times nature has been ready to repine, yet I have earnestly sought his grace to subdue my will and make me wholly submissive. I have sometimes found sweet peace in committing all my interests into his hands for time and eternity—my views of futurity have been brightened—and I have felt desirous to live more like a pilgrim, passing through a desert land, 'seeking a better country, even an heavenly.' May he perfect his work of grace in my soul, and enable me to receive the allotments of his providence with submission, rejoicing that his wisdom overrules all things for good to them that trust in him.

"*Jan.* 24, 1826.—It is near the hour of midnight. The stillness of the house, the calmness of nature, the lustre reflected from the new-fallen snow by the light of the almost full-orbed moon, the lengthened shadow of the trees, stript of their verdure, the clearness of the sky, displaying the starry gems of heaven, or losing itself in mellowing clouds, all combine to tranquilize the mind, to fill the soul with solemnity and awe, and raise the thoughts in holy adoration. The day is past—its transactions closed—its account sealed up for eternity. And thus our mortal days will all fleet away, and soon the *last* will arrive. And can I be regardless for one moment of the solemn consequences that will be the result of my daily conduct? Jesus Savior, to thee again I flee; Oh pardon the sins and follies of the past day. Grant me sanctifying, quickening, preventing grace; and while I am permitted to continue in this state of trial, let me not live in vain."

It is evident from the journal of Mrs. Allen that she took great delight in the Sabbath, as a day of holy rest. On the 9th of March, 1823, she writes—

"With emotions of sacred pleasure would I hail the return of the holy Sabbath—gracious appointment of heaven for the refreshment of weary pilgrims, wandering through the mazes of sin and wickedness in the desert wilds of this world, and directing their course towards the heavenly Canaan, the mansion of eternal rest. How sweet to find in the sanctuary a sacred retreat from the cares and perplexities which attend us through the week—to unite in the solemn prayers and sacred songs of praise, and to listen to the faithful dispensation of the word of life! O gracious Father! may I this day experience these divine joys in thy house; may I be washed from my innumerable sins in the fountain of redeeming blood; be delivered from wandering thoughts, and attend with solemn reverence to the ministrations of thy word."

In May, 1827, Mrs. Allen was married to the Rev. David Oliver Allen, and with him embarked at Boston for Calcutta, on the 6th of June following. She arrived at Bombay on the 28th of the next November. On the first of May, immediately after deciding to become a partner in the trials and labors of a mission to the heathen, she made an entry in her journal, which shows with how much anxiety and prayerfulness she labored to ascertain her duty on that point, and how firmly and cheerfully her mind was made up to the work.

"For several days the conflict of my mind was so great as to destroy my relish for food, and almost to deprive me of sleep. But I desire to bless God that he has, if I rightly interpret the indications of his providence, shed light on my path, and shewn the way in which he would have me go, for I trust he has enabled me to lift up my soul to him for direction."

"And now I am decided. Yes, I will offer myself a living sacrifice, to assist, so far as he shall give ability, in the arduous labors of extending a knowledge of salvation to the heathen. And in making this surrender, I feel most happy. Yes, I will bless my covenant God and Savior for the high privilege of enduring hardships and privations for "him, who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor." Yet I know that his grace alone can sustain me. I would not "trust in my own heart," nor neglect to "count the cost." I would not, I trust I do not rush into this work uncalled."

On the fifth of February, 1831, it pleased the Lord, in a sudden and afflictive manner, to remove Mrs. Allen by death. She had entered on her missionary labors with much zeal, and had applied herself to the attainment of the Mahratta language with much success; and in the formation and superintendence of female schools, in the direct religious instruction of the scholars connected with them, and other adults who were attracted by her influence and exertions; in the visitation of the sick and afflicted, in administering counsel to those who viewed her as a friend, and in many other ways, which need not be mentioned, she accomplished much good. Her missionary course was short, extending to less than three years and a quarter. But she has left evidence that she was habitually ready for her departure. About a year after her arrival at Bombay, on the anniversary of her birth-day, she made the following entry in her journal.

"Many years have passed away since I have occupied a place in the vineyard of the Lord, and many mercies have I received. To me there must ere long be *a last year, a last day, a last moment.* I hear the admonitory voice, "Do with thy might what thy hand findeth to do, the night cometh, when no man can work." Perhaps it may be near to me, even the night of death. But the dawn of eternal day is discovered by the eye of faith; and, though the blackness of darkness awaits all unbelievers, yet they who trust in Jesus shall be saved from that awful state. Though many and dark be the stains of sin, yet the blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin, and robes of glory shall forever adorn those who have washed in that precious fountain. I have given myself in covenant to God to be his for time and eternity, and if I am his in life, I shall be also in death."

Mrs. Allen died in great peace, and in the exercise of an overcoming faith, deeply beloved and lamented by her associates in labor, and by many of the natives to whom her kindness had much endeared her.

The funeral was attended from the mission chapel on the same day, when numerous friends testified their respect for the character of the deceased. On the evening of the day following, the Rev. John Wilson, Scottish missionary, and author of the valuable Life of Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, which has been re-published by the American Sunday School Union, preached a sermon on occasion of her death, from Heb. xi. 13. The subjoined extract from his sermon gives a just view of her character.

"My brethren, the circumstances and character of the beloved friend, whom God in his adorable Providence has so lately removed from us, and whose loss we so deeply lament, were in many respects similar to those of the witnesses, mentioned in the chapter from which our text is taken. She possessed that "faith, which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." Like Enoch, she "walked with God," enjoying his favor, and delighting in his service. Like Abraham, she looked to this land of spiritual promise, and, with fervent and holy desire of being a coadjutor in the great work of making known to its benighted inhabitants the glad tidings of salvation through a crucified Redeemer, she left her kindred and her father's house—the scenes of her tender association and holy impression, and sojourned in a land, whose attractions are not those of ease and worldly enjoyment, but to which she was attached by deep compassion and ardent sympathy for the lost children of the family of man, and by zeal for the divine glory. In this situation in which she was placed, and in the labor which she was called to perform, she found something more than contentment and resignation—she found occasions of gratitude, and sources of the highest joy. The work was congenial to her mind, and dear to her soul. She hallowed it with her prayers, and devoted to it, without reservation, her time, her strength, and her talents. With the most commendable diligence she made herself acquainted, in a degree seldom exhibited by her sex, with the language and customs of a large portion of the natives, who at first appeared to her as a people of a strange countenance and a strange tongue. The degraded females around us, both old and young, heard from her lips the doctrine of salvation. They observed her holy walk, and the operation of that principle by which she condemned the world. Those who were acquainted with her know her excellence and appreciated her worth. They witnessed her deadness to the world, and her desire for an entrance into that city which hath foundations, and whose builder and maker is God. They knew the meekness of her spirit and her unwearied benevolence. They saw the peace of the gospel, which passeth all understanding, sustain her in the hour of affliction and trial. They heard her, in view of her dissolution and her solemn entrance into eternity, express her humble reliance on the Redeemer. And in the exercise of faith they traced her ascent to that great cloud of witnesses, who urge us to lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth most easily beset us, and to run with patience the race that is set before us."

From the Missionary Herald, Vol. xxvii.—1831, and Vol. xxviii.—1832.

MISS HANNAH ADAMS.

For an account of this eminent lady, we are indebted to her own history of her life, the only document that contains the materials of her biography.

I was born in Medfield, a country town about eighteen miles from Boston. My father early imbibed a love of literature, and prepared to enter the university. But as his constitution then appeared to be very infirm, and he was an only son, his parents were strenuously opposed to his leaving them. Accordingly, to his inexpressible disappointment, he was obliged to settle upon their large farm, without a suitable knowledge of, or taste for, agricultural pursuits. This induced him to open a shop, for the sale, principally, of English goods and books. His taste for reading continued unabated till his death, which took place at the advanced age of eighty eight years.

From my infancy I had a feeble constitution; in particular, an extreme weakness and irritability in my nervous system. Hence I can recollect uneasiness and pain previous to any pleasurable sensations. My mother was an excellent woman, and deservedly esteemed and beloved; but as her own health was delicate, and she possessed great tenderness and sensibility, I was educated in all the habits of debilitating softness, which probably added to my constitutional want of bodily and mental firmness.

My father's circumstances then appeared affluent, and it was not supposed I should be reduced to the necessity of supporting myself by my own exertions. Partly from ill health, and an early singularity of taste, I took no pleasure in the amusements to which children are generally much attached. My health did not even admit of attending school with the children in the neighborhood where I resided. The country schools, at that time, were kept but a few months in the year, and all that was then taught in them was reading, writing and arithmetic. In the summer, the children were instructed by females in reading, sewing, and other kinds of work. The books chiefly made use of were the Bible and Psalter. Those who have had the advantages of receiving the rudiments of their education at the schools of the present day, can scarcely form an adequate idea of the contrast between them, and those of an earlier age; and of the great improvements which have been made, even in the common country schools. The disadvantages of my early education I have experienced during life; and, among various others, the acquiring a very faulty pronunciation; a habit contracted so early, that I cannot wholly rectify it in later years.

In my early years I was extremely timid, and averse from appearing in company. Indeed, I found but few with whom I could happily associate. My life, however, was not devoid of enjoyment. The first strong propensity of my mind which I can recollect, was an ardent curiosity, and desire to acquire knowledge. I remember that my first idea of the happiness of Heaven was, of a place where we should find our thirst for knowledge fully gratified. From my predominant taste, I was induced to apply to reading, and as my father had a considerable library, I was enabled to gratify my inclination. I read with avidity a variety of books, previously to my mind's being sufficiently matured and strengthened to make a proper selection. I was passionately fond of novels; and, as I lived in a state of seclusion, I acquired false ideas of life. The ideal world which my imagination formed was very different from the real. My passions were naturally strong, and this kind of reading heightened my sensibility, by calling it forth to realize scenes of imaginary distress. I was also an enthusiastic admirer of poetry; and as my memory, at an early period, was very tenacious, I committed much of the writings of my favorite poets to memory, such as Milton, Thomson, Young, &c. I did not, however, neglect the study of history and biography, in each of which kind of reading I found an inexhaustible fund to feast my mind, and gratify my curiosity.

Another source of my enjoyments in early life was an ardent admiration of the beauties of nature. This enthusiasm was heightened by the glowing descriptions of poetic writers, and I entered into all their feelings. This taste has continued through life. At the present time, when age and experience have in some measure repressed the warmth of my feelings, and while I am now writing, I should be more delighted with beautiful rural prospects, and fine flowers, than when in early life I used to be enraptured with contemplating the sublime and beautiful in the works of creation.

My early life was diversified with few events, and those of a painful nature. The loss of my excellent mother, which happened when I had reached my tenth year, was the first severe trial I was called to suffer. When her death took place, I was at an age when maternal direction is of the greatest importance, particularly in the education of daughters. Soon after, I was bereaved of an aunt, who was attached to me with almost maternal fondness. A few years after, my father failed in trade, in consequence of which I was reduced to poverty, with a constitution and early habits which appeared invincible obstacles to my supporting myself by my own exertions. Instead of that gayety, which is often attendant on youth, I was early accustomed to scenes of melancholy and distress; and every misfortune was enhanced by a radical want of health, and firmness of mind. My life passed in seclusion, with gloomy prospects before me, and surrounded with various perplexities from which I could not extricate myself. The solitude in which I lived was, however, to me, preferable to society in general; and to that, and to my natural singularity, I must impute that awkwardness of manners, of which I never could divest myself at an advanced period of life. A consciousness of this awkwardness produced a dislike to the company of strangers. Those who have been accustomed to genteel society when young, can scarcely imagine the trembling timidity I felt, when introduced to my superiors in circumstances and education. I, however, enjoyed society upon a small scale. I had a few dear friends, (for novels had taught me to be very romantic,) who were chiefly in indigent circumstances, and like myself had imbibed a taste for reading, and were particularly fond of poetry and novels. Most of them wrote verses, which were read and admired by the whole little circle. Our mutual love of literature, want of fortune, and indifference to the society of those whose minds were wholly uncultivated, served to cement a union between us, which was interrupted only by the removal of the parties to distant places, and dissolved only by their death. Yet I soon experienced this melancholy change. One after another became victims to the King of Terrors, till our little society was greatly diminished; and I deeply felt these bereavements which were irreparable.

Sill, however, I was blessed with a sister of similar taste and sentiments, but very different in her disposition. I was warm and irritable in my temper; she, placid and even. I was fluctuating and undecided; she, steady and judicious. I was extremely timid; she blended softness with courage and fortitude. I was inclined to be melancholy, though sometimes in high spirits; she was uniformly serene and cheerful. I placed the strongest reliance upon her judgment, and as she was older than myself, she seemed the maternal friend, as well as the best of sisters. In short, "she was my *guide*, my *friend*, my *earthly all*."

As I was too feeble to engage in any laborious employments, I found considerable leisure for reading; and as my happiness chiefly consisted in literary pursuits, I was very desirous of learning the rudiments of Latin, Greek, geography and logic. Some gentlemen who boarded at my father's offered to instruct me in these branches of learning gratis, and I pursued these studies with indescribable pleasure and avidity. I still, however, sensibly felt the want of a more systematic education, and those advantages which females enjoy in the present day. Yet as I always read with great rapidity, perhaps few of my sex have perused more books at the age of twenty than I had. Yet my reading was very desultory, and novels engaged too much of my attention. Though my seclusion from the world preserved me from many temptations which are incident to young people, I was perhaps more exposed to errors of the understanding, than those who in early life have mixed more with the world. Time and experience have led me to see the falsity of many of my early opinions and ideas, and made me sensible that they were the source of a large share of the misfortunes of my following life.

The habits of reading and study in which Miss Adams lived for many years, had the effect of unfitting her for ordinary occupations; while her circumstances rendered it necessary that she should in some way labor for her own support. These reasons induced her to attempt the difficult and uncertain business of authorship, which became her employment for a great part of her life. Her first effort in this way was her View of Religions, a work which afterwards was eminently successful, and procured her no little credit as well as a handsome profit in the end. Her attention had been first directed to the subject by reading an account of the doctrinal differences between Arminian, Calvinists, and several other common sects. This awakened her curiosity, and she arduously engaged in perusing all the books which she could obtain, that gave a fuller account of the subject. The style and tone of most of those authors whom she consulted, however, disgusted her, by the uncharitableness and prejudice which characterized them, and from this she was led to form a plan of the subject for herself, and arranged the facts, for her own improvement, in a blank book which she prepared for that purpose. This she did at first merely with a view to her own instruction, but after a while, finding herself obliged to procure some means of support, she was led by the difficulty of finding employment to attempt the preparation of the work for the public. With immense labor and trouble she prosecuted her undertaking, which was rendered still more difficult by the scarcity of proper materials that her situation prevented her procuring, till after various perplexities, she succeeded in putting the book to press in 1784. The profit which she received from the first edition was small, but from a second and third, she was able to acquire more of that emolument which was the just reward of her labor.

The work which she gave to the world in these inauspicious circumstances has justly had the reputation of being the most complete and important work of the kind ever before produced, and fixed her reputation high and permanently.

While she was preparing the second edition of her View of Religions, she suffered a most afflicting bereavement in the loss of the beloved sister, whom she has mentioned in her own account of herself. She then experienced the keenest anguish the human heart can feel in losing a friend, and for a long time did not recover from the shock caused by the removal of one so precious and valued. Under this calamity Miss Adams drew her support from religion alone, as her manuscripts written at the time very clearly show. She employed herself when unable to compose, in making extracts from the Scriptures, which she applied to her particular state of mind. These she arranged in a little book which she preserved till her death.

The next literary work in which Miss Adams engaged was her History of New England, which she published, without any profit to herself, however, though it went through two editions. When she compiled this work, there was no history of New England extant, except such as related to the earliest periods of its annals. She was, therefore, obliged to go through with much laborious examination of public records which was very fatiguing to her, and very exhausting to her eyes, which was the more unfortunate as she was thus for a time deprived of the means of employing her pen, while the work on which she bestowed so much pains never properly rewarded her exertions.

She formed the design of writing the History of the Jews, which she executed accordingly, after much laborious and faithful investigation of facts relating to the subject. In this work she was much assisted by the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Buckminster, of Boston, whose friendship and regard for her continued till his death.

The only other works which she ever published were, "The truth and excellence of the Christian Religion exhibited," a valuable work containing short sketches of the lives of eminent laymen who have written in defence of the Christian religion, with extracts from their writings; and in her more advanced age, a little book entitled "Letters on the Gospels," which passed through two editions.

Though her character was marked by some inoffensive peculiarities, Miss Adams passed through life respected and honored by the public, and loved by all who knew her. During a long life of usefulness, she exemplified the Christian virtues in an eminent degree, and at last in the decline of old age, sunk to eternal rest in a calm and humble if not triumphant hope.

That she perfectly understood her weaknesses, and moral exposures, and guarded in her heart the avenues to temptation, the following resolutions found among her papers, are a sufficient proof.

Serious Resolutions.

I resolve to read the bible more attentively and diligently, and to be constant and fervent in prayer for divine illumination and direction.

2d. To read less from curiosity, and a desire to acquire worldly knowledge, and more for the regulation of my heart and life; consequently, to have my reading less desultory, and to read more books of practical divinity.

3d. In choosing my friends and companions, to have a greater regard to religious characters than I have hitherto had.

4th. To avoid such company as has a tendency to unsettle my mind respecting religious opinions.

5th. To endeavor to preserve a firm reliance on Divine Providence, and to avoid all unreasonable worldly care and anxiety.

6th. To pray and guard against loving my friends with that ardent attachment, and that implicit reliance upon them, which is incompatible with supreme love to, and trust in God alone.

7th. To endeavor to obtain a spirit of forgiveness towards my enemies, and to banish from my mind all those feelings of resentment, which are incompatible with the spirit of the gospel.

But little remains to be added to this short sketch, and that little perhaps is expressed in the obituary notice which we subjoin.

Died at Brookline, near Boston, on the 15th inst. Miss Hannah Adams, aged seventy six. Her literary labors have long been before the public, and have made her name known in Europe as well as in her native land. Her first work, the 'View of Religions,' was published at a time when this country had few authors, and when a book from a female hand was almost without a precedent. She was not impelled by any desire of fame; and though the hope of usefulness, was undoubtedly a strong motive to her literary exertions, yet this would not have availed, without the prospect of contributing by her pen to her own support, and the comfort of her nearest friends. It is gratifying to know, that she has left behind a simple and interesting memoir of her early life, which precludes the necessity of saying more of her literary history. Indeed, *literary* claims are perhaps among the last that, at a moment like this, present themselves to the minds of her friends. The virtues and excellences of her character, her blameless life, her sensibility, the warmth of her affections, her sincerity and candor, call forth a flow of feeling that cannot be restrained. To an almost child-like simplicity, and singleness of heart she united a clear and just conception of character; to a deep and affecting humility, a dignity and elevation of thought, that commanded the respect and veneration of those around her. Amid many infirmities she retained the freshness and enthusiasm of youth. Society never lost its charms. To the aged she listened with submission and gentleness; to the classic and highly gifted, with a delight almost amounting to rapture. The young, and there were such who felt it a privilege to 'sit at her feet,' she viewed as 'ministering angels' dispensing joy and gladness. Her love of nature was exhaustless. The first beam of morning, the glory of noon, the last rays of the setting sun, were objects which through a long life were never contemplated with indifference. Those who were in the habit of visiting her, will recollect how constantly her apartment was decorated by flowers of the field, or the garden. It was her object to gather round her images of natural and moral beauty. In many respects her mind seemed so truly constituted for enjoyment, that to those who knew her but slightly, she might have appeared to be exempted from that mental discipline, which is gradually leading the pilgrim on to the land of promise. But her friends knew otherwise; they knew how keen was her religious sensibility, how tremblingly alive her conscience, how high her standard of excellence, and how great her timidity and self-distrust, and they felt that this was not her haven of rest.

Though Miss Adams's faith was fervent and devout, it partook of the constitution of her sensitive mind, rather than gave the tone to it. Yet amidst moments of doubt and despondency, a passage from scripture, or a judicious observation, would disperse the clouds that had gathered around her, and the brightest sunshine would diffuse itself over her mind and countenance. There are many who will sorrow that they shall see her 'face no more;' but those who knew the peculiar delicacy of her constitution, ought rather to rejoice that she has escaped from the present inclement winter; from the stormy wind and tempest; that her eyes have opened upon one eternal spring, a season that always awoke the enthusiasm of her nature, and which she said seemed to her 'like the first freshness of creation.'

It was her happiness to have been conversant with some of the most enlightened and gifted men of the age. From many she received essential benefit; and the universal sympathy and respect, as well as the individual kindness which she excited, are testimonies honorable to human nature. Many in whom she delighted have passed away. To those she has gone, and to the Father and Savior whom she loved.

From the Memoir of Miss Hannah Adams written by herself, with additional notices by a friend. Boston, 1832.

THE END.

No.216103

Bacon, D. F.

Memoirs eminently pious

Women.

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